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LIFE "ON THE FLOOR"

THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE FROM WITHIN

BY EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN

OURSEL'S AS OTHERS SEE US



SOME years ago, and before the temporary migration of the Broad-street tribes to Bowling Green, I took a gentle kinswoman to the North Gallery of the old Board Room, for a sight of its operatives in their diurnal round—a very gentle lady indeed, full of grace and goodness, but not in the least wonted to the rack of the brokers' world. It was just after "the opening," and a measurably excited market was under way.

At first view, and inevitably, she was startled, silenced, fascinated; then, as she grew able to perceive details of the human spectacle below,—to see individual faces and gestures, and to distinguish separate tones within the blend of half a thousand voices,—she began to look appalled. But from that rococo rail, of a piece in Teutonic ugliness with the decoration of a patched-up hall imposing only by its height, she leaned, like the Princess Ida, above the tumult, and so fixedly as to betoken that the tenderest of women still

have that within them which enthralled the Roman wives and daughters at their Colosseum. Suddenly her moral training came back to her, and she recoiled with an outcry: "What a terrible scene! What dreadful faces! It cannot be that you have to do with such people, with that ferocious mob. They look insane—no, wicked—and they act like fiends. It is Pandemonium itself!" She begged me to take her away; but I would not permit her to leave without further study of the scene. "Let me show you the meaning of it all," I said. And first I brought her to discern that the Floor was chiefly occupied by groups, each devoted to its own stock or class of stocks, and that, while in not a few of the groups a violent agitation existed, in others there was little noise or commotion. In more open spaces, men were conversing quietly enough. Seated here and there were members calmly reading the morning papers, or figuring upon their pads. Pages were running back and forth; telegraphers were handling their keys; a placid chairman brooded over the scene. There was real order, if superficial

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chaos. "That grave fellow," I said, "whom you thought specially demoniac just now, directs the Sunday-school in an East-Side church, and is active in charity and reform. These are all business men, law-abiding citizens, and indisposed to harm a fly. Half of them are heads of families, intent upon maintaining their households and securing for them, first of all, the inheritance of a good name. To-day they are not really excited, though often out of breath with necessary effort; for this is the way securities must be bought and sold. Dealers have to push to obtain an equal chance; they must shout to be heard, and gesticulate to be seen and understood. Humanity cannot exert itself without making faces—and few grimaces are attractive. But these men are as good as those in any other craft; none of them so good as my tender moralist, but all as good as I—for I am of them, and if you come here again, when I am looking after the affairs you intrust to me, you will have to class me with the rest."

It is not easy for a mere spectator, though one of the ruder sex, to comprehend all this; and so our laureate of labor, Edwin Markham,—familiar as he doubtless is with the marts of the Golden State,—proceeds, when regarding "The Wall Street Pit," to exemplify Bacon's allegation that the poet has to do with "the shews of things." He sees "a hell of faces," that

". . . surge and whirl
Like maelstrom in the ocean—faces lean
And fleshless as the talons of a hawk—
Hot faces like the faces of the wolves,

Drawn faces like the faces of the dead,
Grown suddenly old upon the brink of Earth."

Singularly enough, these same faces, seen at the Club, or on the Avenue, and in other places of social duty or recreation, grow as "suddenly" young, and for the most part cheery and humane. Their typical owners are careful of garb and bearing, and not without dignity according to their years. The young and middle-aged excel in outdoor life; as for health, what numbers of them, bronzed and blithesome athletes, are the envy of men belonging to less strenuous gilds! Few realize more keenly than they what our poet goes on to tell them—

"Thrice happier they who, far from these
wild hours,
Grow softly as the apples on a bough";

and few have pictures of nature more constantly in mind as they go about their daily work. Few, in the course of the year, avail themselves more determinedly of her seasonable joys.

Five hours each day, it must be confessed, these vociferators, as if the progeny of the gods of Asgard, make the Floor their battle-ground. But with Trinity's stroke of three, truce is declared; they pull themselves together, and desert the paper-strewn field as promptly as Tammany workmen throw down pick and shovel at whistle-time. The Stock Exchange is like an order of nature: it comes and goes with the day and through all the year. Unlike our courts and parliaments, it has no vacant season.

This sketch is designed solely to give some notion of that life upon its floor which has seldom, if ever, been reported except from the casual visitor's point of view. After all, to the man who lives it continuously, the life itself is what most concerns him, though this he may not realize until his share of it is spent and the market that has known him shall know him no more forever.

THE TENANTS OF THE FLOOR

THE floor-brokers are not the "plutocrats" of America. As a class they have not the capital, perhaps not the genius, that can master the physical resources of a continent or finance the nation in its need. On the other hand, the looker-on is misled who holds them responsible for the traditional sins of "Wall street": these are not they whose charters are born in iniquity, who grasp franchises, water stocks, and convey to themselves millions at a stroke of the pen. They are here to serve both the just and the unjust, yet withal are the most searching and merciless critics of values. Primarily, no doubt, for their own vantage, but assuredly also for the public weal, they apply tests of fire and acid to the offerings of their superiors. In daily bondage here, and in fact numbered like prisoners by the "call-board," it is common knowledge that the least serious among them habitually square their conduct by quite ideal rules of honor and commercial rectitude. As the

practice of virtue makes men virtuous, so speculative conflict is *à outrance*, between habit breeds right here an impatience of men trained both to inflict and to endure,



Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

A DULL MARKET (TEMPORARY QUARTERS IN THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE)

what is underhanded; a word is as good as a nod, a nod as a word, nor can either of these, once given, be recalled. Often a but the lightest blow is not to be tolerated if struck below the belt.

There is a saying that, no matter how



Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein.

A LIVELY MARKET (TEMPORARY QUARTERS)



Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

IN THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE)

long one's life, his boyhood is the longer part of it. Schoolmates "size up" one another, and are loath to change their estimates in after years. The Board Room is a place where people deal together through terms of a quarter-century or more—yes, and with no "long vacation." Enlisted men, arctic explorers, legislators, hardly come to know their mates so well as do these tenants of the Floor. As an appanage of the Castle of Truth, there is no place with a clearer title, unless it be a left-over Old Colony village. High-spirited youngsters enter here and jostle together, under test, from youth to age. The attrition is found, on the whole, if it does not bring them quite up to the standard of malice toward none, to promote a charity for all. Misfortunes and temptations are judged in the light of one's own experience; allowance is made for every kind of personal handicapping, for everything except obvious fraud. Chivalry prevails when opponents are worsted; even meanness is tolerated, though wholesomely jeered. The Exchange is a sergeant's drill-room for its recruits, who are made into good material as surely as French conscripts by their army service. From the initiatory hustling that awaits the newcomer he is respite to share in the dealings that cannot be impeded for long attention to his case, but the Floor has its eye on him, and nothing will prevent an incidental care for his education. Three traits are especially invidious—self-sufficiency of birth, wealth, or even culture; an elusive way of dealing; again, the capacity for being a butt, whether from rawness, irritability, or a false notion of the comic. The room janizaries need a few victims, and if a new member can be flattered into laying himself open, the memory of his early breaks will not soon grow stale, and often a butt is pestered wantonly by those who once were of his own stripe, until others humanely interfere.

A COSMOPOLITAN DEMOCRACY

HERE, then, is one spot that is occupied by a pure democracy. A foundation-school, be it Eton or St. Paul's, does not exercise the leveling function more efficiently. Here the young and the old traffic without distinction of years or position. There are forty governors, but few of them are "immortals" in tenure of office; they put on

a restless gravity in Olympian conclaves, but are chosen by members from their own number, and go about like others on the Floor, subject to the common protest or approval. The confraternity of all ages keeps a senior's heart green: the spirit of youth is apt to stay long by him, and his contact with many men of many minds gives him an open mind of his own. Still, wings are bruised by flying in droves. As common sense and modesty are gained, there may be some decline of ideality. But when a member becomes used to his new life, whatsoever may have been his share of that endowment will reassert itself, and a calling which leaves so many hours of the day untrammelled, and is free from the barterings of trade, affords a measure of opportunity for almost any taste or aspiration.

In considering the Exchange as a mimic world, we perceive that it is not only made up of men early trained in brokerage and banking, and of bright fellows that have won their seats by preliminary outside speculation, but it includes representatives of almost every trade and profession, some of them notably successful before entrance upon Wall-street life. It is alleged that the Board itself rarely graduates men who afterward attain distinction, but I do not enter upon that topic. Two thirds of the eleven hundred members are more or less wonted to the Floor, and of these one half pass their working hours upon it. Thoreau, when asked if he had traveled, replied, "Yes, for years about Concord," but he could not there have found the diversity of origin and training that he would encounter in an hour on 'Change, where men of so many nationalities, sects, and grades of culture are packed together. Former merchants, manufacturers, politicians, art students, journalists, are to be found among them. The Gold Room boasted a clergyman for its chairman, who in time returned acceptably to his spiritual charge. There is a large contingent of country gentlemen, who stand for open air, broad acres, and blooded stock at their beautiful homes in New Jersey and Long Island and beyond the Bronx. Besides those brokers who, as I have said, have worked their way to membership, a percentage of university men is steadily increasing—sons of the well-to-do who believe that a broadly disciplined mind is

no hindrance to ultimate success. The Room is curiously encyclopedic, and has included authorities on science and even Sanskrit. Its occupants come from many regions at home and abroad. There has always been a gallant Southern delegation, frank-spoken, open-handed, equal to any

verbs were seldom in perfect accord. The bearing of the Board members, as a whole, is not thought to be inferior to that of any similar class in the transatlantic world; and a comparison, in manners or attire, of the New York broker off duty with the typical London broker, or jobber, on his



BIDDERS

mood of Fortune, and, on the whole, to be classed among her favorites. The Germans outnumber any other foreign element, and years ago were suspected of having an advantage through trafficking in their own tongue. A rule was adopted that all transactions should be made in English, and was thought to bear severely upon certain native-born members whose nouns and

way to Brighton or the races, can be made without injury to Yankee sensibilities.

One classification of the room assemblage is simple enough: it is composed of Gentiles and Israelites—the latter, with their peculiar genius, bidding fair to make, in time, their numerical proportion conform to their surprising share of population and influence in the metropolis at large.



After the architect's drawing

BROAD-STREET FRONT OF THE NEW EXCHANGE (GEORGE B. POST, ARCHITECT)

The financial world has reason to be well aware that among the great banking houses in the shadow of Trinity—those concerned with the *haute finance*—the suggested ratio is almost in sight. The younger Jewish brokers are conspicuous on the Floor; it is their habitat; they are born to the art of swift calculation in arbitrage, and to the imposition of a profitable toll on the ceaseless transformation of wealth's vouchers. Whatever further advantage they possess is due to their industry and determination to gain. "Attractions are proportional to destinies." I scarcely think the legend of a Jewish banker's query—"Where do these Christians get all the money we take away from them?"—could have been more than a *ben trovato*, for Jewish operators lose at times as heavily as others; moreover, the Oriental reveals his aim, his pleasure and regret, more emotionally than the cooler and less avid Anglo-Saxon. Meanwhile, as a New World broker he is proud of his deserved high standing, and there is many a gentleman and good fellow among his kind. A limited class must await the growth of another generation before getting into form. In short, as there are Gentiles and Gentiles, so there are Jews and Jews.

A FOUR-HANDED GAME

LET us pass over the technic, readily mastered, of the room brokerage, upon which so much of the world's activity now depends. Nor need I supplement the full descriptions, which the New York journals recently have given, of the architecture and mechanism of the classic new Exchange, set between the grand cañons of New street, Broad street, and Exchange Place, fitted to its purpose in every detail, and in its strength and beauty, for all one can see, made to endure as long as any antique temple that has lasted to our day. Its working force includes several classes of brokers whose duties are clearly differentiated. The pressure to which they are subjected varies with their respective functions.

The Board members of the "strictly commission" houses are on the Floor to fill, or to see that others fill, their customers' orders. It seems easy, this taking of "an eighth each way" on the purchase and sale of a thousand shares, but meanwhile the financiering involved may go on for months, and incessant vigilance is the price of safety

against pitfalls that only brokers know. The work of these captains is perhaps less wearing than that of other members, but they must always be on the bridge.

Next come the "subcommission" men, who have less responsibility, because they deal for other brokers at a stated share of the toll, or for room operators, and at the close of the session can give up their principals and comfortably go their ways. In good times their earnings are remarkable. A peculiar peril to which an excited market exposes them is that of overbuying or overselling at "the opening," when they have orders in thousands of shares "both ways." These gentlemen, also, are supposed not to speculate, though their knowledge of orders in the stocks in which they may be "specialists" gives them a tempting advantage. It is conceded that they behave very well.

The "arbitrageurs," chiefly the brokers of Euramerican houses, trade by cable on the difference between the quotations of foreign exchanges and our own. As they necessarily are rivals, the strain of their swift industry and calculation is severe.

Last of all, and constituting by far the most picturesque and omnipresent element of the assemblage, are the independent operators, or "room traders," the free-lances of the perpetual campaign. Often at vital moments, it should be said, the largest orders of the great houses are confided to their honor, the better to hide the source from which these reach the market; sometimes this may be done to placate a floor operator, but more frequently because he is, and has to be, the ablest of executants. Possessing the double function of the financier and the trader, these speculators form opinions and enforce them in the market, and well have earned their sobriquet of "The Talent." On listless days they *are* the market; at all times their views and daring operations are of real importance, and few Wall-street leaders make the mistake of not, at least, taking this into account. The Room may be wrong, but not for long; it discovers its error, and turns as quickly as a rattler. Unencumbered by office customers, the traders can protect themselves by a reversal of position, and failures among them are rare indeed. They are the open "bulls" and "bears," the testers of value, whose shouts are heard afar—often pitted against one another, and sometimes combined for or against the greatest powers of Wall

street. Their risks are not taken on the hazard of a die, but upon information and belief, and very much as those of merchants who trade to their best advantage. Those possessing the fine audacity of youth are apt to overtrade; the amounts they deal in are appalling. It is noteworthy that a skilful and experienced operator, on a relatively small capital, will for weeks deal so heavily as to create the belief that he has strong interests behind him. Another may pick up quietly, through specialists, some inactive stock, then secure allies, and by their open bidding and his own excite and advance its market and sell out his holdings, but all in so breezy a manner that few take him to task. In the room trader's case, though he acts not from a sense of duty, it is demonstrable that it is as much a duty as for his interest that he should decide offhand whether an approaching commission broker has orders to buy or to sell, and if the former, that he should bid up the market; if the latter, it is the usage, in the ironic Room phrase, "to help him sell," that is, to force the commission man to unload his stock at a sacrifice. In fine, the floor operators are Fortune's knights-errant, not her slaves, and the Floor is their tilting-ground. For endurance, dash, quickness of judgment and action, they have not their peers. It is easy for the cadet of a rich banking house to execute orders, but force him to become a free-lance, and he might starve. The born-and-bred room trader may be reduced to his last hundred, and yet there is always hope; he will bide his time, and, with caution and the amazing chances of the market, is almost sure to come up again. His "seat" and his brain are the best kind of reserve capital, and at the worst there is always a luckier comrade to start him with a fresh stake.

The different classes of brokers are alike in one respect: they must think and act more quickly than other men; deliberation is useless to them. This, with the habit of taking a man at his word, makes them resent palaver, and sometimes places them at a disadvantage in business dealings with outsiders and when off their own ground.

ROOM WIT AND OPINION

The humor of the Floor is perennial, often rare and fine, not seldom coarse. But what would you have? It is a grown-

up throng, and masculine, and sons of battle are robust in use of the vernacular. The native brokers indulge their sense of humor more leisurely than the Jews, who, when possessed of it, use it often at their own expense, but never at the expense of their business. Yet the cleverest retort ever made in the Board, a humorous but terrific thrust at Gentile proclivities, was uttered by an easy-going Israelite to a Christian bent on proselytism. I used to wonder where our jokes originated, but have been at the birth of so many, year after year on the Floor, that I know it sends forth more than its quota of those which become current. Others are technical, or personal and temporary, yet spontaneous and full of point. In its swift and witty comment, the Floor is a sane critic of events, and the touchstone of public policy. I have often called to mind Mr. Greeley's assertion that his copious private mail, his letters from everywhere, gave him a knowledge, better than was open to his compeers, of what the people thought. On the Floor one can learn, upon occasion, what is to be the verdict of the country at large. It is the barometer of national opinion no less than of trade conditions. There has been no striking event or issue or campaign, here or abroad, no *cause célèbre*, but the Floor has instantaneously given play to a score of witticisms concerning it, of which the more epigrammatic soon were rehearsed the land over.

THE OLD GALLERY

To revert to the aspect of the Floor *ab extra*—every one has asked himself how we poor mortals would behave if we *knew* that our most private actions were open to the surveillance of the inhabitants of an unseen world. Of course, if there be such, and if they are well bred, they do not spy upon us; yet even disembodiment may not imbue a Paul Pry with the instincts of a Thomas Newcome. As a matter of fact, the member of a court, congress, or exchange where spectators are freely admitted soon learns that, so far as our workaday life is concerned, men engaged in matters which can be transacted only by themselves become indifferent to public scrutiny. The open Gallery of the New York Stock Exchange is a thing of the past, though still symbolized by the eastward loft, to which admission is obtainable

only under card restrictions. In its heyday the gallery was set along three sides of the old Board Room, and, if not in "heaven's third story," seemingly as high above the Floor as Dives above Lazarus in the parable. From it an objective study of the scene below could be made, with what conclusion has already been indicated.

The point of view of the "rail-bird," clutching the iron fence which guarded the brokers on their own level, was more subjective. The rail-bird, on terms of familiarity with members near the line, imparting his views and giving his orders in person, had, whether his ventures were large or small, a distinct share in the cast of the play. In its resplendent new home the Exchange has to some extent reassumed the aloofness of its early days. There still are hallways, and a lobby, where broker and client meet. Visitors to the new gallery are not quite the same throng that formerly gathered out of the everywhere, and, packed as if in a theater's sky-tier on a gala night, endangered the supports of the old structure. Nor do the old daily frequenters still come and go with the fidelity of those rival "benchers" in the courts of City Hall Square. So sure was the old gallery at the dulllest season to attract a certain contingent—rural sight-seers or foreign tourists, women withered and wild in their attire, would-be stage favorites, novelists in quest of local atmosphere—that the few intervals when it was absolutely bare were those in which it was most likely to be noticed from below. On such occasions would be heard the cry, "Oh, look at the gallery!"—a bear cry, intimating that a market too worthless to draw a single onlooker must be without customers to support it, must decline from sheer defenselessness. But some loafer would soon appear, and, with his elbows on the rail, look down purposelessly for hours together.

The gallery also has been considered an index of the financial situation when protracted movements, either for the better or for the worse, were culminating. In the one case, its occupiers consider the exhilaration of Fortune's beneficiaries well worth seeing, if for no other pleasure than that secured by a holiday trip to the Zoo at the hour of feeding the carnivora. But the crowd that steadily enlarges from day to day of disaster signifies that a crisis is

on, and that the country is advised of it. Even in the new gallery a change, imperceptible except to the broker's eyes, in the composition of such a throng indicates that the bargain-hunters have arrived—the thrifty investors, prepared to buy "odd lots" of fifty, twenty-five, even five, shares, and to pay for them and take them away. No matter how fierce the heat of the market's torment, at the sight of these little but confluent drops of water both bulls and bears know that relief is near; so keen is the instinct of the multifold "small investor" that sellers take warning and haste to "cover," while buyers hail the omen and courage reinspires the Street.

Special types of gallery visitants relieve the monotony of a commonplace market. The brokers in their turn exercise the right of cats and kings, look them over, and cheer or guy them as the whim prevails. A hospitable unconventional recognition awaits the City's guests—a band of Christian Endeavorers, a bunch of Cook's tourists, or a bevy of coeducational pilgrims on their way to Chautauqua. When a squad of Ancient and Honorables, or some of Uncle Sam's less emblazoned but well beloved retainers, on leave from the Navy Yard or Governor's Island, appear, the Floor lends itself to their entertainment; at once the foot-tramp of a marching regiment is heard, or a bo's'n's whistle is piped and a chantey-song chorused for the sailor. The elective affinities are sometimes manifest in the gallery. I recall a pretty pair in drab, who might have been Hawthorne's runaways from the Shaker village, and who were as much engrossed in each other as in what they had come to see, until one of the rich voices of the Floor began, "Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking"—to which before long another rendered the antiphonal "Cynthia, Cynthia." The swain's confusion and the blushes of the maiden showed their recognition of the madrigal, but they pluckily smiled and held their ground. The boys have a kindly feeling for delegations from Hampton or Tuskegee, and welcome them with a "Swing low, sweet chariot," or "Swanee Ribber." Every traditional usage of the Floor is inviolable; business, though fortunes are at stake, gives way to it. Occasionally some lout, whether in frieze or cassimere, forgetting that brokers too have their etiquette, keeps his cigar alight

and puffs away, not in the least comprehending that he and his smoke are the promoters of the universal cry which he hears, yet interprets not—so mightily and unceasingly the "Put—out—that—cigar!" is repeated—until a warder's hand falls on his shoulder. Let a lone Indian, or a pair of him, stroll in from a Wild West show, or under escort for Washington, and hundreds, beating hand on mouth, send up a war-whoop. It is another tradition. Once the Floor put out its whole strength to overcome the stolid demeanor of an old brave, a young buck, a boy, and two squaws, who had found their way to the gallery front. The war-whoop was comprehensible, as one could see by the expression of their eyes, but not a muscle of their faces moved. A war-dance was improvised by the younger members, bending as they circled, and flourishing their pads and entry-books, but to no effect. Finally a bald-headed man, the Pierrot of the room, was thrust into the ring, his hands held behind him, a knife drawn around his pate, and the mummery of a futile attempt to detach his scalp was enacted. This was, at last, too much for the dignity of the aborigines. The boy broke into a broad laugh, in which the squaws took leave to join; the young warrior grinned in spite of himself, and lastly the semblance of grim humor overspread the face of the ruthless old chief—no doubt the perpetrator of as many atrocities as Geronimo—who ruled his entourage so well.

GUESTS OF THE BOARD

THE privilege of the Floor itself is at intervals extended to visitors of distinction, escorted officially to the desk, and welcomed by the members with courtesy tempered on occasions by the independence of a college crowd cheering its prex, or the gratulation showered upon laureates from the Sheldonian empyrean. A Secretary of the Treasury meets with attention; the Board is with him, and he with it, on questions of sane financiering. A cordial greeting was given to handsome, dusky, well-groomed Kalakaua, with whose devotion at his up-town hostelry to certain of our national amusements some of those before him possibly were not unfamiliar. Parnell, thin-lipped, low-voiced, determined, had the ear of the house, and General Sherman, New York's adopted

citizen, its unstinted honors and affection. None can forget the appearance on 'Change of one man for whom the Floor was instantly silenced—the business of the hour forgotten; it was Grant's first visit to the field where he—then all unknowing—was to meet with his only overthrow, and that at the hands of an ally. Standing there, fresh from his inspiring journey round the world, he seemed invested with a wise and large benignity. I do not recall his few and quiet words, but they were sufficient. The picture remains in my mind, beside that other impression of the general as I saw him ascending Rector street, by chance, at the moment when a span of enormous Percheron half-breeds were drawing up the slope a heavily laden van. The general, at close quarters, turned and gazed at them with an involuntary satisfaction and fellowship which substantiated all I had read of his love for and knowledge of the horse, and as if it must have been some country of his own that first bred such steeds and men—so large, simple, unhasting, equal to the task of the day.

In years not so far away the kings and thanes of Wall street visited the Floor, and on critical occasions even took a hand in the market. It is no longer good form for a capitalist, though a member, to execute his own orders and submit himself to the license of "the boys," who, in this place, and so long as their sheets are good at the Clearing House, are in every sense his peers. On the part of fortunate graduates from the Room, and of the Claudii and Luculli in the new generation whose station has come by inheritance, there is something more than affectation in their avoidance of the Floor. On the other hand, there are graybeards, at ease in their affairs, who take no thought of embarrassments, social or otherwise, that may result from a daily stroll through the Board Room. They relish the level game, ask no odds from the youngsters, and incur no loss of dignity. For every man here sees by X-rays, and there is little misinterpretation of character or purpose. Here and there an aged subcommission broker, whose wisdom, experience, and crotchets are alike held in respect, lingers to the end in faithful service at his post. To a few elders quite retired from business the Floor has become a club which they visit from habit, to look on, and to chat with their cronies.

Let the price of a "seat" rise beyond reason, they sell it not, neither for profit nor from fear of a decline; they will hold it till they die—when their passing shall be bulletined, with notice of "the customary resolutions," and a committee of members shall attend their funerals, and the Gratuity Fund insurance shall be collected by their heirs, and the memory of their works shall follow them.

THE ROSTRUM

A SIGNAL by gong or gavel from the Chair, in Board hours, is often an uncanny sound. Even when bespeaking attention to a ruling, or courtesy to a guest, it bodes something out of the common. In a dull time, to be sure, when the brokers ease their hearts by skylarking, the Chairman beguiles his own ennui by pounding for order and imposing harmless fines. Nowhere else can life be quite so heavy as in the Board Room at an apathetic period, perchance upon a dog-day when motes float in the languid air, and the waste of time bows down the soul. No other place than this—out of jail—where the hours seem to grown men as long and slow as they seemed in youth, during those old-time afternoons of the country school and meeting-house. There is nothing to do but to edge toward the rostrum and bait the incumbent, himself only too glad to act the rôle of protagonist. To scores of the younger contingent—the membership having changed greatly since 1898—this may seem a hard saying, for they have experienced little else than speculative hurry and excitement. All the same, "they will," as Whistler said, and their interim may be near at hand, and not soon over.

When failures are dreaded, the summons from the desk is instantly of effect. Every ear listens for the Chairman's words, and there is a motion toward the rostrum to learn at once what house it is that "regrets to announce" its suspension. When the gavel sounds again it may be—though a different usage is now more common—for the closing out of contracts "under the rule." At stages which now and then are inevitable, when one failure breeds another, the tension becomes extreme, and the voice of the Chairman is a sound of fear, unpleasant to a broker's ear.

When the President of the Exchange visits the rostrum in person, the affair is

of importance, though an ordinary signal must be prolonged to check the attempts, in distant portions of the room, to complete contracts. Until the Board recently adopted the method of posting death-notices upon a tablet, when three solemn strokes were heard, every one knew that the decease of a member was to be announced with due solemnity. The effect was precisely that of the clock's hourly knell in "The Masque of the Red Death." The Floor, like Prince Prospero's seven-hued court, stilled its noise and movement for an interval, and then—as if some passing trance were ended—the rush and roar of the market would break out again, just as the dance and revel begin anew in that most lurid tale of the grotesque and arabesque.

"THE VISION OF SUDDEN DEATH"

THE welter of a field-day of the Exchange has been likened to that of Paul's fight with beasts at Ephesus. But the apostle's best claim lay in his endurance of a more continuous test. Veterans of the Civil War, who during years of service never knew what a day might bring forth, have confessed that in their worst battles and most toilsome marches they did not undergo the physical and mental strain, the "I die daily," of the ever-renewed campaign upon the Floor. Yet in the actual presence there of the King of Terrors—in his few entrances—he has at once stayed all contests. Greed, passion, triumph, fear, have been quelled by his *quos ego*. One becomes wonted to the Floor's swift circumstance, as to the motion of a ship at sea. Only something abnormal will impress him—nothing more so than a sudden hush, and a questioning of what it means. Occasions which seared themselves into the memory were three within a single decade, upon each of which a well-known member of the Board died in the Exchange, two of them in the very center of its stage. An impression that instantaneous deaths are more likely to occur here than elsewhere is not confirmed by the record. As a class, the brokers, after long service, carry no more marks of nervous strain than other active business or professional men. It may be that some, whose constitutions are poorly adapted to the work, find it prudent to withdraw at the first symptom of organic deterioration. An expert actu-

ary might tell us how many among five hundred men who move and deal together, under the special conditions, for a score of years, ought to die in their tracks. That three should have done so within memory of the Street, and all in a single decade, does not imply a large percentage, even when allowance is made for continual recruiting. So when the Intruder forced at last his several entrances, each was in the nature of a surprise, and seemed discourteous, if not without warrant. But such considerations were quickly overcome by the dramatic quality of each episode.

The first took place close upon noon of a midsummer day, and was impressive from the fact that the stricken man was the Vice-President of the Exchange, who had just announced the death of another member, and was descending from the rostrum, when he staggered and grew pale, was assisted to the hallway, was laid down, and forthwith breathed his last. This, indeed, was a broker's final "call to the door"; but as the Dark Summoner had kept without the gateway, the event, however startling, was less spectacular than his return and actual intrusion upon the Floor three years afterward and at the same hour of the day. A favorite old-time member, seated by a pillar in the center of the room, slipped without warning to the floor. It was a day of financial alarms, the room was crowded, gloom and excitement had prevailed. Suddenly the midmost group divided, and then began that strange hush widening like a mist to every side. Trading ceased, though few at first knew why or how. And there a man lay in his last tremor, with one or two comrades ministering, and others bracing themselves back to give him air. Then a stretcher, borne by two men, entered from somewhere, while the entire assemblage formed a circle extending to the boundaries of the room. So died at once a colleague before the eyes of all. The silence, the baring of heads, the lifting of the dead, the solemn sturdy march of his carriers to the exit, were like nothing so much as a scene on the stage of some great theater, in some historic play. It was followed immediately by that action taken only upon imperative occasions,—the temporary adjournment of the Board,—and the Floor was silent for an hour. When its functions were renewed, the day's financial malaise had in some

way been allayed, as if, appeased by a human sacrifice, the adverse arbiters had for the moment ceased their spleen. And so the old life went on for days and months and years, and no trap-door again opened beneath one of these wayfarers upon the bridge of Mirza, until the seventh year came round. Then precisely the same scene was again enacted. Another old-time member, also dealing near the center of the room, was smitten, sank down, and died immediately in the sight of all. Again the hush, the awed circle, the stretcher, the removal, the adjournment. Since then, the Intruder has kept aloof from the guarded sanctuary of the Exchange itself, although its life-menacing excitements never have exceeded those of the last five years. Youth, strength, and hope, meanwhile, have largely supplanted the weakened reserve of the Old Guard, and may well count upon a long immunity before they too will be brought to realize so vividly that for all in turn "there is no armor against fate."

"FROM GRAVE TO LIGHT"

No event, however startling, that affects the person only, will long subdue the eccentric methods by which the Floor seeks an antidote to nervous reaction. The electric safety-fuses are soon reset. Under the tension of suspense and self-repression brokers toy with strings, or fold and tear their order-slips. The touch on the further shoulder, the hat-tilting and label-pinning in which the gravest members indulge, may not be excellent fooling, but they serve a purpose. Relief must be had from the dread of something worse than bodily ill. The hygiene of the room unconsciously is maintained—quite as much as by the Floor Committee—through the pranks of its practical jokers, chartered libertines, at whose front there has been for years an acknowledged Lord of Misrule, willing, if not kept in check, to turn every day into Twelfth-night. He and his fellows supervise the Christmas decoration and pantomime, and throughout the year lose no chance of inculcating the maxim, "If you have to quit pleasure or business, quit business." They see to it that official birthdays, and those of sharply individualized members, are commemorated not alone with flowers, but by a weird medley of symbolic offerings. Since the new Exchange is not so freely

open to the street as was the old, the cry of "New Tennessees!" sent up whenever a curious wayfarer strolled unthinkingly within the sacred precinct of the Floor, will henceforth be seldom heard; and with it the throng of apparent buyers and sellers, hustling the intruder until, fleeing in afright, he jumped the rail for his life, will be a tradition of the past. It would require pages to illustrate these features of the year's round, or to touch upon the subjects of room discussion, the patriotism of the Exchange, and the generosity with which public and private appeals for aid continue to be met.

I must pass by, also, what would constitute a history in itself, the annals of those political excitements which rarely have become intense except during Presidential campaigns that were of vital import to the Street. The features of the Blaine-Cleveland, the Cleveland-Harrison, and the McKinley-Bryan canvasses on the Floor will be long remembered, in the first two cases for the superheated party spirit which they engendered there as elsewhere; in the third, for the unanimity with which the Board members, as representatives of a financial principle upon which their very organization depends, ranged themselves without distinction of party against Bryanism. Incidentally, it may be said that "As goes the Stock Exchange, so goes the Nation" has been a truthful adage for half a century; while the ratio of each party's representation on the Floor in various campaigns has approximately coincided with that of its vote in the Electoral College.

STORM

As I have intimated, time is required for the neophyte to inure himself by personal experience to the extremes of his calling. "Half these boys have never seen a panic" was a common saying a year ago. In 1903 at least a baptism of fire has been given to many still too young to remember the origin of the term. When a true panic shall arrive, the difference between a steady shrinkage of values and the baleful visitation that blights the Street, and in time the whole community, will be seen to be that between half a gale and a hurricane. The youngsters already have learned to recognize, by the broker's sixth sense, the shivers which run through the Room when something ominous occurs in

any quarter. But there comes a season when the market sets out to prove itself an Indian giver; when the accumulations of years vanish in a day; when all are would-be sellers, and if your nearest ally makes a bid, your "Sold!" is like a pistol-shot, and this because *he* is the market, and you are fighting the market, and not him, and you both know that it is Kismet. I mean the crisis when every check must be "certified," when great names go down, even the banks evade payment, and one and all would be pronounced insolvent were it not that in the common peril ordinary rules are set aside. In such a storm it is fine to see brave and cool men, though with compressed lips and hands, pay out to the end, content if their names are saved, with nothing else than the chance, so great in the street of miracles, to breast hopefully the winds again.

THE DOLDRUMS

TRIUMPH and rout alike engender that delight of battle which sustains the typical rover of the Floor. His severest ordeal stretches through the sullen periods between brief epochs of prosperity. The test comes when it is "hard to make an eighth," when commission houses are subject to "dry-rot," and living and business expenses slowly consume the trader's reserves. Seats go down in value, but dues and insurance levies must be met. Meantime, he is aging. Scores of wearied holders one by one threw up their memberships, at low prices, in the depression that followed '93, some of them—as ships go down almost in sight of harbor—just before the inflation that began with the Spanish War. The baffled trader, under slow fire, ends each day with a sense of uselessness. To endure this unflinchingly and without betrayal, possibly to be envied because he is in Wall street,—though thus barred from opportunities elsewhere,—requires a kind of heroism. Will and pride are still his pursuivants, and so elastic is the human mold that at eventide he is a man again, and after each night's sleep he takes up the struggle anew, and with something like zest at the outset.

THE OLD ROOM TRADER

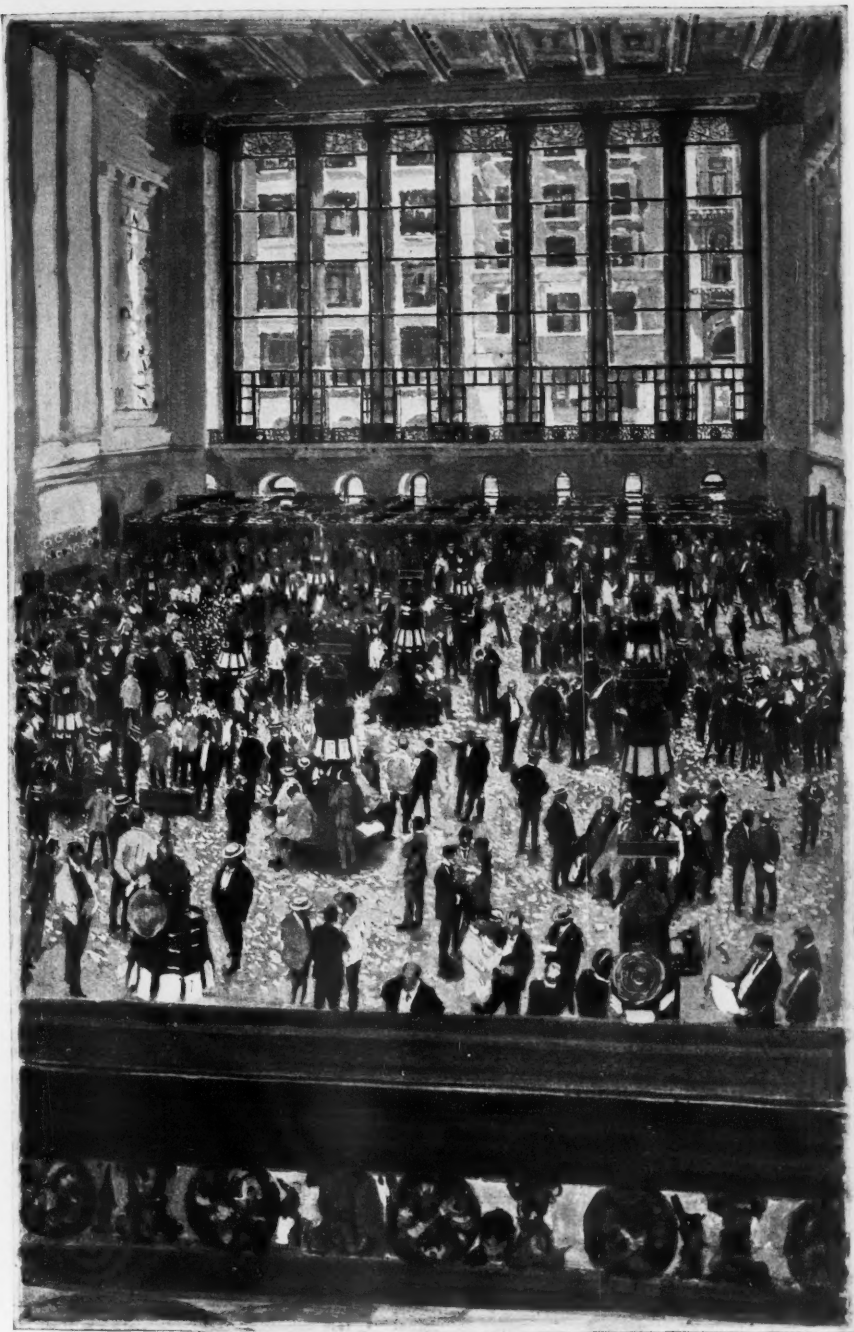
IN time, through bounteous yearly harvests and the industry of a rapidly increasing people, the nation unwittingly has

grown stronger than ever before. Some pregnant episode impels it to call out its resources and to utilize its credit to the full. The barometer rises. Prosperity has come again, in more plenteous measure than of old and for a longer stay. Then the Room novices are flush with orders—with other people's money and their own; their seats rise marvelously; to them the Street seems the best of all places, and its present gala day a normal and probably continuous existence. New banking houses are founded, to be winnowed in time by the survival of the fittest. As the proverb goes, the biggest fool makes the most money, for he ventures the most recklessly and everything succeeds; but he will live to comprehend the full force of the eleventh chapter of Ecclesiastes. But now, also, the old room trader, who has lived through, rejoices in his sure and last chance. The spirit of the mart is upon him, his soul takes fire again. His voice rings high and clear above the clamor of the groundlings. In a year he makes a new competence, in another he doubles it and gains even more than in that far-away adolescence when he, too, was a fortunate fool. In wise content, and before the hazardous third year is well advanced, he closes every deal; his investments are yet to make, but for this he will bide his time until the inevitable next relapse, and take life comfortably according to his temper and desire.

PRISONERS OF HOPE

I AM not unconscious that into this report of the broker's daily life the rumble of the Board has entered, and something of its crush and speed. It is hard to escape the broad impression while essaying the realistic capture of details best known to those who move among them. Confused as they seem, they make up an entity, in which the molecules of life and labor are as distinct and vibratory as those in other organisms great or small. The present exhibit might serve as a prelude to a leisurely series of sketches, with a more varied range than the South Sea House or Inner Temple afforded, of the fellow-captives of a modern Elia. With what tenderly whimsical appellatives he would apostrophize them right and left! His heart would go out to the modest, consumptive German who bought and sold "St. Paul" all day for wealthier members that he might obtain from every

climate additions to his collection of lepidoptera—one of the richest known to entomologists. Peace to his grave, and may golden-winged butterflies flutter over it in summer days! Our limner would have a smile for the soft-voiced weakling, heavily weighted by a historic name and strayed into this most unfit vocation, who, oblivious of the orders given him in kindness by his associates, sat in the market's fiercest turmoil drawing pallid landscapes, when all about him were either triumphant with good fortune, or helpless before disaster. Here, too, he would have found that happy-go-lucky child of France, whose wit restored him again and again to the Floor, after his conscienceless hazards had been harmful to himself and all concerned—an irresponsible egoist, who, when he put the question, "How do you feel to-day?" and received a cheery answer, impatiently avowed: "I don't care about your health: I mean, how do you feel about the market?" He it was who always, when a venture failed, declared, "I was right enough. It was the market that was all wrong." His memorialist would share the regard felt for a clerkly member, browed like the Stratford bust, by whom the remotest annals and traditions of the Exchange are preserved as admirably as those of the papal succession in the mind of a Vatican camerlingo. He would stretch out both hands to that standing member of the Governing Committee, daily surveying the Room with patriarchal mien—one whose brusque consideration has tided over many a limping broker who has been summoned before his judicial mercy-seat (for such it is), and has found its occupant more than a little blind to his shortcomings. He would recognize, as does the Floor, the underlying virtues of those ingrained pessimists who earn the prænomen of "Calamity," and of whom it is reported that they give their entertainments in the cemetery, and postpone them if the weather chances to be fair. Beyond question he would fraternize with the bibliomaniacs, whose profits go so largely into incunabula, and whose collections are of international fame. Nor would he fail to embalm, in turn, the connoisseur, with his score of Corots, Innesses, Martins, and the Old Beau and virtuoso, worshiper of feminine loveliness, to whose foible a generation yet unborn will owe the privilege of



Drawn by Otto H. Bacher. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE FLOOR OF THE EXCHANGE (NEW BUILDING)

The view is from the gallery toward the telephone booths, on which are the members' hats

seeing the beauty of ancestresses that sat to his miniaturist. Nor would the orator of the Board be forgotten, learned in law,

strong and dreaded mugger, who at least is no hypocrite, but makes open declaration that he spares no debtor; the recounter,



Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE LUNCH-HOUR: "BOY!"

and with the classics at his tongue's end, a historic factor in the mart's vicissitudes, and one of the trio still living who have held seats in Congress as well as in the Stock Exchange. Here, too, awaiting their Elia, are the Philistine, the radical, the trust-defier and socialist—who, like Fourier, adjusts himself under protest to the present stage of civilization; the promoter, the sportsman of every stripe, the rough-rider and sailor of the war; the altruist to whom none has gone for aid in vain; the

the silent man, the oracle, the wits, the artists, the musicians, the tale-writers, and the poets.

LES REVENANTS

SUCH types await the delineator of life in the Exchange and confirm the theorem for the make-up of a phalanstery—that every order of person is to be found in the combination of a thousand men. In time the touch of the Floor becomes essential to the broker's feet, though perchance, if

the years go on without attainment of the competence that should be his exit-fee, he realizes more keenly than men engaged in other lines of industry the force of the imperial lament for a lost day. He is perhaps

operator, there is no escape from the process that subdues the hand to what it works in. The life becomes a habit; nor can he who has transferred his seat, voluntarily or otherwise, profitably imitate the prisoner



Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"NEW TENNESSEES!" OUSTING AN INTRUDER

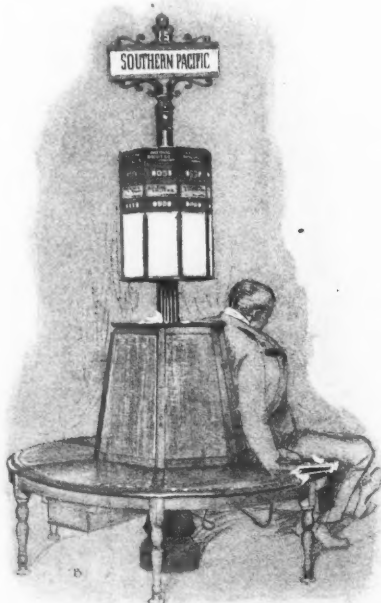
less conscience-stricken if for his spare hours he has some work of which the concrete product is an aid to repose, yet the distraction of that very avocation—the divided mind—lessens his prospect of independence. For the man of thought and feeling, no less than for the most volatile

of Holmes's ballad, who resolved to set up, on his discharge, a treadmill of his own. The skipper whose sea-going days are ended faces his cottage to the ocean, and manœuvres his tiny sloop around the bay; but a retired broker haunting the penumbra of the stock market is little other than

a Wall-street ghost. Once without the gates, the bar is absolute. His lost privileges may now be more than ever valued; though surrendered in exchange for rest, or travel, or some vocation long desired, he cannot but remember such things were; he has even a sense of fellowship—not precisely with a cashiered soldier, a disbarred lawyer, an unfrocked priest, but, let us say, with Peter Schlemihl after he had sold his shadow.

I have been told by a former member that after retirement from business had brought to a sudden close his share of the market's pulsation it went on within him automatically, like that of his bodily heart. The strain and interest of steadfast watching were his in sleep, the zest of speculation, the sense of gain and loss. Since all remembered dreams are abnormal, he found himself hampered, as if a helpless shade among the living. He was on the Floor with his old associates, but something mystical opposed the recognition of his bid or offer. Men looked blankly at him, more often not seeing or hearing him at all. The effort and agony of the bewildered spirit of the slain physician, in "The

Gates Between," were his piteous lot. Upon a sudden, invariably, the consciousness would return to him that he no longer owned his seat, that he was an interloper, and that nothing but extreme consideration prevented him from being shown to the door. Or haply, in the stress of dealing, they had not thought his presence strange—had forgotten for the moment, as he had forgotten, that he no longer was one of them. Humiliated to the utmost, he would retreat as unobservedly as possible, wondering how he could have blundered into such a coil, and pledging himself to keep clear of it henceforth. But again and again in his dreams, for a year or two, though at lengthening intervals, he would have the same gruesome experience. Gradually his night-penance shaded into the discomfiture of an office-trader, unable to succeed, inasmuch as his brokers persistently failed to execute his orders with promptness and intelligence—proof that at last, indeed, the figments of his weary brain were those conjured up by the rank outsider, whose vested prerogative it is to attribute the outcome of a faulty speculation to the laches of his agent on the Floor.





INTRODUCTION: ITALIAN GARDEN-MAGIC

"BUT you will not see the flowers in bloom!"

"But there *are* no flowers in old Italian gardens!"

This comment and reply, the invariable result of my statement that I was setting out in February to study Italian villas, may serve as a text whereon to hang my opening disquisition.

It is of course an exaggeration to say that there are no flowers in Italian gardens; but, to enjoy and appreciate the Italian garden-craft, one must understand at the outset that it is almost independent of floriculture. The Italian garden does not exist for its flowers; such flowers as it contains exist for it: they are a late and infrequent adjunct to its beauties, a parenthetical grace, counting only as one more touch in the general effect of enchantment.

It is not easy to explain to the modern garden-lover, whose whole conception of the charm of gardens is formed of successive pictures of flower-loveliness, how this effect of enchantment can be produced by anything so dull and monotonous as a mere combination of clipped green and marble-work.

The traveler returning from Italy, with his eyes and imagination full of the ineffable Italian garden-magic, knows vaguely that the enchantment exists; that he has been under its spell, and that it is more potent, more enduring, more intoxicating to every sense, than the most elab-

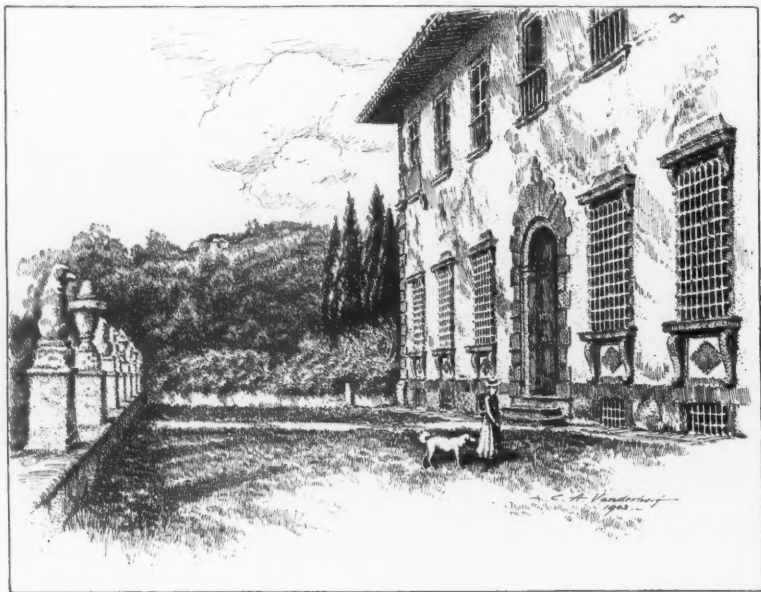
orate and glowing effects of modern horticulture: but he may not have found the key to the mystery. Is it because the sky is bluer, because the vegetation is more luxuriant? Our midsummer skies are almost as deep, our foliage is as rich, and perhaps more varied; there are, indeed, not a few resemblances between the North American summer climate and that of Italy in spring and autumn.

Some of those who have fallen under the spell are inclined to ascribe the Italian garden-magic to the effect of time; but, wonder-working as this undoubtedly is, it leaves many beauties unaccounted for. To seek the answer one must go deeper: the garden must be studied in relation to the house, and both in relation to the landscape. The garden of the Middle Ages, the garden one sees in old missal illuminations and in early woodcuts, was a mere patch of ground within the castle precincts, where "simples" were grown around a central well-head, and fruit was espaliered against the walls. But in the rapid flowering of Italian civilization the castle walls were soon thrown down, and the garden expanded, taking in the fish-pond, the bowling-green, the rose-arbor, and the clipped walk. The Italian country house, especially in the center and the south of Italy, was almost always built on a hillside, and one day the architect looked forth from the terrace of his villa, and saw that, in his survey of the garden, the inclosing

landscape was naturally included: the two formed a part of the same composition.

The recognition of this fact was the first step in the development of the great garden-art of the Renaissance: the next was the architect's discovery of the means by which nature and art might be fused in his picture. He had now three problems to deal with: his garden must be adapted to the architectural lines of the house it

However much other factors may contribute to the total impression of charm, yet by eliminating them one after another, by *thinking away* the flowers, the sunlight, the rich tinting of time, one finds that, underlying all these, there is the deeper harmony of design which is independent of any adventitious effects. This does not imply that a plan of an Italian garden is as beautiful as the garden itself. The more

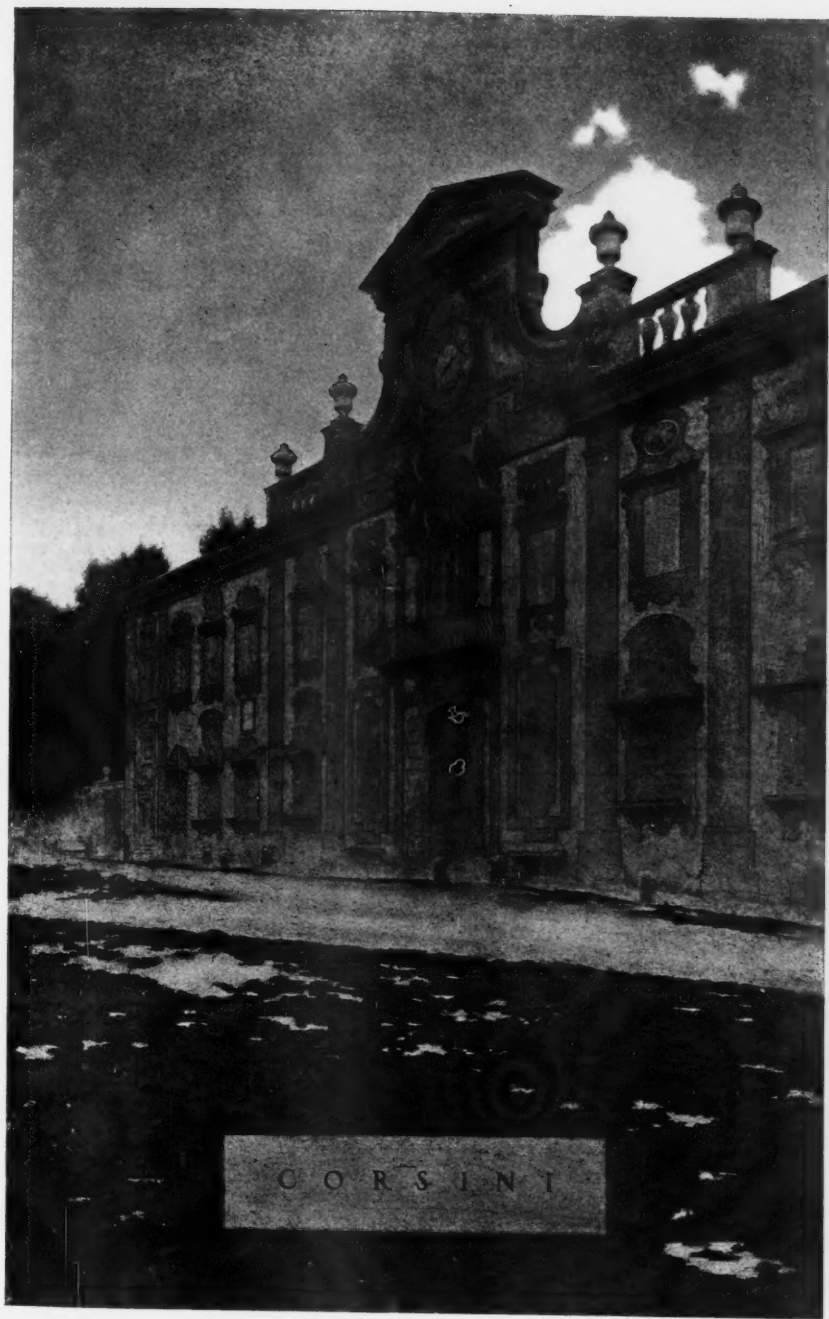


Drawn by C. A. Vanderhoof, from a photograph

VILLA GAMBERAIA, AT SETTIGNANO, NEAR FLORENCE

adjoined; it must be adapted to the requirements of the inmates of the house, in the sense of providing shady walks, sunny bowling-greens, parterres, or orchards, all conveniently accessible; and, lastly, it must be adapted to the landscape around it. At no time and in no country has this triple problem been so successfully dealt with as in the treatment of the Italian country house from the beginning of the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century; and in the blending of different elements, the subtle transition from the fixed and formal lines of art to the shifting and irregular lines of nature, and, lastly, in the essential convenience and livableness of the garden lies the fundamental secret of the old garden-magic.

permanent materials of which the latter is made—the stonework, the evergreen foliage, the effects of rushing or motionless water, above all, the lines of the natural scenery—all form a part of the artist's design. But these things are as beautiful at one season as at another; and even these are but the accessories of the fundamental plan. The inherent beauty of the garden lies in the grouping of its parts—in the converging lines of its long ilex-walks, the alternation of sunny open spaces with cool woodland shade, the proportion between terrace and bowling-green, or between the height of a wall and the width of a path. None of these details was negligible to the landscape-architect of the Renaissance; he considered the distribution of



Drawn by Maxfield Parrish. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

shade and sunlight, of straight lines of masonry and rippled lines of foliage, as carefully as he weighed the relation of his whole composition to the scene about it.

Then, again, any one who studies the old Italian gardens will be struck with the way in which the architect broadened and simplified his plan if it faced a grandiose landscape. Intricacy of detail, complicated groupings of terraces, fountains, labyrinths, and porticos, are found in sites where there is no great sweep of landscape attuning the eye to larger impressions. The farther north one goes, the less grand the landscape becomes and the more elaborate the garden. The great pleasure-grounds overlooking the Roman Campagna are laid out on severe and majestic lines: the parts are few; the total effect is one of breadth and simplicity.

It is because, in the modern revival of gardening, so little attention has been paid to these first principles of the art that the garden-lover should not content himself with a vague enjoyment of old Italian gardens, but should try to extract from them principles which may be applied at home. He should observe, for instance, that the old Italian garden was meant to be lived in—a use to which, at least in America, the modern garden is seldom put. He should note that, to this end, the grounds were as carefully and conveniently planned as the house, with broad paths (in which two or more could go abreast) leading from one division to another; with shade easily accessible from the house, as well as a sunny, sheltered walk for winter; and with effective transitions from the dusk of wooded alleys to open flowery spaces or to the level sward of the bowling-green. He should remember that the terraces and formal gardens adjoined the house, that the ilex- or laurel-walks beyond were clipped into shape to effect a transition between the straight lines of masonry and the untrimmed growth of the woodland to which they led, and that each step away from architecture was a nearer approach to nature.

The cult of the Italian garden has spread from England to America, and

there is a general feeling that, by placing a marble bench here and a sun-dial there, Italian "effects" may be achieved. The results produced, even where much money and thought have been expended, are not altogether satisfactory; and some critics have thence inferred that the Italian garden is, so to speak, *untranslatable*, that it cannot be adequately rendered in another landscape and another age.

Certain effects, those which depend on architectural grandeur as well as those due to coloring and age, are no doubt unattainable; but there is, none the less, much to be learned from the old Italian gardens, and the first lesson is that, if they are to be a real inspiration, they must be copied not in the letter, but in the spirit. That is, a marble sarcophagus and a dozen twisted columns will not make an Italian garden; but a piece of ground laid out and planted on the principles of the old garden-craft will be not indeed an Italian garden in the literal sense, but, what is far better, *a garden as well adapted to its surroundings as were the models which inspired it.*

This is the secret to be learned from the villas of Italy; and no one who has looked at them with this object in view will be content to relapse into vague admiration of their loveliness. As Browning, in passing Cape St. Vincent and Trafalgar Bay, cried out:

"Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?"—say,

so the garden-lover, who longs to transfer something of the old garden-magic to his own patch of ground at home, will ask himself, in wandering under the umbrella-pines of the Villa Borghese, or through the box-parterres of the Villa Lante, What can I bring away from here? And the more he studies and compares, the more inevitably will the answer be: "Not this or that amputated statue, or broken bas-relief, or fragmentary effect of any sort, but a sense of the informing spirit—an understanding of the gardener's purpose, and of the uses to which he meant his garden to be put."

I. FLORENTINE VILLAS

FOR centuries Florence has been celebrated for its villa-clad hills. According to an old chronicler, the country houses were more splendid than those in the town, and stood so close-set among their olive-orchards and vineyards that the traveler "thought himself in Florence three leagues before reaching the city."

Many of these houses still survive, strongly planted on their broad terraces, from the fifteenth-century farmhouse-villa, with its projecting eaves and square tower, to the many-windowed *maison de plaisance* in which the luxurious nobles of the seventeenth century spent the gambling and chocolate-drinking weeks of the vintage season. It is characteristic of Florentine thrift and conservatism that the greater number of these later and more pretentious villas are merely additions to the plain old buildings, while, even in the rare cases where the whole structure is new, the baroque exuberance which became fashionable in the seventeenth century is tempered by a restraint and severity peculiarly Tuscan.

So numerous and well preserved are the buildings of this order about Florence that the student who should attempt to give an account of them would have before him a long and laborious undertaking; but where the villa is to be considered in relation to its garden, the task is reduced to narrow limits. There is perhaps no region of Italy so rich in old villas and so lacking in old gardens as the neighborhood of Florence. Various causes have brought about this result. The environs of Florence have always been frequented by the wealthy classes, not only Italian, but foreign. The Tuscan nobility have usually been rich enough to alter their gardens in accordance with the varying horticultural fashions imported from England and France; and the English who have colonized in such numbers the slopes above the Arno have contributed not a little to the destruction of the old gardens, by introducing into their horticultural plans two features entirely alien to the Tuscan climate and soil, namely, lawns and deciduous shade-trees.

Many indeed are the parterres and ter-

aces which have disappeared before the Britannic craving for a lawn, many the olive-orchards and vineyards which must have given way to the thinly dotted "specimen trees" so dear to the English landscape-gardener, who is still, with rare exceptions, the slave of his famous eighteenth-century predecessors, Repton and "Capability Brown," as the English architect is still the descendant of Pugin and the Gothic revival. This Anglicization of the Tuscan garden did not, of course, come only from direct English influence. The *jardin anglais* was fashionable in France when Marie Antoinette laid out the Petit Trianon, and Herr Tuckermann, in his book on Italian gardens, propounds a theory, for which he gives no very clear reasons, to the effect that the naturalistic school of gardening actually originated in Italy, in the Borghese gardens in Rome, which he supposes to have been laid out more or less in their present form by Giovanni Fontana, as early as the first quarter of the seventeenth century.

It is certain, at any rate, that the Florentines adopted the new fashion early in the nineteenth century, as is shown—to give but one instance—in the vast Torrigiani gardens, near the Porta Romana, laid out by the Marchese Torrigiani about 1830 in the most approved "landscape" style, with an almost complete neglect of the characteristic Tuscan vegetation and a corresponding disregard of Italian climate and habits. The large English colony has, however, undoubtedly done much to encourage, even in the present day, the alteration of the old gardens and the introduction of alien vegetation in those which have been partly preserved. It is, for instance, typical of the old Tuscan villa that the farm, or *podere*, should come up to the edge of the terrace on which the house stands; but in most cases where old villas have been bought by foreigners, the vineyards and olive-orchards near the house have been turned into lawns dotted with plantations of exotic trees. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that but few unaltered gardens are to be found near Florence. To learn what the old Tuscan garden was, one must

search the environs of the smaller towns, and there are more interesting examples about Siena than in the whole circuit of the Florentine hills.

The old Italian architects distinguished two classes of country houses: the *villa suburbana*, or *maison de plaisance* (literally the pleasure-house), standing within or just without the city walls, surrounded by pleasure-grounds and built for a few weeks' residence; and the country house, which is an expansion of the old farm, and stands generally farther out of town, among its fields and vineyards—the seat of the country gentleman living on his estates. The Italian pleasure-garden did not reach its full development till the middle of the sixteenth century, and doubtless many of the old Florentine villas, the semi-castle and the quasi-farm of the fourteenth century, stood as they do now, on a bare terrace among the vines, with a small walled inclosure for the cultivation of herbs and vegetables. But of the period in which the garden began to be a studied architectural extension of the house, few examples are to be found near Florence.

The most important, if not the most pleasing, of Tuscan pleasure-gardens lies, however, within the city walls. This is the Boboli garden, laid out on the steep hillside behind the Pitti Palace. The plan of the Boboli garden is not only magnificent in itself, but interesting as one of the rare examples, in Tuscany, of a Renaissance garden still undisturbed in its main outlines. Eleonora de' Medici, who purchased the Pitti Palace in 1549, soon afterward acquired the neighboring ground, and the garden was laid out by Il Tribolo, continued by Buontalenti, and completed by Bartolommeo Ammanati, to whom is also due the garden façade of the palace. The scheme of the garden is worthy of careful study, though in many respects the effect it now produces is far less impressive than its designers intended. Probably no grounds of equal grandeur and extent have less of that peculiar magic which one associates with the old Italian garden—a fact doubtless due less to defects of composition than to later changes in the details of planting and decoration. Still, the main outline remains and is full of instruction to the garden-lover.

The palace is built against the steep hillside, which is dug out to receive it, a

high retaining-wall being built far enough back from the central body of the house to allow the latter to stand free. The ground floor of the palace is so far below ground that its windows look across a paved court at the face of the retaining-wall, which Ammanati decorated with an architectural composition representing a grotto, from which water was meant to gush as though issuing from the hillside. This grotto he surmounted with a magnificent fountain, standing on a level with the first-floor windows of the palace and with the surrounding gardens. The arrangement shows ingenuity in overcoming a technical difficulty, and the effect, from the garden, is very successful, though the well-like court makes an unfortunate gap between the house and its grounds.

Behind the fountain, and in a line with it, a horseshoe-shaped amphitheater has been cut out of the hillside, surrounded by tiers of stone seats adorned with statues in niches and backed by clipped laurel hedges, behind which rise the ilex-clad slopes of the upper gardens. This amphitheater is one of the triumphs of Italian garden-architecture. In general design and detail it belongs to the pure Renaissance, without trace of the heavy and fantastic *barrochismo* which, half a century later, began to disfigure such compositions in the villas near Rome. Indeed, comparison with the grotesque garden-architecture of the Villa d'Este at Tivoli, which is but little later in date, shows how long the Tuscan sense of proportion and refinement of taste resisted the ever-growing desire to astonish instead of to charm the spectator.

On each side of the amphitheater, clipped ilex-walks climb the hill, coming out some distance above on a plateau containing the toy lake with its little island, the Isola Bella, which was once the pride of the Boboli garden. This portion of the grounds has been so stripped of its architectural adornments and of its surrounding vegetation that it is now merely forlorn; and the same may be said of the little upper garden, reached by an imposing flight of steps and commanding a wide view over Florence. One must revert to the architect's plan to see how admirably adapted it was to the difficulties of the site he had to deal with, and how skilfully he harmonized the dense shade of his ilex-groves with the great open

spaces and pompous architectural effects necessary in a garden which was to form a worthy setting for the pageants of a Renaissance court. It is interesting to note in this connection that the flower-garden, or *giardino segreto*, which in Renaissance gardens almost invariably adjoins the house, has here been relegated to the hill-top, doubtless because the only level space near the palace was required for state ceremonies and theatrical entertainments rather than for private enjoyment.

It is partly because the Boboli is a court-garden, and not designed for private use, that it is less interesting and instructive than many others of less importance. Yet the other Medicean villas near Florence, though designed on much simpler lines, have the same lack of personal charm. It is perhaps owing to the fact that Florence was so long under the dominion of one all-powerful family that there is so little variety in her pleasure-houses. Pratolino, Poggio a Caiano, Cafaggiuolo, Careggi, Castello, and Petraia, one and all, whatever their origin, soon passed into the possession of the Medici, and thence into that of the Austrian grand dukes who succeeded them; and of the three whose gardens have been partly preserved, Castello, Petraia, and Poggio Imperiale, it may be said that they have the same impersonal, official look as the Boboli.

Castello and Petraia, situated a mile apart beyond the village of Quarto, were both built by Buontalenti, that brilliant pupil of Ammanati's who had a share in the planning of the gardens behind the Pitti. Castello stands on level ground, and its severely plain façade, with windows on consoles and rusticated doorway, faces what is now a highway, though, according to the print of Zocchi, the eighteenth-century engraver, a semicircular space inclosed in a low wall once extended between the house and the road, as at the neighboring Villa Corsini and at Poggio Imperiale. It was an admirable rule of the old Italian architects, where the garden-space was small and where the site permitted, to build their villas facing the road, so that the full extent of the grounds was secured to the private use of the inmates, instead of being laid open by a public approach to the house. This rule is still followed by French villa-architects, and it is exceptional in France to see a villa entered

from its grounds when it may be approached directly from the highroad.

Behind Castello the ground rises in terraces, inclosed in lateral walls, to a high retaining-wall at the back, surmounted by a wood of ilexes which contains a pool with an island. Montaigne, who describes but few gardens in his Italian diary, mentions that the terraces of Castello are *en pente* (sic); that is, they incline gradually toward the house, with the slope of the ground. This bold and unusual adaptation of formal gardening to the natural exigencies of the site is also seen in the terraced gardens of the beautiful Villa Imperiale (now Scassi) at Sampierdarena, near Genoa. The plan of the garden at Castello is admirable, but in detail it has been modernized at the cost of all its charm. Wide steps lead up to the first terrace, where Il Tribolo's stately fountain of bronze and marble stands surrounded by marble benches and statues on fine rusticated pedestals. Unhappily, fountain and statues have lately been scrubbed to preternatural whiteness, and the same spirit of improvement has turned the old parterres into sunburnt turf, and dotted it with copper beeches and pampas-grass. Montaigne alludes to the *berceaux*, or pleached walks, and to the close-set cypresses, which made a delicious coolness in this garden; and as one looks across its sun-scorched expanse one perceives that its lack of charm is explained by lack of shade.

As is usual in Italian gardens built against a hillside, the retaining-wall at the back serves for the great decorative motive at Castello. It is reached by wide marble steps, and flanked at the sides by symmetrical lemon-houses. On the central axis of the garden, the wall has a wide opening between columns, and on each side an arched recess, equidistant between the lemon-houses and the central opening. Within the latter is one of those huge grottoes which for two centuries or more were the delight of Italian garden-architects. The roof is decorated with masks and arabesques in colored shell-work, and in the niches of the tufa, of which the background is formed, are strange groups of life-sized animals, a camel, a monkey, a stag with real antlers, a wild boar with real tusks, and various small animals and birds, some made of colored marbles which correspond with their natural tints; and

beneath these groups are basins of pink-and-white marble, carved with sea-creatures and resting on dolphins. Humor is the quality which soonest loses its savor, and it is often difficult to understand the grotesque side of the old garden-architecture; but the curious delight in the representations of animals, real or fantastic, probably arose from the general interest in those strange wild beasts of which the travelers of the Renaissance brought home such fabulous descriptions. As to the general use of the grotto in Italian gardens, it is a natural development of the need for shade and coolness, and when the long-disused waterworks were playing, and cool streams gushed over quivering beds of fern into the marble tanks, these retreats must have formed a delicious contrast to the outer glare of the garden.

At Petraia the gardens are less elaborate in plan than at Castello, and are, in fact, noted chiefly for a fountain brought from that villa. This fountain, the most beautiful of Il Tribolo's works, is surmounted by the famous Venus-like figure of a woman wringing out her hair, now generally attributed to Giovanni da Bologna. Like the other Florentine villas of this quarter, where water is more abundant than on the other side, Petraia has a great oblong *vasca*, or tank, beneath its upper terrace; while the house itself, a simple structure of the old-fashioned Tuscan type, built about an inner quadrangle, is remarkable for its very beautiful tower, which, as Herr Gurlitt¹ suggests, was doubtless inspired by the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio.

According to Zocchi's charming etching, the ducal villa of Poggio Imperiale, on a hillside to the south of Florence, still preserved, in the eighteenth century, its simple and characteristic Tuscan façade. This was concealed by the Grand Duke Peter Leopold behind a heavy pillared front, to which the rusticated porticos were added later; and externally nothing remains as it was save the ilex and cypress avenue, now a public highway, which ascends to the villa from the Porta Romana, and the semicircular entrance-court with its guardian statues on mighty pedestals.

Poggio Imperiale was for too long the favorite residence of the grand-ducal Medici, and of their successors of Lorraine, not to suffer many changes, and to

lose, one by one, all its most typical features. Within there is a fine court surrounded by an open arcade, probably due to Giulio Parigi, who, at the end of the sixteenth century, completed the alterations of the villa according to the plans of Giuliano da Sangallo; and the vast suites of rooms are interesting to the student of decoration, since they are adorned, probably by French artists, with exquisite carvings and *stucchi* of the Louis XV and Louis XVI period. But the grounds have kept little besides their general plan. At the back, the villa opens directly on a large level pleasure-garden, with inclosing walls and a central basin surrounded by statues; but the geometrical parterres have been turned into lawn. To the right of this level space, a few steps lead down to a long terrace planted with ilexes, whence there is a fine view over Florence—an unusual arrangement, as the *bosco* was generally above, not below, the flower-garden.

If, owing to circumstances, the more famous pleasure-grounds of Florence have lost much of their antique charm, she has happily preserved a garden of another sort which possesses to an unusual degree the flavor of the past. This is the villa of the Gamberaia at Settignano. Till its recent purchase, the Gamberaia had for many years been let out in lodgings for the summer, and it doubtless owes to this obscure fate the complete preservation of its garden-plan. Before the recent alterations made in its gardens, it was doubly interesting from its unchanged condition, and from the fact that, even in Italy, where small and irregular pieces of ground were so often utilized with marvelous skill, it was probably the most perfect example of the art of producing a great effect on a small scale.

The villa stands nobly on a ridge overlooking the village of Settignano and the wide-spread valley of the Arno. The house is small yet impressive. Though presumably built as late as 1610, it shows few concessions to the baroque style already prevalent in other parts of Italy, and is yet equally removed from the classic or Palladian manner, which held its own so long in the Venetian country. The Gamberaia is distinctly Tuscan, and its projecting eaves, heavily coigned angles, and windows set far apart on massive consoles, show its direct descent from the severe and sober

¹ "Geschichte des Barockstils in Italien."

school of sixteenth-century architects who produced such noble examples of the great Tuscan villa as Ai Collazzi and Fonte all' Ertà. Nevertheless, so well proportioned is its elevation that there is no sense of heaviness, and the solidity of the main building is relieved by a kind of flying arcade at each end, one of which connects the house with its chapel, while the other, by means of a spiral stairway in a pier of the arcade, leads from the first floor to what was once the old fish-pond and herb-garden. This garden, an oblong piece of ground, a few years ago had in its center a round fishpond, surrounded by symmetrical plots planted with roses and vegetables, and in general design had probably been little changed since the construction of the villa. It has now been remodeled on an elaborate plan, which has the disadvantage of being unrelated in style to its surroundings; but fortunately no other change has been made in the plan and planting of the grounds.

Before the façade of the house, a grassy terrace bounded by a low wall, set alternately with stone vases and solemn-looking stone dogs, overhangs the vineyards and fields, which, as in all unaltered Italian country places, come up close to the house. Behind the villa, and running parallel with it, is a long grass alley or bowling-green, flanked for part of its length by a lofty retaining-wall set with statues, and for the remainder by high hedges which divide it on one side from the fish-pond garden and on the other from the farm. The green is closed at one end by a grotto of colored pebbles and shells, with nymphs and shepherds in niches about a fountain. This grotto is overhung by the grove of ancient cypresses for which the Gamberaia is noted. At its opposite end the bowling-green terminates in a balustrade whence one looks down on the Arno and across to the hills on the southern side of the valley.

The retaining-wall which runs parallel with the back of the house sustains a terrace planted with cypress and ilex. This terraced wood above the house is very typical of Italian gardens: good examples may be seen at Castello and at the Villa Medici in Rome. These patches of shade, however small, are planted irregularly, like a wild wood, with stone seats under the dense ilex boughs, and a statue placed here

and there in a deep niche of foliage. Just opposite the central doorway of the house the retaining-wall is broken, and an iron gate leads to a slit of a garden, hardly more than twenty feet wide, on a level with the bowling-green. This narrow strip ends also in a grotto-like fountain with statues, and on each side balustraded flights of steps lead to the upper level on which the ilex-grove is planted. This grove, however, occupies only one portion of the terrace. On the other side of the cleft formed by the little grotto-garden, the corresponding terrace, formerly laid out as a vegetable-garden, is backed by the low façade of the lemon-house, or *stanzone*, which is an adjunct of every Italian villa. Here the lemon- and orange-trees, the camellias and other semi-tender shrubs, are stored in winter, to be set out in May in their red earthen jars on the stone slabs which border the walks of all old Italian gardens.

The plan of the Gamberaia has been described thus in detail because it combines in an astonishingly small space, yet without the least sense of overcrowding, almost every typical excellence of the old Italian garden: free circulation of sunlight and air about the house; abundance of water; easy access to dense shade; sheltered walks with different points of view; variety of effect produced by the skilful use of different levels; and, finally, breadth and simplicity of composition.

Here, also, may be noted in its fullest expression that principle of old gardening which the modern "landscapist" has most completely unlearned, namely, the value of subdivision of spaces. Whereas the modern gardener's one idea of producing an effect of space is to annihilate his boundaries, and not only to merge into one another the necessary divisions of the garden, but also to blend this vague whole with the landscape, the old garden-architect proceeded on the opposite principle, arguing that, as the garden is but the prolongation of the house, and as a house containing a single huge room would be less interesting and less serviceable than one divided according to the varied requirements of its inmates, so a garden which is merely one huge outdoor room is also less interesting and less serviceable than one which has its logical divisions. Utility was doubtless not the

only consideration which produced this careful portioning off of the garden. Esthetic impressions were considered, and the effect of passing from the sunny fruit-garden to the dense grove, thence to the wide-reaching view, and again to the sheltered privacy of the pleached walk or the mossy coolness of the grotto—all this was taken into account by a race of artists who studied the contrast of esthetic emotions as keenly as they did the juxtaposition of dark cypress and pale lemon-tree, of deep shade and level sunlight. But the real value of the old Italian garden-plan is that logic and beauty meet in it, as they should in all sound architectural work. Each quarter of the garden was placed where convenience required, and was made accessible from all the others by the most direct and rational means; and from this intelligent method of planning the most varying effects of unexpectedness and beauty were obtained.

It was said above that lawns are unsuited to the Italian soil and climate, but it must not be thought that the Italian gardeners did not appreciate the value of turf. They used it, but sparingly, knowing that it required great care and was not a characteristic of the soil. The bowling-green of the Gamberaia shows how well the beauty of a long stretch of greensward was understood; and at the Villa Capponi, at Arcetri, on the other side of Florence, there is a fine oblong of old turf adjoining the house, said to be the only surviving fragment of the original garden. These bits of sward were always used near the house, where their full value could be enjoyed, and were set like jewels in clipped hedges or statue-crowned walls. Though doubtless intended chiefly for games, they were certainly valued for their esthetic effect, for in many Italian gardens steep grass alleys flanked by walls of beech or ilex are seen ascending a hillside to a temple or statue which forms the crowning ornament of the grounds. In Florence a good example of this *tapis vert*, of which Le Nôtre afterward made such admirable use in the moist climate of France, is seen at the Villa Danti, on the Arno near Campiobbi.

Close to the ducal villas of Castello lies a country-seat possessing much of the intimate charm which they lack. This is Prince Corsini's villa, the finest example

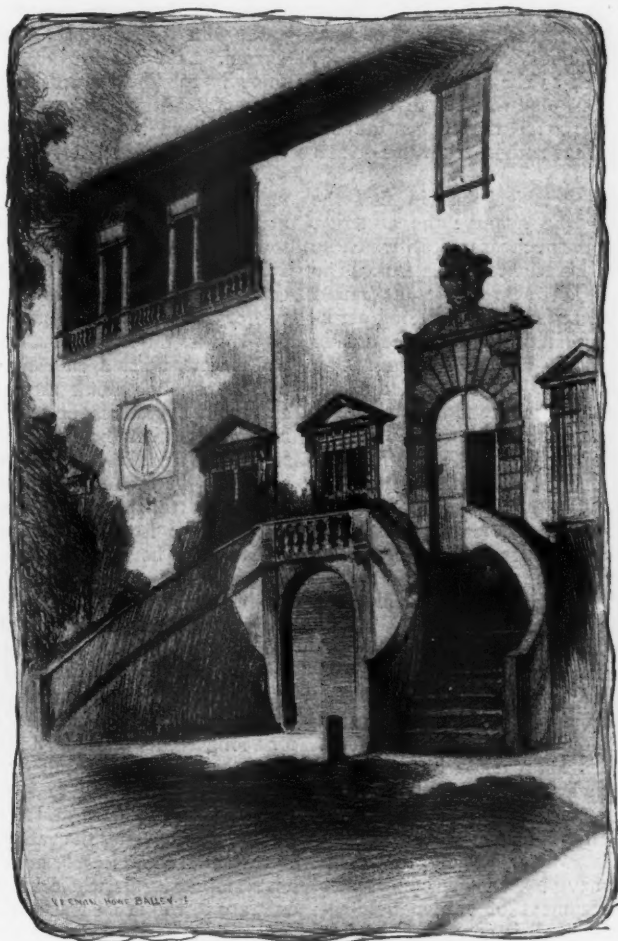
of a baroque country house near Florence. The old villa, of which the typical Tuscan elevation may still be seen at the back, was remodeled during the latter half of the seventeenth century, probably by Antonio Ferri, who built the state saloon and staircase of the Palazzo Corsini on the Lungarno. The Villa Corsini lies in the plain, like Castello, and has before it the usual walled semicircle. The front of the villa is frankly baroque, a two-storied elevation with windows divided by a meager order, and a stately central gable flanked by balustrades surmounted by vases. The whole treatment is interesting, as showing the manner in which the seventeenth-century architect overlaid a plain Tuscan structure with florid ornament; and the effect, if open to criticism, is at once gay and stately.

The house is built about a quadrangle inclosed in an open arcade on columns. Opposite the porte-cochère is a doorway opening on a broad space bounded by a balustrade with statues. An ilex avenue extends beyond this space, on the axis of the doorway. At one end of the house is the oblong walled garden, with its boxed flower-beds grouped in an intricate geometrical pattern about a central fountain. Corresponding with this garden, at the opposite end of the house, is a dense ilex-grove with an alley leading down the center to a beautiful fountain, a tank surmounted by a kind of voluted pediment, into which the water falls from a large ilex-shaded tank on a higher level. Here again the vineyards and olive-orchards come up close to the formal grounds, the ilex-grove being divided from the podere by a line of cypresses instead of a wall.

Not far from the Gamberaia, on the hillside of San Gervasio, stands another country house which preserves only faint traces of its old gardens, but which, architecturally, is too interesting to be overlooked. This is the villa of Fonte all' Ertà. Originally a long building of the villa-farmhouse order, with chapel, offices, and outhouses connected with the main house, it was transformed in the sixteenth century, probably by Ammanati, into one of the staliest country houses near Florence. A splendid rusticated loggia, approached by a double flight of steps, forms an angle of the main house, and either then or later the spacious open court, around three sides

of which the villa is built, was roofed over and turned into a great central saloon like those of the Venetian and Milanese villas. This two-storied saloon is the finest and most appropriate feature of the interior planning of Italian villas, but it seems

fine example of this arcaded court may be seen at Petraia, the Medicean villa near Castello. At Fonte all' Erta the former court faced toward what was once an old flower-garden, raised a few feet above the grass terrace which runs the length of the



GARDEN FAÇADE OF THE VILLA BOMBICCI, NEAR FLORENCE

never to have been as popular in Tuscany as it was farther north or south. The Tuscan villas, for the most part, are smaller and less pretentious in style than those erected in other parts of Italy, and only in exceptional instances did the architect free himself from the traditional plan of the old farmhouse-villa around its open court. A

façade. Behind this garden, and adjoining the back of the villa, is the old evergreen grove; but the formal surroundings of the house have disappeared.

The most splendid and stately villa in the neighborhood of Florence stands among the hills a few miles beyond the Certosa of Val d'Ema, and looks from its

lofty ridge across the plain toward Pistoia and the Apennines. This villa, called Ai Collazzi (now Bombicci), from the wooded hills which surround it, was built for the Dini family in the sixteenth century, and, as tradition avers, by no less a hand than Michelangelo's. He is known to have been a close friend of the Dini, and is likely to have worked for them; and if, as some experts think, certain details of the design, as well as the actual construction of the villa, are due to Santi di Tito, it is impossible not to feel that its general conception must have originated with a greater artist.

The Villa Bombicci has in fact the Michelangelesque quality: the austerity, the breadth, the peculiar majesty which he imparted to his slightest creations. The house is built about three sides of a raised stone-flagged terrace, the inclosing elevation consisting of a two-storied open arcade roofed by widely projecting eaves. The wings are solid, with the exception of the sides toward the arcade, and the windows, with their heavy pediments and consoles, are set far apart in true Tuscan fashion. A majestic double flight of steps, flanked by shield-bearing lions, leads up to the terrace about which the house is built. Within is a high central saloon opening at the back on a stone *perron*, with another double flight of steps which descend in a curve to the garden. On this side of the house there is, on the upper floor, an open loggia of great beauty, consisting of three arches divided by slender coupled shafts. Very fine, also, is the arched and rusticated doorway surmounted by a stone escutcheon.

The villa is approached by a cypress avenue which leads straight to the open space before the house. The ridge on which the latter is built is so narrow, and the land falls away so rapidly, that there could never have been much opportunity for the development of garden-architecture; but though all is now Anglicized, it is easy to trace the original plan: in front, the open space supported by a high retaining-wall, on one side of the house the grove of cypress and ilex, and at the back, where there was complete privacy, the small *giardino segreto*, or hedged garden, with its parterres, benches, and statues.

The purpose of these articles is to describe the Italian villa in relation to its

grounds, and many villas which have lost their old surroundings must therefore be omitted; but near Florence there is one old garden which has always lacked its villa, yet which cannot be overlooked in a study of Italian garden-craft. Even those most familiar with the fascinations of Italian gardens will associate a peculiar thrill with their first sight of the Villa¹ Campi. Laid out by one of the Pucci family, probably toward the end of the sixteenth century, it lies beyond Lastra-Signa, above the Arno about ten miles from Florence. It is not easy to reach, for so long is it since any one has lived in the melancholy *villino* of Villa Campi that even in the streets of Lastra, the little walled town by the Arno, a guide is hard to find. But at last one is told to follow a steep country road among vines and olives, past two or three charming houses buried in ilex-groves, till the road ends in a lane which leads up to a gateway surmounted by statues. Ascending thence by a long avenue of cypresses, one reaches the level hilltop on which the house should have stood. Two pavilions connected by a high wall face the broad open terrace whence there is a far-spreading view over the Arno valley: doubtless the main building was to have been placed between them. But now the place lies enveloped in a mysterious silence. The foot falls noiselessly on the grass carpeting of the alleys, the water is hushed in pools and fountains, and broken statues peer out startlingly from their niches of unclipped foliage. From the open space in front of the pavilions, long avenues radiate, descending and encircling the hillside, walled with cypress and ilex, and leading to *rond-points* set with groups of statuary, and to balustraded terraces overhanging the valley. The plan is vast and complicated, and appears to have embraced the whole hillside, which, contrary to the usual frugal Tuscan plan, was to have been converted into a formal park with vistas, quincunxes, and fountains.

Entering a gate in the wall between the pavilions, one comes on the terraced flower-gardens, and here the same grandeur of conception is seen. The upper terrace preserves traces of its formal parterres and box-hedges. Thence flights of steps lead down to a long bowling-green between hedges, like that at the Gamberaia.

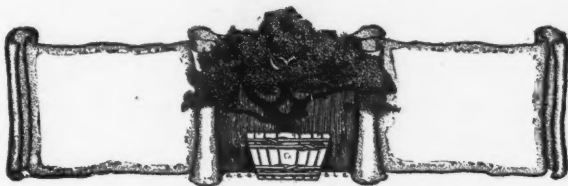
¹Villa, in Italian, signifies not the house alone, but the house and pleasure-grounds.

A farther descent reveals another terrace-garden, with clipped hedges, statues and fountains; and thence sloping alleys radiate down to stone-edged pools with reclining river-gods in the mysterious shade of the ilex-groves. Statues are everywhere: in the upper gardens, nymphs, satyrs, shepherds, and the cheerful fauna of the open pleasance; at the end of the shadowy glades, solemn figures of Titanic gods, couched above their pools or reared aloft on mighty pedestals. Even the opposite hillside must have been included in the original scheme of this vast garden, for it still shows, on the central axis between the pavilions, a *tapis vert* between cypresses, doubtless intended to lead up to some great stone Hercules under a crowning arch.

But it is not the size of the Campi gardens which makes them so remarkable; it is the subtle beauty of their planning, to which time and neglect have added the requisite touch of poetry. Never perhaps have natural advantages been utilized with so little perceptible straining after effect, yet with so complete a sense of the needful adjustment between landscape and archi-

tecture. One feels that these long avenues and statued terraces were meant to lead up to a "stately pleasure-house"; yet so little are they out of harmony with the surrounding scene that nature has gradually taken them back to herself, has turned them into a haunted grove in which the statues seem like sylvan gods fallen asleep in their native shade.

There are other Florentine villas which preserve traces of their old gardens. The beautiful Villa Palmieri has kept its terrace architecture, Lappoggi its fine double stairway, the Villa Danti its grass walk leading to a giant on the hilltop, and Castel Pulci its stately façade with a sky-line of statues and the long cypress avenue shown in Zocchi's print; even Pratolino, so cruelly devastated, still preserves Giovanni da Bologna's colossal figure of the Apennines. But where so much of greater value remains to be described, space fails to linger over these fragments which, romantic and charming as they are, can but faintly suggest, amid their altered surroundings, the vanished garden-plans of which they formed a part.



TWO POEMS

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

DULCIS MEMORIA

LONG, long ago I heard a little song,—
 (Ah, was it long ago, or yesterday?)
 So lowly, slowly flowed the tune along
 That far into my heart it found the way,
 A melody consoling and endearing;
 And still, in silent hours, I'm often hearing
 The small, sweet song that does not die away.

Long, long ago I saw a little flower,—
 (Ah, was it long ago, or yesterday?)
 So fair of face and fragrant for an hour
 That something dear to me it seemed to say:

A thought of joy that blossomed into being
Without a word; and now I 'm often seeing
The friendly flower that does not fade away.

Long, long ago we had a little child,—
(Ah, was it long ago, or yesterday?)
Into his mother's eyes and mine he smiled
Unconscious love; warm in our arms he lay.
An angel called! Dear heart, we could not hold him;
Yet secretly your arms and mine infold him—
Our little child who does not go away.

Long, long ago? Ah, memory, keep it clear!
(It was not long ago, but yesterday.)
So little and so helpless and so dear—
Let not the song be lost, the flower decay!
His voice, his waking eyes, his gentle sleeping:
The smallest things are safest in thy keeping.
Sweet memory, keep our child with us alway.



THE WIND OF SORROW

THE fire of love was burning, yet so low
That in the dark we scarce could see its rays,
And in the light of perfect-placid days
Nothing but smoldering embers dull and slow.
Vainly, for love's delight, we sought to throw
New pleasures on the pyre to make it blaze:
In life's calm air and tranquil, prosperous ways
We missed the radiant heat of long ago.
Then in the night, a night of sad alarms,
Bitter with pain and black with fog of fears
That drove us trembling to each other's arms—
Across the gulf of darkness and salt tears,
Into life's calm the wind of sorrow came,
And fanned the fire of love to clearest flame.





THE THREE PHOEBES OF WYNDYGLOUL



THREE little Phoebes came to Wyndygoul in the month of March, and sang their song in the trees by the water till it was time to set about nesting.

The first one was a Wise Little Bird,—even he suspected that,—and after thinking it all out he said: "I shall build high on the rock that is above the Lake of Wyndygoul, and the deep water shall be the moat of my castle."



Then the second one thought it all out, and he was the Wisest of all the Phoebes. He simply knew it all, and he knew that he knew. So he said: "The rock has its advantages, but it is very exposed to the enemies above. I shall build under this low root on the bank. It shelters all sides, my nest will be concealed, and the rushing water of the River of Wyndygoul shall be the protecting moat of my castle."

But the third little Phoebe was a Little Fool, and he knew it. And he said to his wife: "We are so foolish we cannot foresee all the dangers—we do not even know what they are; but we do know this: that there is a Blue Devil called the Blue Jay, and a Brown Devil called the Hawk, and a Night Devil called the Weasel, and we know that *they* are not the biggest things on earth. There is some one here bigger than they. Let us put our trust in him. We will build our nest between the sticks of his nest: perhaps he will protect us."

So they did. They put the nest right in the porch of his house. It was not high, and it was not hidden, nor was there any moat to their castle. Its only protection was an "influence," and that was invisible; but it was felt all about the porch that is on the lawn that is above the Lake of Wyndygoul.

And there they all sat on a warm April morning when the nests were made, the Wise One on the rock singing "Phœ-bee," and the Very Wise One under the root singing





"Phœ-be," and the Foolish One on the porch singing "Phœbe-e."

They sang so loudly that a Hawk, passing by, thought, "Something is up," and he looked for the nests; but the one on the rock he could not reach, the one under the root he could not find, and the one on the porch he dared not go near.

And the Weasel heard them and thought, "Oh, ho! I shall investigate this to-night." But the chilly water kept him from the two nests, and there was an uncomfortable feeling about the porch that he preferred to avoid.

But there came at length the Blue Devil called the Jay. When he heard the singing he said: "Where there are songs there are nests." And he found where the nests were, by watching their owners. So he flew to the rock and looked in that nest. It was finished, but empty. "Very good," said the Blue Jay; "I can wait."

Then he flew to the root and looked into that nest, and there was one egg.

"Oh, ho!" said the Jay, "this is good luck, but not enough. I know that Phœbes lay more than one egg. I can wait." So, though his beak watered a little, he let it alone and went—but no; he did not go to the porch, because the man had made an "influence" there, and it was repugnant to the Blue Jay.

And the three little Phœbes sang merrily their morning-song in the trees by the Lake of Wyndygoul.

Next morning the Blue Jay went over to the rock nest, and there was one egg in it, and he said: "Very good as far as it goes, but I can wait. I'll see you later."

Then he went to the nest under the root,—a very hard nest to find it had been,—and there were two eggs. The Blue Jay turned his wicked head on one side and counted them with his right eye, then on the other side and counted them with his left eye, and said: "This is better, but I know that a Phœbe lays more than two eggs. I can wait."

He did not go to the porch. He had his own reasons. And next morning the three little Phœbes sang their three little songs in the trees by the Lake of Wyndygoul.

But the Blue Jay came as before, and he looked at the nest in the rock, and said: "Oh, ho! there are two eggs now. Keep on, my friends, keep on; this is true charity. You are going to feed the hungry. I think I will wait a little longer."

Then he went to the root above the water, and in that nest were three eggs. "Very good," said the Blue Jay. "A Phœbe-bird may lay four or even five eggs, but give me a sure thing." So he swallowed the three eggs in the root nest.

And next morning there were only two little Phœbes singing happily in the trees by the Lake of Wyndygoul.

But the Blue Jay came around again two days later, and he called only at the rock nest. He looked out of his right eye, and then out of his left. Yes, there were four eggs in it now. "I know when a nest is ripe," said he, and he swallowed them all and tore down the nest. Then the little Wise Phœbe came and saw it, and was so heart-

broken with sorrow that he tumbled into the lake and was drowned.

Next morning there was only one little Phœbe that merrily sang in the trees by the Lake of Wyndygoul.

But the Very Wisest Phœbe began to say to himself: "I made a mistake. I built too high up. My nest was all right, it was perfect, but a *little* too high."

So he began a new nest low down, close to the water, under the same black root, by the River of Wyndygoul, and the Blue Jay could not reach it then; he only got wet in trying.

But one night, when there were three more eggs, and the Wisest Phœbe was sitting on them, a great Mink put his head out of the water and gobbled up Phœbe, eggs, and all.

And the next morning there was only one little Phœbe-bird with his nest, and that was the Foolish One that knew he was foolish, and that built in the porch of the house that stood on the hill that is close by the Lake of Wyndygoul. And he sang all that spring, and his nest was soon filled with growing little ones. And they got bigger and bigger, till they were too big for the nest; and at length they all fledged and flew, and lived happily ever after in the trees by the Lake of Wyndygoul.

MORAL: Wisdom is its own reward.

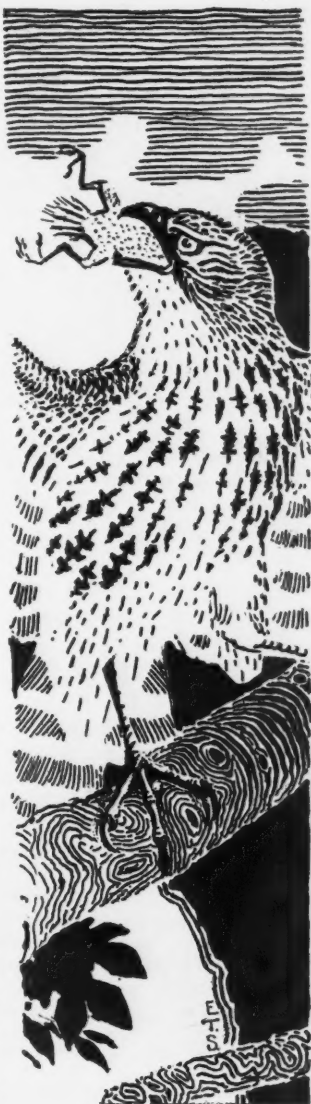
THE GRASSHOPPER THAT MADE THE MIS- SIMO VALLEY

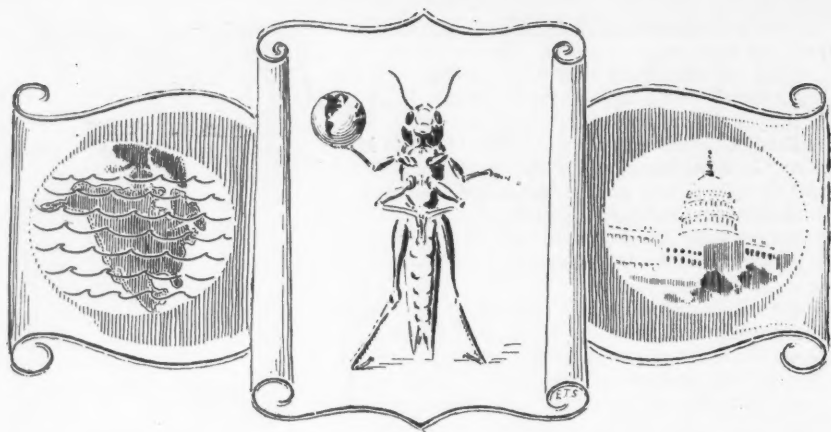
THE vast low Jurassic Island had been raised above the level of the sea, where now the great continent stands. A Matriarchal Dinosaur was leading her ponderous troop in single file across the upheaved marshy plain. A dry season had blighted the lower pastures and forced them to travel, and as she was about to turn northerly, a Jurassic Grasshopper said *Bizz!* under her nose. The insect is quite harmless, but it protects itself by imitating the fearful *bizz* of the ancestral Rattlesnake. The old Dinosaur wheeled to one side and raised her head. Her little twinkling eyes fell on a rank green

marsh to the eastward, and she now turned and led her troop to that. Each day they came to the feeding-ground along their first discovered trail, until it was worn deeply.

Time went by. A wet season made the upland marsh a brimming lake. It would have overflowed to the westward, for this was its lower side, but the deep-worn trail of the Dinosaurs offered an outlet that enlarged with the yearly rains faster than the slowly rising lands could tilt the other way; and so it became a stream.

Agnes went by. The great upheaval went on. The Rocky Mountains arose. The former trail was now a crooked river flowing eastward, growing larger, carrying into the shallow sea millions of tons of clay, till that shallow sea became the Missouri and





Mississippi Valley, which might never have existed had the Dinosaur been allowed to follow her original course—a course that would have left these vast, turbid, land-creative waters free to seek the Western Sea: and the *bizz* of the harmless Grasshopper did it all.

MORAL:

Full oft a tranquil world hath been
Upset by meddling word, I ween.

THE FABLE OF THE YANKEE CRAB

"MAMA, mama," cried the little Crab, "see, there is a fine fat Clam taking a sun-bath as wide open as can be. I must go. He is too good to lose."

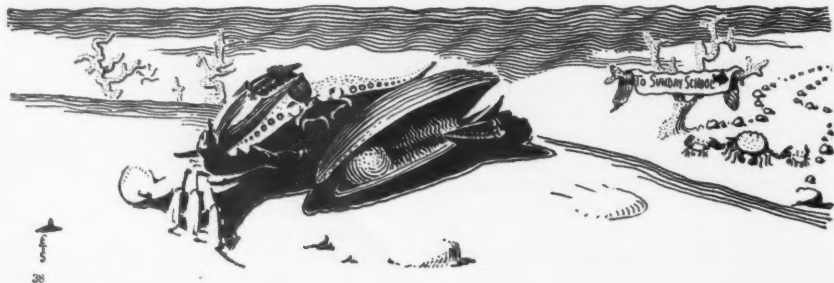
"My child," said the old Crab, turning greenish, "that Clam would close with a snap and cut off both your pincers if you did but get near enough to touch him."

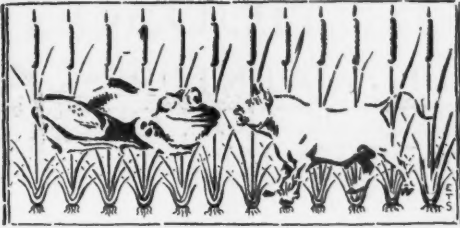
"But, mama, I should take—"

"That will do, my child; you are not to go near the dangerous monster."

But this little Crab was of Yankee stock. He had a scheme. He waited till his mother's eyes were pulled in, and then slipped softly behind the Clam that lay spread open like a rat-trap. He had brought a large pebble, and now dropped it neatly into the open Clam, close up to the hinge. In vain then the powerful muscles tried to close the shell. The Crab found ample room to insert one pincer, and when last seen he was comfortably seated, one arm around the helpless Clam, and with the other pulling out its delicious fatness bit by bit, and cramming it into his mouth.

MORAL: Mother does not know it all.





THE Bullfrog fills his little throat
And bellows once again
A basso, bugling thunder-note
Across the summer fen.
A Bull might envy him that voice
And wish that it were his.
This seems to point a moral,
But I don't know what it is.

UP TO DATE

"Oh, brothers, look at that fine big *Culex* coming to our pond!" cried *Stethorynchus*, a lively little *Stickleback* that lived in a marshy place near *Yorkadelphia*.

"Keep quiet, you fool!" cried *Cataphractus* (who, though he had but two sticklers, had a broad, intelligent forehead, and was highly respected among the *Gasterosteidae*). "Can't you see she is coming to lay her eggs?"

"It is not a *Culex* at all, you *microcephalous* idiot; can't you see by the straight line of her back that that is an *Anopheles*?" said *Polyplectron*, with characteristic rudeness.

"So much the better," returned *Cataphractus*. "*Culex* certainly lays twice as many eggs as *Anopheles*, but she is more suspicious."

"I never saw an *Anopheles* with spotted thoracic segments," whispered *Pegrozila*, peevishly, for he had a touch of malaria.

"Well, Dr. Howard has," retorted *Cataphractus*, with crushing sarcasm. "Hush—sh—sh—"

So each of the little *Sticklebacks* hid behind a grass-seed, hushed, and held his gills until the *Anopheles* had laid over one hundred lovely pink eggs with a sweet little baby *Anopheles* in each. Then, in blissful ignorance of the awful fate awaiting her beloved offspring, the *Mosquito* floated away with a lightsome *ping*!

The little *Sticklebacks* made a rush. It was who could get there first. In a trice the floating eggs were rent to pieces and devoured. Then the seventeen little *Sticklebacks* fluffed their gills in glee, and for two hours afterward were full of eggs and happiness and congratulations that their pond had not been kerosened.

MORAL: Lives should be weighed, not counted.



FIGHTING THE HUDSON

AN UNRECORDED ADVENTURE IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE



MONTHS have passed since one of the most difficult and daring engineering feats that the world has known was conceived and successfully carried into execution in the tunnel still in process of construction beneath the Hudson River; up to the present, however, not the slightest hint as to its nature or magnitude, or even its occurrence, has crept into the public prints. True, the conditions which necessitated it made a huge commotion for the time being, for it was currently reported that the long tubeway upon which so much thought, labor, and money had been expended had been flooded by the waters of the giant stream, resulting in great loss of life. The newspapers of New York sought to obtain details, to procure photographs, to present their readers with authoritative statements. It was in vain that they plied the officials, their questions receiving no answer save a categorical denial that there was any foundation for the alarmist reports. Those in charge of the work not only believed that they were within their rights in maintaining silence, but were convinced that to make public the conditions confronting them would seriously embarrass their future operations. The tunnel had not been flooded, but had been invaded; and for a distance of more than eighty feet, denuded of its natural protection of mud, it was undergoing a constant battering by the powerful river.

The Hudson had thrown down the gauntlet in such a way that the challenge could not be declined. The story of how

human ingenuity and human pluck flung back the glove is one of the most thrilling chapters in the annals of engineering, culminating as it does in the never before attempted feat of tunneling not under, but *through*, water.

In order to understand how this perilous situation arose it is necessary to explain the methods of subaqueous tunnel construction, which differ materially from those employed in ordinary tunnel work. In forcing their way through the rock and silt of a river the engineers are obliged to devise a means of overcoming the natural pressure of the water and mud, else it would be impossible to keep the tubeway intact long enough to put the metal lining in place. For this purpose recourse is had to compressed air, which is pumped from the engine-house to the "heading," as that part of the tunnel where work is in progress is technically called, and pressure maintained sufficient to offset the natural pressure of the elements. The "cutting" of the tunnel also presents peculiar difficulties, which are surmounted by the use of what is known as a shield.

The shield employed in the Hudson River tunnel is a cylinder, thirteen feet long and twenty feet in diameter, with a hardened-steel "cutting edge," fifteen inches in length and three inches in circumference. Behind the cutting edge comes the outside "diaphragm," with several openings to admit the mud displaced by the shield's advance. Back of these openings are chambers four feet in length, one chamber for each opening,

and through these the mud is admitted by means of hinged doors, to be taken by small cars to the entrance. The hinged doors are always in operation, regulating the quantity of mud passing through the chambers into the tunnel.

Behind the chambers are fourteen jacks, or hydraulic rams, which are used to push the shield forward. These jacks work at

place by hydraulic pressure, and bolted and calked to insure against possible leakage.

Between the lining and the tail-end of the shield there is always an unprotected space of an inch and a half. This small opening would, under ordinary circumstances, be insignificant, but it is of great moment in subaqueous work, owing to the fact that the mud pressure at the top of



FIRST AIR-LOCK, FROM THE NEW JERSEY SIDE

The small door beside which the men are standing is the entrance to the first of the tunnel air-locks. Without these air-locks it would be impossible for the tunnel laborers to accustom themselves to the great air pressure at the heading. On each side of the tunnel run the pipes through which the air is forced into the heading and the pipes whereby the hydraulic pressure is applied to the shield. In that portion of the tunnel visible in the picture the air pressure is normal.

a pressure of five thousand pounds to the square inch. The remainder of the thirteen-foot cylinder is known as the "tail-end," its function being to afford a protection to the unfinished section of the tunnel during each "shove"—the vernacular equivalent for the operation of advancing the shield. In making a shove, the mud doors are opened, the power is turned on, and the gigantic cylinder moves slowly forward until it has advanced twenty-five inches, that being the distance which it is deemed safe to gain before putting in a ring of the permanent lining of the tunnel. The lining is composed of cast-iron plates, forced into

the twenty-foot shield is eight and a half pounds less than the pressure at the bottom of the shield, because the pressure varies according to the depth. In the compressed air, however, such a variation is impossible, since there is no means of pumping the air into the tunnel so that the pressure will vary as the mud pressure varies. As a result, the necessity of maintaining an air pressure sufficient to offset the mud pressure at the bottom may cause the disintegration of the silt above the small opening, in which case it will be "blown away" and the tunnel exposed to the action of the river. The danger is greatest, of course,



SECTION OF TUNNEL SHOWING MANNER OF LIGHTING THE HEADING

when for any reason progress is delayed, because the air is then directed constantly against the same spot.

Things went smoothly beneath the Hudson until work had been finished for a distance of about forty-three hundred feet. The constructors knew, however, that they might thereafter expect trouble, for their charts showed them that they were liable at any moment to strike rock. Finally the day came when the shield refused to move despite the enormous pressure behind it, and investigation showed that it had struck against a ledge and that the cutting edge had been badly turned. Nothing could be done until this was repaired, and to make repairs it was necessary to go outside the tunnel and into the bed of the river.

In order to get beyond the shield a bulkhead had to be built. This in itself is a delicate and interesting piece of work, and it becomes doubly so when carried out in the depths of a river's bed. The tunnel workers, or "Sand Hogs," enter the lower chambers of the shield and force out into the mud what are known as "polling-boards." These extend about eight feet from the shield, and when in position give a serviceable overhead covering while the task of "breastboarding" is in progress. By breastboarding is meant the gradual advance of small upright boards from the shield, the intervening mud being taken out little by little and passed through the chambers. A small room is thus constructed in front of the shield, and the work of repairing may then begin.

The building of the bulkhead took about seven days. Further delay resulted from the substitution of an "apron" for the polling-boards, the apron being an overhead sheet of steel attached to the shield and designed to provide a permanent shelter for any further bulkhead work. Meanwhile, in order to maintain the integrity of the tunnel, the compressors were kept constantly in action. As a result, the mud covering, or "blanket," which at this particular spot was very soft and of a thickness not exceeding ten feet, while the depth of the river was sixty-five, gradually became dis-

organized, and finally yielded to the air pressure. As fast as it was blown into the river, fresh silt appeared in the opening, to be in turn dislodged by the air, until a cup-like depression extending for a distance of eighty-five feet along the line of the tunnel was eventually hollowed in the bed of the Hudson. At once the river, infuriated, began to bombard the unprotected roof with boulders, ice, and the force of its own waves, until the tunnel rang with a perfect fusillade of marine ammunition. Heroic measures were necessary.

Charles M. Jacobs, the engineer, had been kept advised of the situation by the works manager, George B. Fry, who had been quick to foresee the danger. Mr. Jacobs, to whom has also been intrusted the building of the great subaqueous tunnels for the Pennsylvania Railroad, stands at the head of his profession and has had a wide and varied experience in under-river engineering, but never before had he been called upon to cope with the problem that then presented itself. The question was how to continue work without flooding the tunnel. So long as the shield remained where it was this danger was not immediate, for although compressed air does not of itself keep out water, it holds in position anything that will, and for this purpose a quantity of small bags filled with sawdust is kept in the heading, ready for an emergency like the present one. With an attempt to advance the shield, however, the packing would be dislodged and the situation completely changed.

The logical method of procedure was to make a false covering for the tunnel by dropping barge-loads of clay into the depression; but the time was midwinter, the clay-banks were frozen fast, and the vagrant ice would, in any event, render extremely difficult the task of alining the barges in the river. For a time Mr. Jacobs seriously considered the advisability of deferring further operations until clay could be obtained; but, realizing that the greater the delay the greater the risk of losing the tunnel, he ultimately resolved on a bold stroke, and gave orders that so soon as the

NOTE TO THE PICTURE ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE: So delicate are the operations involved in subaqueous tunneling that it is necessary to have an extremely strong light at the heading. As the illustration shows, the men work in a light even brighter than that enjoyed by the rivermen overhead. Those

unaccustomed to the brilliancy find it dazzling, but the workers soon become inured to it. Without its aid it would be difficult, if not impossible, for them to attend to such important details as the placing, bolting, and calking of the iron plates with which the tunnel is lined.



IN THE HEADING: CLEANING UP AFTER A SHOVE

Subaqueous tunnel workers are never busier than immediately after a "shove," for things must be made shipshape before the work of lining the tunnel can be resumed. The camera has caught a group of "Sand Hogs" hard at work. Some are shoveling the river mud into the little cars. One laborer is already upon the "erector" examining the new section of tunnel. The disk in the background is the end of the shield, the huge boring-machine that pierces the silt of the river-bed.

repairs on the cutting edge were completed a shove was to be attempted.

The works manager at once began to marshal his forces. He provided an extra number of the invaluable sawdust-bags; gave directions that the men in the engine-room should stand prepared, on receiving a hurry telephone call from the heading, to force the compressors to manufacture their limit of air, so that every available ounce might be utilized at the seat of hostilities; and dropped a hint to the tunnel foremen to the effect that some delicate work was on foot and they must keep a close eye on their men. With the dawning of the day when the supreme test was to be made the officials felt that they were well prepared for what they deemed the inevitable struggle.

Barely had the first, almost imperceptible movement of the shield been made when that struggle began. The river, as though taken by surprise, hesitatingly

trickled through the displaced packing, but, as the gap around the huge circle grew wider, soon hurled itself forward in one continuous flood. For a moment the working force wavered. Some recovered themselves in an instant, and leaped to join issue with the enemy. Others there were who fled for their lives, until their foreman, in tones that rose above the roaring of the waters and the hissing of the air, stormed out words of command that rallied them and made them remember that they owed it to their pluckier comrades and to their employers to face the foe shoulder to shoulder. Now the battle was on in earnest: air against water, muscle and brain against the cruellest of elements.

Never did the huge light that glows unceasingly in the heading cast its rays upon a wilder scene. Knee-deep in water, the men forced old clothes, jute sacks, and the magic sawdust-bags into the open gap around the shield. Even these proved un-

availing, and off came coats and shirts, to be whipped into position by the Sand Hogs, desperate with death staring them in the face. Not a voice was heard save that of the foreman, demoniacally urging his men to renewed efforts. Whenever the air pressure weakened until it became less than the hydrostatic head of the water, the sacks and clothes would vanish, to be replaced in a second by new packing. One yawning vent defied every effort until, savage from fear, the defenders lifted a comrade from his feet and held him against the opening. It took twenty minutes to advance the shield far enough to permit the emplacement of a new ring of lining, and every second was a battle for life. The end came with a suddenness that startled even the most optimistic. Upon the completion of the shove, the river, baffled, slunk away, while the workers hurriedly put the iron plates in place, thus erecting a strong barricade against the devouring waters. Upon the next shove, however, and for two more shoves, the battle was renewed, and on every occasion the Sand Hogs were victorious. By that time the tunnel had been advanced into ground beyond the confines of the deadly void, and the danger was at an end.

It should be noted that the direct cause and cure of the trouble was compressed air. Without this artificial aid it would be impossible to carry the work to a successful termination; but at the same time it is compressed air which makes the task so arduous to the toilers of the deep. The normal air pressure is only fifteen pounds to the square inch, whereas the pressure at the heading is anywhere from thirty to forty pounds above normal, a pressure which the human organism could not withstand unless properly prepared. The needed preparation is secured by an elaborate system of "locks," whereby the change from one atmosphere to another is gradual.

A tunnel lock is a cylindrical, boiler-like chamber with doors at each end. The workman en route from the shaft to the heading enters the first lock from the normal atmosphere, the door by which he has entered is immediately closed, and a valve is opened, admitting air from the next section of the tunnel, where the pressure is in the neighborhood of fifteen pounds above normal. The door giving the workman

entrance into the farther section cannot be opened, however, until the air in the lock is of the same pressure as that in the tubeway beyond. But there is no lengthy delay, the air rushing in very rapidly and with a noise that resembles nothing so much as a distant waterfall. As soon as the required pressure is obtained, the valve is closed, the far door opens, and the toiler proceeds to the next lock, where he accustoms himself to a still rarer atmosphere. When he arrives at the heading he will find, among other odd things, that, although he can breathe as freely and naturally as in the open air, it is impossible for him to whistle. Purse his lips as he may, he cannot utter a sound.

Experience has shown that it is not advisable to remain in the heading more than four hours at a time. Further delay may bring on an attack of the "bends," the colloquial name given to a disease peculiar to compressed-air work. Under certain conditions the bends may attack a man who has been in the heading a comparatively short time, and before a Sand Hog is allowed to enter the air he must undergo a rigid medical examination. If he is suffering from a cold, has poor heart-action, or is accustomed to the use of liquor, he is at once debarred, for he might fall a speedy victim. For those affected by the air a hospital in the form of a big lock is provided in the office quarters, where the patient is treated by the company physician, the treatment consisting chiefly in the pumping in of air until the pressure is the same as that in which the Sand Hog has been working. Slowly the terrific pains that have been shooting through every joint of the patient's body pass away, and as they pass, the pressure is reduced little by little until it descends to the normal fifteen pounds.

These toilers of the deep are now busily engaged upon not only the tunnel in which they won their great victory, but upon a twin tunnel, immediately to the south, work on which will not be completed for several months. This second tunnel, or "South Tunnel," as it is termed in contradistinction to the tubeway in which the conflict took place, runs parallel to its mate, both entering the river at the foot of Fifteenth street in Jersey City and emerging at the foot of Morton street in New York, between the piers of two steamship com-



IN THE RIVER-BED BEYOND THE TUNNEL

The illustration shows the "apron," which has played an important part in the building of the tunnel. The apron is the overhead sheet of steel extending from the shield, a section of which is to be seen on the left. By means of the apron the tunnel workers are enabled to pass beyond the shield into the bed of the river and blast the rock impeding their progress, or make any necessary repairs to the shield. The men to the left are busily drilling preparatory to a blast. The rock has to be broken into small pieces to allow it to pass through the doors of the shield into the heading whence, as shown by a previous illustration, it will be taken out of the tunnel.

panies. William G. McAdoo, president of the New York and New Jersey Railroad Company and head of the syndicate which is financing the tunnels, is hopeful that within a year both will be available for the purpose for which they are being built—trolley-car transit between Jersey City and New York; but it would appear probable that he is over-sanguine, for subaqueous engineering is something that cannot often be carried through according to schedule. In submarine tunneling the truth of the old adage is daily apparent: "More haste, less speed."

The idea of tunneling the Hudson is by no means of recent birth. Several attempts in this direction have been made since 1874, when the first company to undertake the construction of a sub-Hudson tunnel came into being. Little progress had been made, however, when, through an accident to the door of an air-lock at a critical moment, the tunnel was flooded

and a number of laborers were drowned. The water was pumped out and work resumed, but a bad leak once more caused a long delay. By this time something had been accomplished in both tunnels, but the company had now come to the end of its financial resources and was obliged to order a permanent cessation of work. The years passed, and eventually an English syndicate undertook to complete the tunnel. In their turn they found the task beyond their powers. Finally Mr. Jacobs declared his willingness to begin where the others, defeated, had withdrawn. He and his associates are now satisfied that they have solved the most difficult problem likely to arise in this or future subaqueous tunnel work. They have assuredly proved that air, if properly reinforced, will serve to stem the most powerful of torrents, and the demonstration of this must be said to mark a milestone in the march of engineering science.

AT THE TRAGEDY

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

FROM old Verona down the years
There crept the timeless cry
Of one great love grown soft with tears
And burdened with a sigh.

'T was all this many a year ago,
And gray their world is grown;
Since then the drifting years like snow
"Twixt Youth and us have blown.

And yet you brushed aside a tear,
And drew one deeper breath;
With pain like to their sorrow, Dear,
As sleep is like their death.

The music sobbed itself away,
The great dark curtain fell;
And touched by all their foolish play,
I saw your bosom swell.

They, they knew Love—though all too
late—
And happier, lo, they sleep,
Since for no Morrow now they wait,
And for no change shall weep.

But Life with us, see, runs so thin,
Our pale hearts take nor give,
And one great love comes seldom in
The little lives we live.

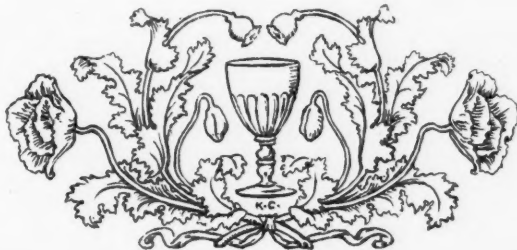
And through our emptier days we weave
Old sorrows, long gone by,
And have but paltry things to grieve,
And none for which to die.

For with mock loves and hopes and fears
We people our poor days;
And freshened at Art's fount of tears,
We go our careless ways.

We go our careless ways, and yet
For some grim Venture yearn;
Then, daring not, with vague regret
To opiate tales we turn.

For Life ran ruddier then, it seems,
When men could love and die,
Than here with us who dream soft
dreams,
And no stern Fate defy.

And so for all their foolish play
You shed one little tear:
Yet had we dared, and loved, as they,
How Life were altered, Dear!





THACKERAY'S DRAWING OF A PAGE
OF THE TIME OF HENRY ESMOND

THACKERAY'S FRIENDSHIP WITH AN AMERICAN FAMILY¹

FOR years the existence has been known of a series of jealously guarded and entirely unpublished letters by Thackeray, written to the various members of a single American family, namely, that of the late Mr. George Baxter of the city of New York. It has at last been decided to permit the publication of these letters in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*, the consent having been obtained not only of Miss Lucy W. Baxter, but of Mrs. Ritchie, the great writer's accomplished daughter, and of the London publishers of Thackeray's works, Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. These letters have well-nigh the interest and completeness of a new story from the marvelous pen from which came "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes," for here, with all the spontaneity and exuberance of genius, are portrayed or reflected much of the thought and life not only of the author, but of his correspondents; while Miss Baxter's introduction and notes help to round out the story, with all its joyousness and pathos.—EDITOR.

INTRODUCTION BY MISS BAXTER

IN the early days of November, 1852, my father, to his own great surprise, found himself shaking hands with the great English novelist in the parlors of the Clarendon Hotel, New York. The reading public had been much interested and excited by the news that Thackeray was coming to America to deliver a course of lectures on the English humorists. We had talked of it

eagerly at home, having but lately read "Esmond," and having discussed in a lively fashion, as was usual in our family circle, the merits and demerits of Lady Castlewood, Beatrix, and the young Harry. We had made plans for securing seats for the lectures, which were to be given under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Association, whose president at that time was Mr. Willard Felt. We had no idea of

¹ The writings and drawings by W. M. Thackeray which are given in this article and its successors appear with the permission of Smith, Elder & Co., the owners of the copyright.

having any familiar intercourse with the famous author of "Vanity Fair." Indeed, we should have been almost alarmed at so ambitious a suggestion.

But a young Englishman and friend of Thackeray, Mr. B—— M——, of whom we had seen much during the preceding year, seeing the announcement of Thackeray's arrival, urged my father to go with him to the Clarendon and be presented to the famous author. To this my father strongly objected, saying, what was very true, that neither as a literary man nor otherwise had he claims on Mr. Thackeray's attention. Mr. B—— M——, however, was not to be denied, and thus, in this casual and unexpected manner, was begun a friendship which lasted, in spite of absence and separation, until the Christmas eve of 1863, when the great, kind heart was wholly stilled.

Mr. Thackeray gave us, too, a claim to the warm interest of his mother and daughters. We had kind letters from Mrs. Carmichael Smythe, thanking us for receiving her son into our home circle; and with the daughters the bond was closer still. The youngest, Mrs. Leslie Stephen, and her husband, came to us, very naturally, when they were in America in 1868, making us feel that they counted us as old friends, although we were meeting for the first time. Mrs. Ritchie is indeed a friend; and when, in 1892, I was in London, she gave me the truest welcome to her house at Wimbledon, and made me very happy by showing me that the recollection of her father's old affection for us was strong with her still.

The entire simplicity and frankness of my father's accost, added to the warm expressions of interest from our English friend, seemed to attract Mr. Thackeray, and from the first visit to the "Brown House," as he later always called it, he

seemed to feel at home among us. No doubt he was very homesick when he first reached America, everything was so new and strange, and he had left, almost for the first time, the mother and daughters, so fondly loved, as his letters testify. He came to us whenever he could, with perfect freedom and informality. He begged to dine with us before the lectures, which even at first bored him greatly, and in the end became a real burden. The monotony of saying the same things over and over again,

and the constraint of being obliged to be ready at a given time, whether he felt in a talking mood or not, were very trying to him. He became greatly attached to my mother, whose quiet sympathy soothed him, and his place at her right hand, with the claret-pitcher ready for him, was an established arrangement before a lecture. He would sometimes stop in the midst of the desultory conversation then in progress, and roll out in a deep voice, with an exaggerated accent, the opening sentences of

the lecture next to be delivered, making us all laugh at his comic distaste for the performance. He did not like the lecture platform, and had it not been for the abundant shower of "American dollars," assuring the future of the much-loved daughters, he would doubtless have refused many of the invitations which came to him from all parts of the country. Indeed, his letters will show that he was often sorely tempted to throw up his engagements and run off to England by the next steamer.

He entered with great interest into all our plans and amusements, and on one occasion, when my eldest brother's costume for a juvenile fancy ball was under discussion, he took pen and paper as he sat chatting among us, and drew little sketches of the proper dress for a page of various periods, being well versed in all the details



THE "BROWN HOUSE"

Second Avenue and Eighteenth street, New York; the home of the Baxter family



Time of William III.



Time of Mary 2 of Scots.



THACKERAY'S SKETCHES OF PAGES OF VARIOUS PERIODS, FOR A FANCY-BALL COSTUME—I

belonging to each costume. He said that the quaint little figure with the big cuffs and broad brim to his hat was like little melancholy Harry Esmond when the kind Lady Castlewood first saw him and smiled so sweetly in his grave face. When my brother, on the night of the ball, came down to display himself to the family circle, Mr. Thackeray was present. After the boy went away Mr. Thackeray said to my mother:

"Well, that was most characteristic of Wyly."

"In what way?" asked my mother.

"Why, did you not notice? Wyly never once looked at *himself* in the mirror, but only at the dress, to see that it was quite correct."

This showed his quick appreciation of character and observation, for my brother was always entirely without vanity or self-consciousness.

After dinner Mr. Thackeray often sat chatting while my sister was dressing for a ball to which he himself might be going. It was on one of these occasions that, turning over the leaves of "Pendennis" as it lay on the table beside him, he said, smiling, from time to time:

"Yes, it is very like—it is certainly very like."

"Like whom, Mr. Thackeray?" said my mother.

"Oh, like me, to be sure; Pendennis is very like me."

"Surely not," objected my mother, "for Pendennis was so weak!"

"Ah, well, Mrs. Baxter," he said, with a shrug of his great shoulders and a comical look, "your humble servant is not very strong."

An American ball-room amused him greatly. The bright, gay talk, the lively girls full of enjoyment, which they did not fear to show, made a contrast to the more conventional entertainments of London. My sister was at that time going much into society—she was not yet twenty and had both wit and beauty. In his picture of Ethel Newcome, as she holds a little court about her at one of the great London balls, Thackeray reproduces some impressions made by the New York girl. Some of Ethel's impatience for the disillusion of society, its spiteful comment and harsh criticism, might well be reflections from discussions with my sister in the Brown House library, where Mr. Thackeray passed

many an hour talking of matters grave and gay.

With December came the course of lectures in Boston, and his first letters told us of the people he met there. One, no doubt, was Longfellow, whose tall figure, whistling charming notes to a fascinated little bird, he sketched on the cover of "Putnam's Magazine." This magazine was sent by my mother to Mr. Longfellow a short time before his death, and after the end came Miss Longfellow returned it. She wrote that it had much amused and gratified her father, and that the book had been lying on his table up to the last moment. Naturally it now has an added value.

Another pen-and-ink drawing on the cover refers to Mr. George William Curtis, whom Mr. Thackeray, after reading his "Nile Notes," always called the Howadje. He is drawn lying among cushions, with an Oriental dress and pipe. Above is a little vignette which refers to an article in the magazine, "Uncle Tomitudes." In

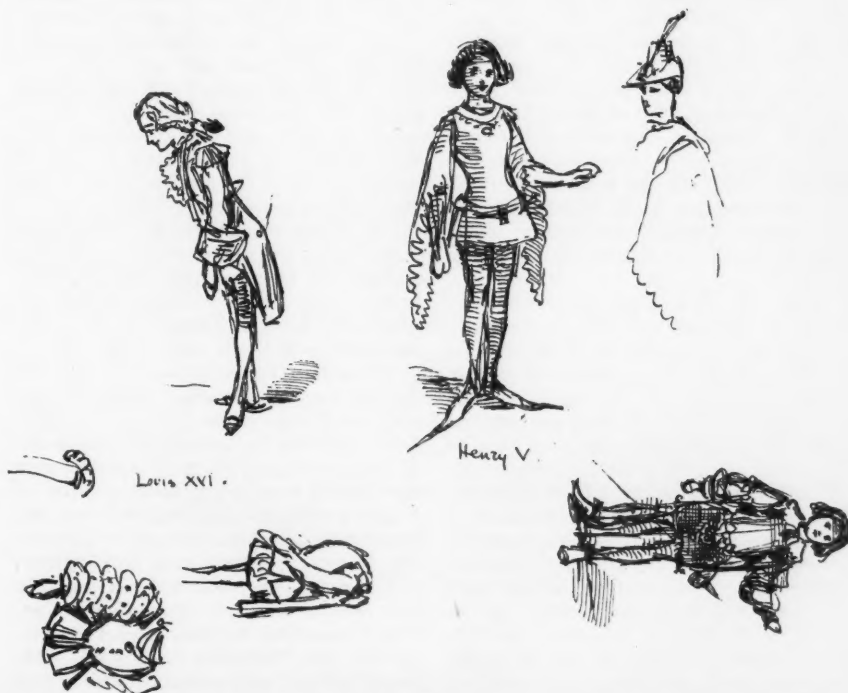
one of his letters Mr. Thackeray speaks of meeting Mrs. Stowe and being pleasantly impressed by her looks and manner.

When the return from Boston was at hand, my mother suggested to the younger members of the family that, should Mr. Thackeray appear during the day at Brown House, it were best not to ask him to dine.

"I have not just such a dinner as I like to give him," she said.

Whatever was the deficiency, my mother had to overlook it, as the sequel proved. As she stood in the dining-room just before the dinner-hour, giving some orders to the maid, a summons came from the front door. After it was opened, steps were heard coming steadily through the hall to the dining-room. As my mother turned in surprise to see who could be coming at so late an hour, there in the doorway stood the tall figure with kind eyes and silvery hair which had become so familiar to us.

"Oh, Mrs. Baxter," he said, "let me show you what capital copies Crowe has made of the Boston pictures."



THACKERAY'S SKETCHES OF PAGES OF VARIOUS PERIODS, FOR A FANCY-BALL COSTUME—II

In each hand he held an unframed oil sketch of Gilbert Stuart's portraits of General and Mrs. Washington, then, as now, in the Boston Museum of Art. Mr. Eyre Crowe was Mr. Thackeray's private secretary, and had a good deal of artistic ability. The pictures were placed on chairs, examined and admired. Mr. Thackeray was greatly pleased, especially with the portrait of Washington.

"Look at him," he said. "Does he not look as if he had just said a good, stupid thing?"

Then, turning to my mother, he said:

"Now you will give me some dinner, won't you?"

The younger people were greatly delighted by my mother's discomfiture. I doubt if Mr. Thackeray discovered anything amiss in the dinner. He always laughed at our American idea of making a "feast" for a guest, saying that we did not understand at all "just to fetch a friend home to a leg of mutton."

No one must think, from the remark just quoted, that Mr. Thackeray undervalued Washington, or wished to hold him up to ridicule. On the contrary, in later years letters show how grieved and hurt he was by the misconception in America as to a passage in "The Virginians" which roused the indignation of our thin-skinned people. He fully appreciated Washington's great qualities, often spoke warmly of him, but he did not consider him brilliant in conversation. An impartial examination of the portrait in question would possibly prove the remark to be not an unjust one.

With the New Year Mr. Thackeray started to fulfil his Southern engagements, and his letters brought us little sketches of the negroes, whose ways and sayings amused him greatly. From Washington he wrote to beg my father, mother, and sister to join him for a few days; but an unfortunate accident at the gymnasium, which made me an invalid for a number of weeks, prevented the accomplishment of such a plan. One of his most charming letters was sent to me after the accident. Before going to Charleston, he ran back to New York to give a lecture for the benefit of the Sewing Society of the Unitarian church, in which the mother of Mr. Felt was much interested. He wrote an introduction, in the course of which he

repeated Hood's poem, "The Bridge of Sighs." No one who heard him would easily forget the pathos of his voice in the verse:

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care!
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!"

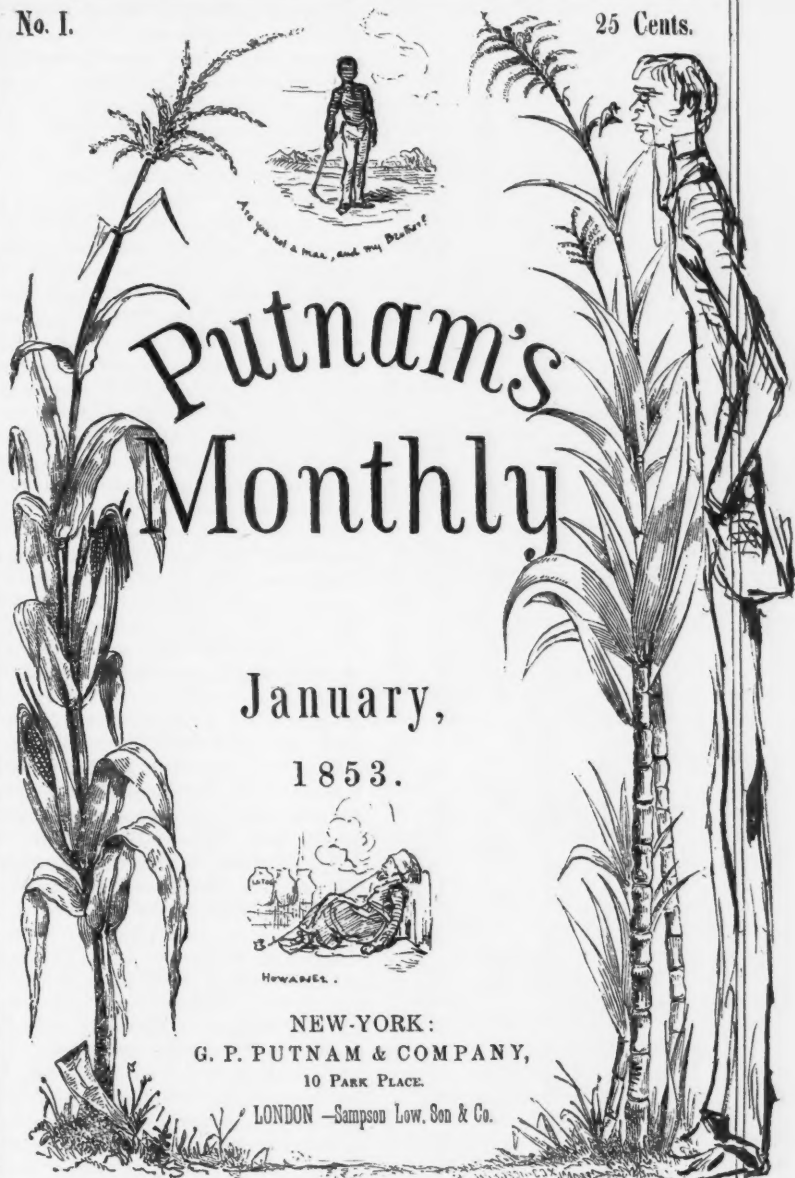
No more tender appreciation of distress could be found than that which always responded in the great author (cynic as he has been called) to any tale of trouble or want. His purse was constantly at the service of his friends, or often mere acquaintances, much to his own pecuniary detriment, and his glasses were dimmed when he spoke of the sorrows which day after day came to his knowledge. His liberality to those who served him was unfailing. Even he, however, was daunted somewhat when, on leaving the Clarendon, he found Mr. Crowe had dispensed five-dollar gold pieces to high and low, including even the bootblack.

After his return from the South, Mr. Thackeray found there was to be a little celebration of my seventeenth birthday. There was to be music, dancing, and flowers, for what was called in those days a "small party." Mr. Thackeray made the occasion memorable by the verses he sent with some flowers. With them came also the quaint little rhymed note, striking a lighter key. The verses have always been very precious to me, but the first form (which will be printed later in facsimile) I think more attractive than the shorter lines used in the published poem. The month of May carried Mr. Thackeray back to England, and he was not again in America until 1855.

The second course of lectures, on "The Four Georges," was not, I think, as well received in America as that on "The English Humorists." He speaks of this in one of his later letters, when he mentions that the lectures were much more popular in England than in "the States." We had hoped that on his second visit to America Mr. Thackeray would bring his daughters to be our guests, but it was decided that they must remain with their grandmother, Mrs. Carmichael Smythe. At his request, we met Mr. Thackeray in Boston on his second arrival, and remained with him a few days before he went to fulfil an en-

No. I.

25 Cents.



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LONGFELLOW

CARICATURES BY THACKERAY OF LONGFELLOW, GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, AND "UNCLE TOM"

Here it, that I hardly knew where I was. I never will do it again young ladies unless you
 let me - And upon my word old & old & old I ask you pardon but I didn't mean any harm
 And I hope Mr. Baxter shall kiss my daughter through they are not so pretty as his. And they
 are as good as my maid. And another letter from Lucy. One of old boys' little dogs is the
 (Only mine is much better than yours) Please keep the letter for me and I hope Mr. Thackeray
 would thank you - In the Boston box for Miss Selby a letter - it is the most absurd
 way of spelling your name Miss. Fancy Abraham calling Sarah Selby! - I never heard her

FACSIMILE OF A PART OF A LETTER BY THACKERAY, WRITTEN IN DECEMBER, 1852

gagement in Buffalo. My sister was to be married in a short time, and we had an autumn full of busy days for my mother, complicated with much illness in the Brown House. After Buffalo came his second course of lectures in New York, and later he returned to Boston. We saw him but seldom during this last visit, compared with the earlier one. There were changes in the circle of the Brown House. My sister had, as he said, "slipped away smiling, on her husband's arm," and the gap thus made could not be filled. In February we met in Charleston, where I had gone to be with my sister and brother-in-law, and he writes most kindly to my mother of us there. One experience of what was another side of Mr. Thackeray's temper came to me in Charleston. Up to this time we had never seen anything of the roughness sometimes attributed to him when he was annoyed.

At a certain dinner-party where I went alone with him, my sister not being well, a lady was present who from their first meeting had antagonized Mr. Thackeray. She was clever and rather brilliant, but had written some very trashy novels, whose reputation had certainly not extended beyond her native city. On this and other occasions she seemed determined to attract Mr. Thackeray's attention, to his great annoyance. At last, when something was said about the tribulations of authors, the lady leaned across the table, saying in a loud voice, "You and I, Mr. Thackeray, *being in the same boat*, can understand, can we not?" A dead silence fell, a thundercloud descended upon the face of Mr. Thackeray, and the pleasure of the entertainment was at an end. The hostess was no doubt grateful when the novelist had to excuse himself for the lecture and take his departure. Certainly one of the guests was, for the first time in her experience, relieved to see the door close upon her kind friend. This annoyance on the part of the lady was the culmination of numerous attacks, and struck just the wrong chord. She is referred to as the "Individual" in a letter to my mother.

In all our intercourse with Mr. Thackeray we saw only the kind, sympathetic, loving side of his great nature. It was always impossible for us to feel afraid of his cynicism, his sharp criticism, of which others speak. He could not help seeing

the weakness of human nature, but he did the fullest justice—as he would say, he “took off his hat”—to whatever was fine or noble in man or woman. He was, too, very patient with weakness of character, but he hated and despised pretense and humbug. All this has been said before, but I feel I must add my confirmation of such a view of his character from our personal experience.

In May, as will be seen from his letters, Mr. Thackeray took a sudden resolution and went off, without warning, to England. It was a real distress to my mother, as to all of us, that he should go thus, without a word of good-by; but that was just what he wanted to avoid. We never saw him again, but letters came from time to time, telling of himself, his daughters, “a little

tourkin in Switzerland” for *their* benefit, the fine house he was building at Kensington, “the reddest house in the town,” as he said we should find it if we came to London. Later he wrote of his stepfather's death—the original of Colonel Newcome—and of his mother's grief. In the last years he wrote in full and affectionate sympathy with our great anxiety and sorrow. These letters speak also, alas! of increasing attacks of illness, and we felt that the hope he had long cherished of writing the history of Queen Anne in the new house at Kensington was not likely to be realized. Still the shock caused by his death was very great. It brought sorrow to many hearts, but I think to none more acutely than to those so truly loving him in the Brown House.

Lucy W. Baxter.

THACKERAY'S BAXTER LETTERS

Tremont, [Mass.] Tuesday [1852].

LOTS of dollars (1500 already) for the lectures.

MY DEAR MRS. BAXTER & —: This is not the letter at all. This is only to say that I'm going to write a letter tomorrow. I have begun one (I have had ceaseless visitors ever since this morning at 10), but I want to say God bless you! God bless you! and can hardly see the paper for— for something in my eyes which brings a film over them as I think of you and your great goodness to me. You must let me write to you often and often, won't you? And do the same to me, please. Now will you, and *You* write tomorrow? Poor B.! I feel for him now.

Boston, Dec. 22, 1852.

Wednesday.

I HAVE put the two letters in the fire which I wrote yesterday—two very fine, long, fond sentimental letters. They were too long and sentimental and fond. A pen that's so practised as mine is, runs on talking and talking; I fancy the people I speak to are sitting with me, and pour out the sense and nonsense, jokes and the contrary, egotisms—whatever comes uppermost. And you know what was uppermost yesterday. My heart was longing and yearning after you, full of love and gratitude for your welcome of me—but the words grew a little too warm. You

would n't like me to write letters in that strain. You might like me to write no more; and if you did, I should burst out into a misanthropical rage again. Please to let me write on.

Enter Dr. O. W. Holmes half an hour—a dear little fellow, a true poet. I told him how much I liked his verses, and what do you think he did? *His* eyes began to water. Well, it's a comfort to have given pleasure to that kind soul. . . .

And now Interruption No 3, . . . and that is, 1, 2, 3 letters from home that have been lying here ever so long. . . . I send you one of Anny's. . . . That's a pretty picture of the grand old mother and her old husband, such a fine gentleman and lady, so handsome—I've never seen any one so handsome, Mademoiselle; no, NEVER. . . . I suppose you know that the two hand-writings are by the same hand; and hope you don't think it is Mr. Crowe the Secretary writing.

I wonder whether, if any body were to say, “Come, Friend, and pass Christmas Day with us,—you can be here to dinner, you can pass Sunday here and a part of Monday,”—I wonder whether I would come. New Year's day is not so pleasant. There are visitors all that time, and all those visitors would be saying, “there's that old Mr. Thackeray here again.” May I come? You kind dear Mrs. Baxter, your first impression will be yes. Your second

very likely no. Think over for half an hour which way it shall be, and whether you will have me gladden my eyes by seeing your faces again. Why it's only a few hours from here to the Second Avenue; and I whisk off the car at 27th Street, and leave my bag at the Clarendon, and am down 18th St. in no time. Say if you "approve and honour the proposal."

*Dec., 1852.
Thursday Ev'g.*

HERE is something that I must send to a young lady by Mr. Crowe because I think it will please her, and with it I send the very kindest wishes to the very kindest family that I have met many a long day—and I hope you young ladies were not offended by that parting benediction the other day—could n't help myself. I was n't in the least aware of it, and was so astonished when I had done it, that I hardly knew where I was. I never will do it again, young ladies, unless you let me—and upon my word, Mr. and Mrs. Baxter, I ask your pardon; but I did n't mean any harm, and I hope Mr. Baxter shall kiss my daughters, though they are not so pretty as his. But they are as good as any man's. Here's another letter from Anny. "One of Mr. Doyle's little dogs" is this [drawing] (only mine is much better drawn). Please keep the letters for me, and I hope the Theology won't shock you. In the Bon-bon-box for Miss Sally or Sallie—it's the most absurd way of spelling your name, Miss. Fancy Abraham calling Sarah Sally! It does n't become his age—there's a ring, as she likes 'em. I hope she may keep it. It's made of American pearls (of very mild water, and American gold). Do let me give something for New Year! I have been so immensely paid that I must make presents to somebody. And as, in writing

home tomorrow, I shall say who has been kindest to me, and whom I have learned to love best in New York, you will please permit me to mention the name of the Saint's Everlasting Rest, viz., B—xt—r.

I am now engaged every day to dinner and supper at Boston (pronounced Bawsn). It is quieter, but I think we drink more than at New York—and on Saturday 8th shall be once more in your neighborhood. What this can mean except a wish to be asked to dinner on that day I cannot conceive. And shall we go to hear Alboni ever or to the play once?



THE CLARENDON HOTEL
Thackeray's home in New York city

The letter about New Orleans sent from here on Friday 24th did not reach its destination till the 29th. They only offer 2500, and not 5, as I had wildly hoped. I think I may end by taking the half loaf. In spite of the newspapers and their jocularities, my affairs prosper here nearly as much as at New York, and the audiences are in a great state of contentment.

And so I close my letter and wish a happy New Year to you all who have made the close of this one so happy to me.

W. M. T.

Boston, Jan., 1853.

MY DEAR MRS. BAXTER: Thank you for your kind friendly wishes and for the welcome you have given me—God bless you! How very, very kind you have been to me! I think the young girls write dear pretty letters; and as for the eldest, it is just possible you found out what I thought of her.

I wish I had n't sent away my aide de camp. It's dreadfully lonely and dismal here—awfully slippery in the streets. How can people go out to lectures in such weather? I was quite angry with the audience for being so foolish last night. I went to the Ticknors' last night, and our

talk fell on the M's. H. and B.; and I mentioned how the latter had introduced me to a family at New York—a family of the name of Baxter, and the girls began such a laughter! They were on the other side of Lake George, it appears, last year, and he used to go over and pour out his soul to them about Miss Baxter. The report was that he was going to be married to her. Is he? says I, confound him; then I hope he'll never come back again. Then I owned myself that I was far gone about that young lady, dilated on her good qualities, ran up her flag, and owned I sailed under it. "And they heard me as I talked an hour of their Eliza" with &c., &c.

I shall see you all once again before I go after the dollars, and,—who knows?—the Mississippi snags. We will try and be jolly a little next week, won't we? and then I shall go on my way like an old Mountebank (I get more ashamed and disgusted of my nostrums daily), and send round the hat through the republic.

Is n't this a merry letter for a New Year? Well, the writer is n't very merry; but he is very sincerely and afftly yours all

W. M. T.

Washington.

Mr. Anderson's Music Store, Pa. Ave.,
Wednesday Bordig. 1853.

MY DEAR MRS. BAXTER: Thank you for your kind letter of Saturday, which came to comfort me on Monday morning, though that other which you promised is still on its way.

A plan came into my head in the dark this morning which has not permitted me to sleep since, and which I humbly submit to you, as good for Mrs. & Miss, for Mr. & Miss or Mr., Mrs. & Miss Baxter.

Monday morning from New York to Baltimore. Eutaw Hotel, where Mr. Thackeray hopes for the honor of seeing you; and will be in waiting.

Tuesday. Washington. President's Levee. Ball at the Assembly room—perhaps dinner at Crampton's.

Wednesday. Receive visits of swells after the ball. Dine with a select party at Mr. T's before his lecture.

Thursday. Go to Mount Vernon and back.

Friday early to Baltimore and see that city.

Saturday—back to New York after embracing Mr. T., who will turn his face towards the South.

Now is n't that a nice plan? If you 2 ladies come, I shall instal you in my rooms and go sleep next door. You'll be my guests during the trip—what a pleasure it will be to me to pay back a little bit of the hospitality I owe you! The ball is very sober, but a beautiful thing, and it would do my weary old eyes good to see a young lady I wot of once again before I go to the South. Send off a telegraph *Yes* tomorrow, won't you, please? I hope all 3 of you will come. But you know how fond I am of Lady Castlewood and how I want her especially. And I want Lucy and Libby, too, but rooms are hard to find.

I sha'n't go farther than Charleston; and am making some arrangements for Rochester and Buffalo at the end of April, before which I shall go probably to Montreal. This might bring me a day or two in New York, might n't it? And then there is Niagara we might see. And then and then, who knows what lies in future years, and whither the winds will blow us? That sounds like po'try, does n't it? I have the most cheering accounts (but this is a secret, I believe) of the international copyright bill, which, upon my conscience, will make me 5000 dollars a year the richer.¹ And I came thundering back from Baltimore yesterday, and look wistfully at the door every moment—but no Postman from Second Avenue—plenty from home and good news of my women.

Yesterday a grand dinner at Mr. Crampton's. I sat next a young beauty, who told me she admired my beautiful hands—all Englishmen *kept their nails well!* (upon my word) and my way of "*conveying my food to my mouth*"; all Englishmen, &c. Mme. B— (an American married to the Russian minister) told me her husband did not belong to the Greek church. "Is he a Lithuanian?" says I (where there are many Catholics). "He leaves me to do the religion," says Her Excellency, thinking Lithuanianism was a form of belief.

Enter Postman. But your letters are always 2 days on the road, and this is a very little bit of a letter, Miss S. S. B. Never mind, you can make up for all by coming, as I do beg and hope you will.

[¹ Unfortunately, the international copyright movement did not succeed till nearly thirty years after Thackeray's death.—THE EDITOR.]

What fun we will have! What dismal, little, queer bed rooms to sleep in! . . . I am yours and everybody's in Brownhouse Street.

[Signed in monogram W. M. T.]

*Philadelphia, Thursday,
Jan., 1853.*

MY DEAR MRS. BAXTER: The only fear I had about giving a charity lecture now was lest other cities should ask me for similar exercises, and spoil the run of my lectures, or delay me in their delivery. But I don't think this objection need be a serious one, and if Mrs. Felt and your benevolent ladies think fit on Thursday or Friday in next week, I will gladly work for you. *Fielding & Goldsmith* would, I think, be a good lecture, with possibly a little apropos introduction that I could put together with the aid of a Secretary. It must n't be later than Friday though, as the next day I am engaged here. Mr. Crowe is gone to Baltimore and Washington to arrange about the course there; and everything here is most flourishing—papers full of praise, room full of people, &c. I don't like to send the papers somehow, unless they have any claim to literary merit, and these have no special merit of that sort. I have the same course of dinners and suppers to steer through, the people being rather offended because I will go to New York.

Miss B. writes me word that she intends to come, if possible, to Mrs. Rush's on Thursday, which will deprive me of the pleasure of seeing her for 2 days; but on Sunday morning I wonder what time you will breakfast, and whether I shall be up time enough to be at the old brown house. God bless every body in it! and as for Lucy, who wrote me the kindest and prettiest little letter, I know what she deserves, and what I would like to give her. And I am in the middle of a letter to Lucy's sister, too; but that time and the hour won't allow me to finish it.

I am very sorry you have come to that fatal resolve about Washington; but wise Papas and Mammias know best what is good for themselves and their children, and though I don't think I should like any society as much as yours, I shall have plenty of pleasant company between one city and the other. And then for the South; and then for the Spring, and to see you all

again; and then for home and my dear young ones; and then for the Second Campaign. That is the way man disposes at present; but Fate? who knows how that may settle for me? I send the kindest regards to you all, and am gratefully yours, my dear friend,

W. M. Thackeray.

MY DEAR LUCY: Your dear, kind little letter has given "a fine-looking old gentleman" a great deal of pleasure; and I am sure my girls at home will be grateful to a dear pretty girl that is kind to their father. Well, I'm not at all frightened now that I had that little parting—ahem! *dass ich dich, mein liebes schönes Mädchen, so herzlich einmal geküsst habe*—that 's between you and me, is n't it? though you may show it to your Mamma, if you like.

There's nobody here to fill the place of certain young ladies. There's a number of other pretty girls, but none like those in the brown house.

I shall see it next week for a little time, and then go away money-hunting for the girls at home; and have no such fun, and meet no such dear friends, as in that Second Avenoo. I don't want to meet such or to like other people so much; for there comes the pain at parting with them, and after being very happy, being alone. God bless all good girls! I say; and a happy New Year to 'em! Some day—well, some day I was going to say you will send me a piece of wedding-cake, and though I shan't like it, I shall say happy is the young fellow who fetches Lucy out of the brown house!

God bless you in this and all years—and believe me

Sincerely your friend,

W. M. T.

If you please, Mrs. Baxter, I think I can do without the new supplies till I return to N. Y.

*Washington, Saturday,
Feb. 19, 1853.*

MY DEAR LITTLE KIND LUCY: I began to write you a letter in the railroad yesterday, but it bumped with more than ordinary violence, and I was forced to give up the endeavour. I did not know how ill Lucy was at that time, only remembered that I owed her a letter for that pretty one

you wrote me at Philadelphia, when Sarah was sick and you acted as her Secretary. Is there going to be always Somebody sick at the brown house? If I were to come there now, I wonder should I be allowed to come and see you in your night-cap—I wonder even do you wear a night-cap?

dicular is not so pleasant, though. I have just come back from Baltimore and find your mother's and sister's melancholy letters. I thought to myself, perhaps I might see them on this very sofa and pictured to myself their 2 kind faces. Mr. Crampton was going to ask them to dinner, I had

isn't his name Herr Strumpf?—the German master in / from
Freiburg it broke and burst into tears as the ~~40~~ Piano forte
shoulder when they hear the news (through his sobs) from black
John. We have an Ebony femme de chambre
here; when I came from Baltimore just now
I found her in the following costume and
attitude standing for her picture to Mr. Grove.
She makes the beds with that pipe in her
mouth and leaves it about in the rooms.
Wouldn't she have been a nice lady's maid for
your mother and Miss Wally Saxton?



FACSIMILE OF A PART OF THACKERAY'S LETTER FROM WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 19, 1853

I should step up, take your little hand, which I daresay is lying outside the coverlet, give it a little shake; and then sit down and talk all sorts of stuff and nonsense to you for half an hour; but very kind and gentle, not so as to make you laugh too much or your little back ache any more. Did I not tell you to leave off that beecely jimnayshum?¹ I am always giving fine advice to girls in brown houses, and they always keep on never minding. It is not difficult to write lying in bed—this is written not in bed, but on a sofa. If you write the upright hand it's quite easy; slanting-

made arrangements to get Sarah nice partners at the ball—Why did dear little Lucy tumble down at the Gymnasium? Many a pretty plan in life tumbles down so, Miss Lucy, and falls on its back. But the good of being ill is to find how kind one's friends are; of being at a pinch (I do not know whether I may use the expression—whether "pinch" is an indelicate word in this country; it is used by our old writers to signify poverty, narrow circumstances, *res angusta*)—the good of being poor, I say, is to find friends to help you. I have been both ill and poor, and found,

¹ See Introduction.

thank God! such consolation in those evils; and I daresay at this moment, now you are laid up, you are the person of the most importance in the whole house—Sarah is sliding about the room with cordials in her hands and eyes; Libby is sitting quite disconsolate by the bed (poor Libby! when one little bird fell off the perch, I wonder the other did not go up and fall off, too!) the expression of sympathy in Ben's eyes is perfectly heart-rending; even George is quiet; and your Father, Mother, and Uncle (all 3 so notorious for their violence of temper and language) have actually forgotten to scold. "Ach, du lieber Himmel," says Herr Strumpf—is n't his name Herr Strumpf?—the German master, "die schone Fräulein ist krank!" and bursts into tears on the Pianofortyer's shoulder when they hear the news (through his sobs) from black John. We have an Ebony femme de chambre here; when I came from Baltimore just now I found her in the following costume and attitude standing for her picture to Mr. Crowe. [See page 59.] She makes the beds with that pipe in her mouf and leaves it about in the rooms. Would n't she have been a nice lady's-maid for your mother and Miss Bally Saxter?

But even if Miss Lucy had not had her fall, I daresay there would have been no party. Here is a great snow-storm falling, though yesterday was as bland and bright as May (English May, I mean) and how could we have lionized Baltimore, and gone to Mount Vernon, and taken our diversion in the snow? There would have been nothing for it but to stay in this little closet of a room, where there is scarce room for 6 people, and where it is not near so comfortable as the brown house. Dear old b. h., shall I see it again soon? I shall not go farther than Charleston, and Savannah probably, and then I hope I shall get another look at you all again before I commence farther wanderings—O, stop! I did n't tell you why I was going to write you—well, I went on Thursday to dine with Governor and Mrs. Fish, a dinner in honor of me—and before I went I arrayed myself in a certain white garment of which the collar-button-holes had been altered, and I thought of the kind, friendly little hand that had done that deed for me; and when the Fisheses told me how they lived in the Second Avenue (I had forgotten all about 'em)—their house and the house

opposite came back to my mind, and I liked them 50 times better for living near some friends of mine. She is a nice woman, Madam Fish, besides; and did n't I abuse you all to her? Good bye, dear little Lucy—I wish the paper was n't full. But I have been sitting half an hour by the poor young lady's sofa, and talking stuff and nonsense, have n't I? And now I get up, and shake your hand with a God bless you! and walk down stairs, and please to give everybody my kindest regards, and remember that I am truly your friend.

W. M. T.

Washington,
Thursday, Feb. 24,
1853.

MY DEAR MRS. BAXTER: It may be I shall not have time to write to day before post, and I send a 5 minutes scribble over my breakfast, to say thank you for the kind, kind letters and those which are to come. We are going off in a party to the *Ericsson*, and afterwards I dine at the President's, and then go in the evening to a very, *very* pretty little girl, whom I have been obliged to snub for pertness—it's a long story, too long for now. And on Sunday I have asked 8 or 10 men to dinner,—what a piece of folly it is to spend 100 dollars upon their waistcoats!—and on Monday morning I go to Richmond, Va., where I shall be all the week till Saturday, when I am bound for Charleston. There I shall stop another week, sha'n't I? and the Fates will dispose of me afterwards. So P. cried, did he, on going away? As for C. P., he is a dear young fellow, and I feel quite a regard for him, and a comfort in thinking about a character that seems to me so manly and generous and honest. And my pretty Sarah practises music, does she? and beaux 1, 2, 3, are gone. There is a faithful old fellow, not much of a buck, who is her very humble servant always, and, with those new shirts and that bag full of new dollars, who knows what a dandy I sha'n't be?

My English acquaintance, Mr. S., has married a charming young creature. . . . I pity her for the life which she is going to lead in our country, her husband away from home all day, and she with scarce enough money to buy enough mutton-chops. But I wish you would all go to

Europe; you would be rich there, at least as rich as your neighbours, and happy amongst yourselves. How I should like to take my place at that kind table again! Well, it will be before very long, please God—and far or near, you know I shall always say Grace for the meals I have had there. I send my best regards to old birds and young birds, and am so sorry for George's sore throat. I have got one too.

Friday, Feb. 25, Washington.
1853.

MY DEAR MRS. BAXTER: Let us write the other half of the letter this morning. We did not come home till too late from the excursion down the Potomac to the *Ericsson*, through the bitterest cold weather—so cold that had parties from New York come for pleasure to Washington, they would have rued the day when they left a comfortable warm brown-house shelter for Mr. T's dismal little lodgings over the music-store. We had the hoighth of foine company to the *Ericsson*, the 2 Presidents, the Secretaries, Commodores without end, large newspaper editors, and Messrs. Irving and Thackeray, literary gents. The Presidents were both very pleasant; and none of the pictures I have seen do any justice to General Pierce, who is a man of remarkably good presence and fine manners, as natural as any of those English men our friend admired. We talked together very affably for $\frac{3}{4}$ an hour; I daresay he was relieved by talking with a man who wanted nothing from him—and in the evening I dined with President Fillmore, who gratified me by saying that Pierce had proposed to him that they should go together to my last lecture here on Saturday night. I think the proposal was uncommonly friendly and thoughtful, and the news, if puffed properly in the papers, may do the lecturer good. But he is growing so mortally sick of the business that you may hear of his striking work any day. I have been paid for these lectures four times as much money as they honestly deserve, and—&c., &c., I will not entertain you with these old grumbles.

How is it that the post has brought no letter from Miss Saxter this morning? Perfidious Post, how many disappointments dost thou bring me? But Lucy's was a very pleasant, kind little letter yesterday, and I should like to hear that a

good Surgeon had examined the poor little back and pronounced that there was nothing wrong. Do have a surgeon, not a doctor.

To all outward appearance I am having a very good time here, but there's something wanting. . . . Bon Dieu! what are oysters that we should be mindful of them, or champagne that we should wish to go on drinking it? We have had some great feasts, though—that Colonel Preston of Kentucky is a rare good fellow. He kept us roaring with laughter last Wednesday from four o'clock till eight—it's a mussy that the professional moralist who had to lecture exhibited no sign of the Madeira.

My house in London is let till July. You will go somewhere in June, won't you? Sha'n't we go to Rhode Island? Shall we go to Niagara? You don't know how pleased I am that you should be anxious to hear from me—I wager twopence a halfpenny (2½d Sterling) you thought because no letter was sent on Saturday or Sunday, "Mr. T. is offended because we don't accept his invitation. Mr. T. is very apt to take offense when none is meant," says Miss Sarah, with a sort of half-sigh. No such thing; it was Crowe who forgot to post the letters—and I never like that young woman half so much as when she is performing the 5th commandment with variations; and I think her one thousand times handsomer at Lucy's or her mother's bedside in a peignoir (if such be the garment of young ladies) than at Delmonico's in the brilliantest of gowns, whirled round the room by one of those little dandykins. At the balls here Quadrilles are danced, and the waltz does n't seem to me to go above 6 knots an hour. There was a lamentable wheezy Schottisch played last night (at Mrs. —'s—mother of pretty girl of 16; little Impudence, very penitent and on her good behaviour—brought her a bonbon of a butterfly from the President's, which she pinned on to an exceedingly pretty little—neck, I believe that is the word) and my thoughts went straightway to New York—and while the fair Penitent was dancing, I slipped off in spite of the mother's entreaties to stay and see "such a pretty little supper," and was in bed by 11½, greatly to the bed's surprise. Why, I am got to the end of the page,—you may be sure by that that Crowe is out,—I never can talk freely when he is in the room;

and cant tell why; for I like him as I would like my son, I think. We laugh and roar with absurd jokes—we get on, *à merveille*; but when I want to be very confidential and spoony, his presence interrupts the sentimentality (here he is; no, it's the black femme de chambre, thank my stars!) and lo! I am over at page 5—with this abominable gold pen, too, which won't write plain.

Why did n't the girls send me the daguerreotype? I thought of sending you one, too; but my blushing modesty prevented; and one good one, which has been done here, I thought it was my duty to keep for the children at home. Pretty young girls may please an old fellow by such a present; but the old fellow must be rather shy about proffering representations of his ugly countenance—there's something grotesque in that elderly gallantry. How pleasant it is to be alone for half an hour! I talk to you as if we were sitting in the brown house—but then you know I was always thinking, "Why won't Mademoiselle come down?" And when she came, why, the odds were we had a skirmish. But I never found fault with *you*, did I, or

was out of humour with any one else? Everybody seems to be aware of my intimacy with the brown house; and ladies mention Miss Baxter to me with a knowing look, of which I acknowledge the meaning with a perfect blandness and readiness of acceptancy. They don't seem to be aware though that Lucy and Libby and my dear Lady Castlewood have no small share of the regard in which I hold that Second Avenue, and angle of Eighteenth Street. Writing home to the children the other day, and talking of you, there were so many "dears" in the sentence, that I laughed myself when I read it over. . . . Ah, here comes Monsieur Corbeau! Adieu, sentimentality—let me huddle up the two papers together so that he may n't see what an immense long letter I have written you, and all about nothing, too. And next week I shall write, let us hope, from Richmond, Va., and answer such kind letters as it pleases young persons to send me. I send you all the usual remembrances, and wherever I am, and however good *the time* is, am always wishing I was at home in New York.

Yours always, my dear Mrs. Baxter,

W. M. T.

(To be continued)

NIGHT SONG

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

COME, my soul, and to thy fastness
Flee away;
Close the shadowy doors of silence
On the day.

Come, and let all hope and passion
Fall to rest;
Let the sphinx of midnight fold thee
To her breast:

She whose ears no moan nor murmur
Ever reach,
And whose lips are closed to question
And to speech;

She whose eyes are as the brooding
Lights of fate,
And whose silence to thy sorrow
Answers—Wait!

Thou shalt learn in that pure stillness
What thou art—
All the wonder and the wisdom
Of thy heart.

Not in dreams, for they are shadows;
Not in sleep—
That is soulless: but in vision
Clear and deep;

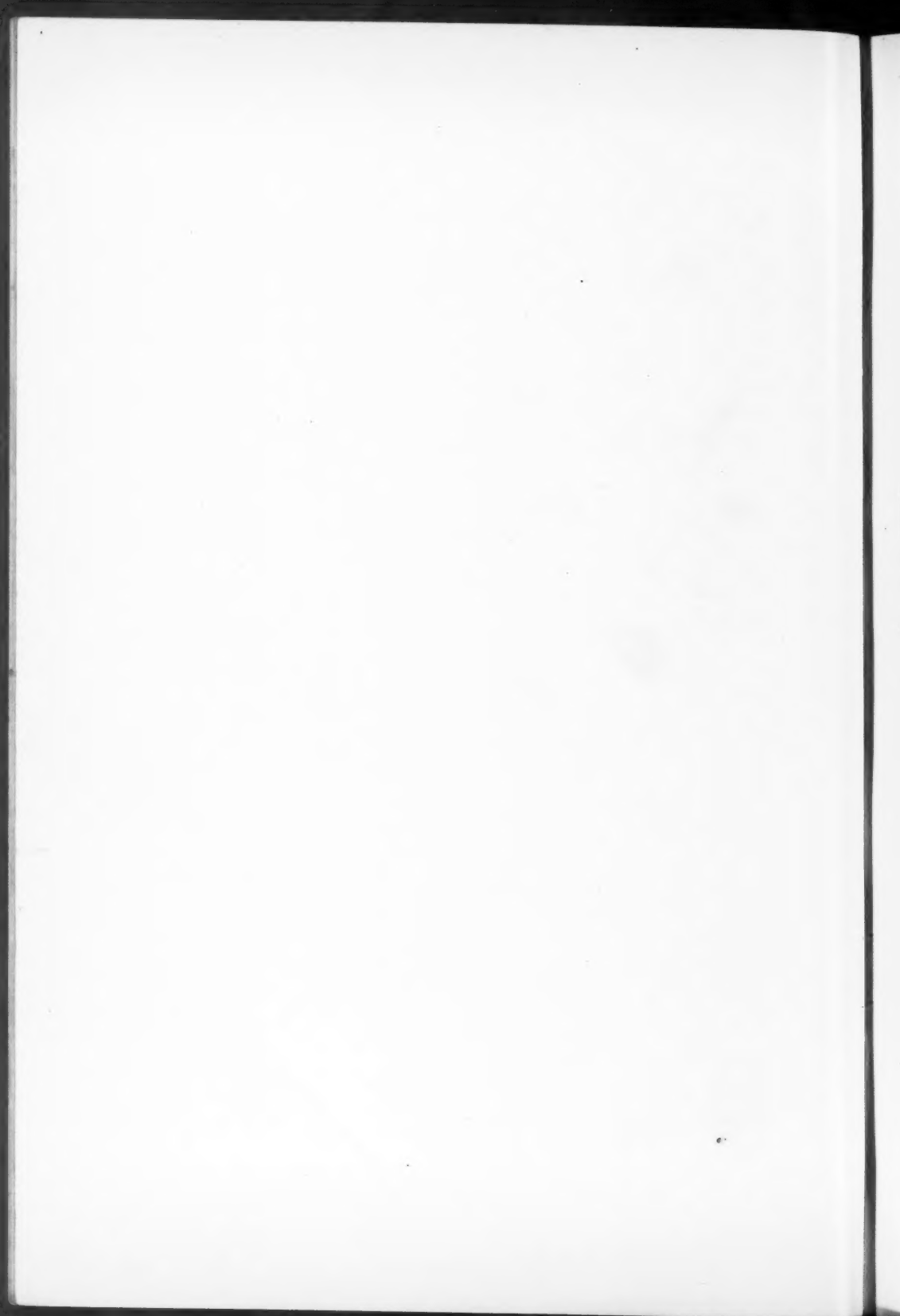
In the rest nor pain nor longing
Put to flight;
In the sweet and cold Nirvana
Of the night.

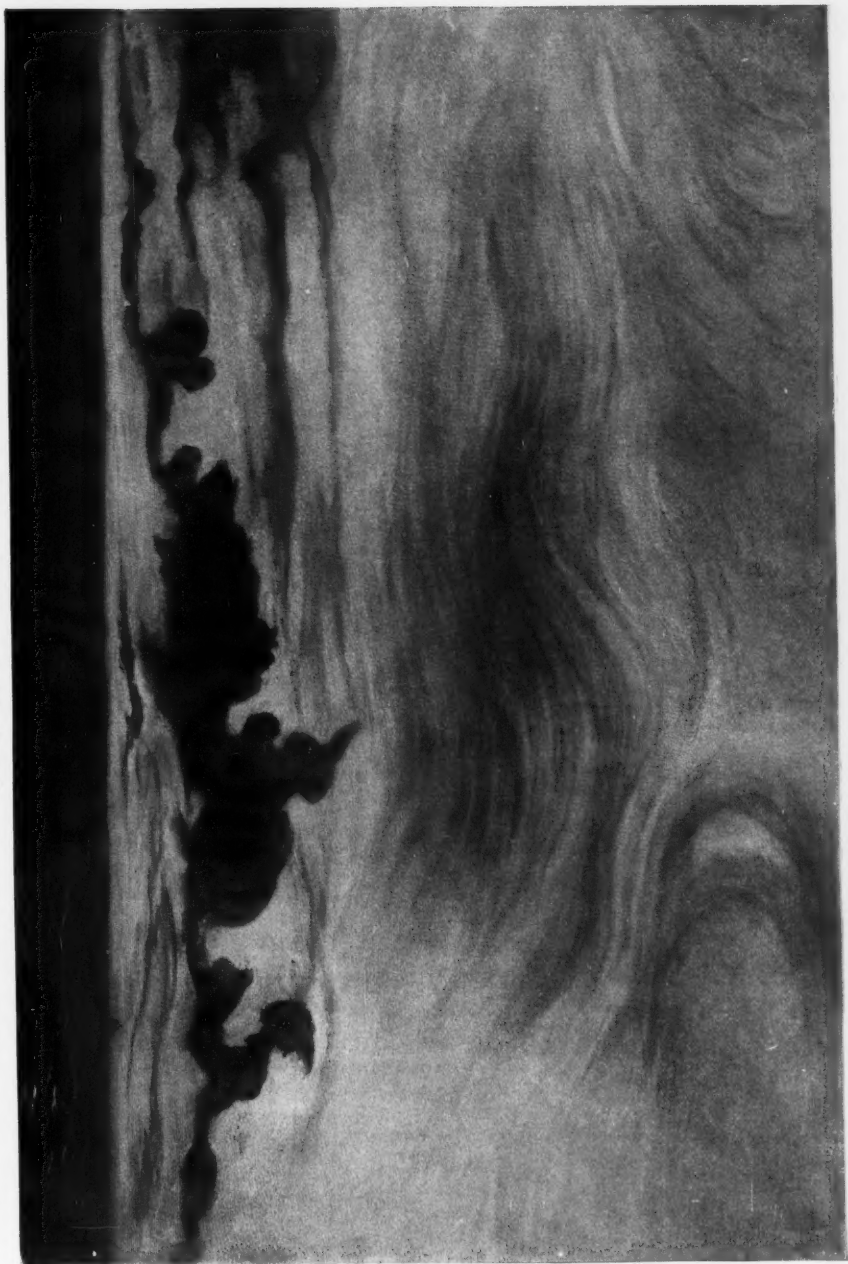
Learn the power, the calm, the worship
That shall be.
Come, my soul! For in the darkness
Thou art free.



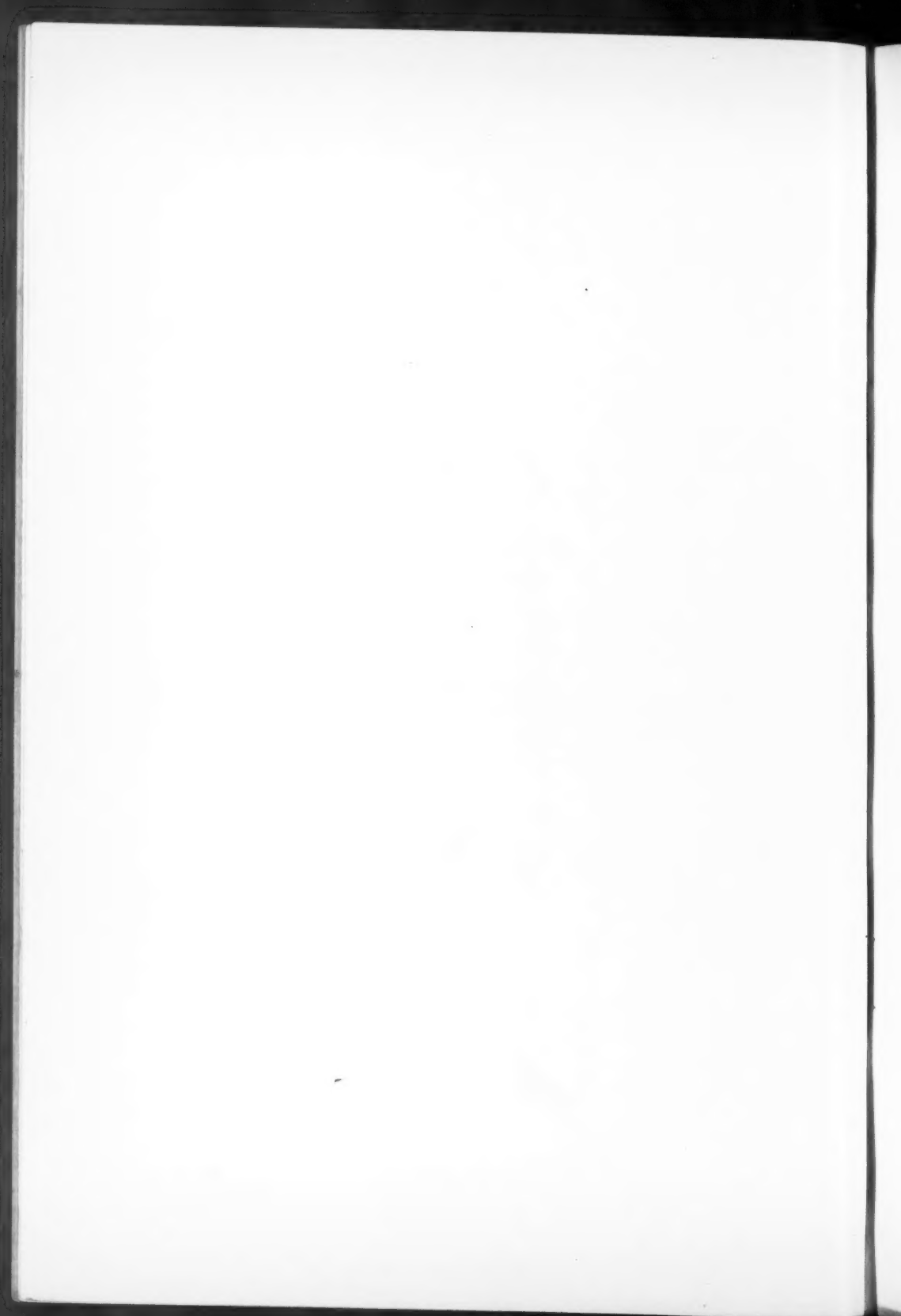
From a painting by F. W. Stokes. See "Open Letters"

A TROPICAL SUNSET, MAY 14, 1902





From a painting by F. W. Stokes. See "Open Letters"
SUNSET AT THE EQUATOR, MAY 15, 1902



THE MARRYING OF SUSAN CLEGG

BY ANNE WARNER

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN



"MRS. LATHROP ALWAYS DID THE LISTENING WHILE SHE CHEWED CLOVER"

THERE is such a pleasure in visiting over the fence; there is the fence to lean on, and a certain agreeable subconsciousness that one is at once at home and abroad. If a woman takes occasion to run over to her next neighbor's, she is certainly leaving the house which she ought to be keeping; but she can lean on the fence all day without ever feeling derelict as to a single duty.

Mrs. Lathrop always did the listening while she chewed clover. There was a great patch of red clover just beyond her woodpile, and when she started toward

the trysting-place it was her invariable custom to stop there and pull a number of blossoms, so that she might eat the tender petals while devoting her attention to the business in hand.

The business in hand was nearly always Susan Clegg's business, because Susan loved to talk, and her own affairs being naturally the center of her point of view, her eloquence was mainly at their disposal.

Susan and Mrs. Lathrop were great friends, although there was some eight or ten years' difference in their ages. Susan was forty-two, but Mrs. Lathrop had mar-

ried young, and this fact caused her to feel ever youthful, and thus to be companionable to her girl friend over the fence. Then, too, ever since the death of Mrs. Clegg, some twelve years before, Mrs. Lathrop's advice had been indispensable to the other's ignorance. I dare say there are some who may smile just here and consider that at thirty Miss Clegg should not have needed much motherly counsel; but until one has really arrived at the age of thirty it is impossible to convince one how really immature said age is, and I can personally vouch for the fact that a mother is just as handy to have about then as she is at any earlier period.

Mrs. Lathrop had always had a good deal of time to devote to her friends' affairs, because her family consisted of but one son, and she was not given to that species of housekeeping which sweeps under the beds too often. Miss Clegg had somewhat less time, because her father (waver- ing between seventy and eighty) was a bedridden paralytic, and had been so for over twenty years. He was of necessity a great care, and she did her duty by him both vigorously and conscientiously; but the years in bed had led her to confound the bed with the father and to refer to them both as one united factor in her domestic economy. Friday morning she always tore herself away from the fence with the remark, "Well, I must be gettin' back to beat father up an' put him on his clean sheets"; and such phrases as "I've got father into new pillow-slips," or "Next spring I mean to have father's hair picked over an' get him a new tick," were ever rife on her lips. She was generally very cheerful and quite resigned to her lot, but occasionally she had a spell of feeling that the world had more to offer than she was getting.

"If father should live to be a hundred," she said one afternoon in June, as she and Mrs. Lathrop held a parley on the border- line of their respective kingdoms,— "if father should live to be a hundred, I would n't stand much show o' gettin' married afterward. I'd be sixty, an', even with a good new wave, sixty *is* sixty."

Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover.

"Nobody but a man o' seventy's goin' to marry me at sixty. That'd make me bury father just to begin on some one else. I got to thinkin' about it last night,

an' I've been keepin' on this mornin', too, an' I can see that if I want to get married at all, I'd better do it now. There's no time like the present. This world's made for the young's well's for the old. Besides, if I do it before cold weather, he'll pay for half of next winter's fuel. Then I could make my things along durin' the summer—I ain't got nothin' to sew on since I finished my dress for the funeral. You ought to see that dress, Mrs. Lathrop: it's just as *nice*. I put it away with camphor balls, an' stuffed newspaper in the sleeves. There's nothin' to do when father dies but shake it out an' lay it on his bed,—'cause o' course that day father'll have the guest-room,—an' the black gloves an' two black-rimmed pocket-handker- chiefs is all ready in the pocket."

Mrs. Lathrop took a fresh clover.

"So I've pretty much made up my mind to get married, an' I'm goin' to set right about it. Where there's a will there's a way. I ain't goin' to leave a stone un- turned, either. I've begun by askin' Mrs. Brown's son to come over an' take a look at father about five o'clock this afternoon."

"Was you thinkin' o' marryin' Mrs. Brown's son?" Mrs. Lathrop inquired.

"Marryin' Mrs. Brown's son! Well, I guess not! He's runnin' his legs off after Amelia Smart, an' any man who's in love with a little chit o' eighteen would n't suit my taste much. No; I just sent for him to tell me how long he thinks father may live. O' course no man with a grain o' brains ain't goin' to come after me while father's so awful indefinite. Mrs. Brown's son's learnin' docterin', an' he's been at it long enough to know somethin', I should think; at any rate, if he don't, heaven help Amelia Smart 'n' me, for he'll take us both in."

"Who was you thinkin' o' marryin'?" Mrs. Lathrop asked.

"Well, I was thinkin' o' the minister. He'd be everlastin'ly around, I know, an' he would n't be still, like father is; but then, all men has faults somewhere. Mother always said father's advantages was great, for you always knew where he was, an' if you drew the shade you might tell him that it was rainin', an' he could n't never contradict."

Mrs. Lathrop nodded acquiescently.

"I'm goin' in now," said Miss Clegg, straightening up from her confidentially

inclined position; "I want to have time to dust father a little before Mrs. Brown's son comes. After it's all over, an' he's gone, I'll come out an' tell you what he says."

She went back into the house, her head full of her own version of "love's young dream," and half an hour later Mrs. Brown's son arrived. The clock was striking five as he drove up, which spoke well for his punctuality, but badly for his professional pressure of business. He came in Mr. Brown's buggy, and Amelia Smart held the horse while he went inside to inspect Mr. Clegg. The visit did not consume more than ten minutes, and then he hurried out the gate and was off. The two friends were reunited over the fence before the buggy was out of sight up the road.

"Well, I don't think much o' that young man," said Miss Clegg, disapprovingly. "'Peared to me like he was really

anxious to get done with father's quick as he could, so 's to be back with Amelia Smart. I don't believe, if you asked him this instant, that he could tell you one word I said. I asked him to set *some* sort of a figure on father, an' he said he *might* die to-morrow an' he *might* live twenty years. I don't call such a' answer no answer a' *tall*. I've often thought both them things myself, an' me no docter. Particular' about the twenty years. Father's lived seventy-five years,—I must say, he's pretty well sot a-goin',—an' that life he leads ain't drainin' his vitality near as much 's it's drainin' mine. If he lives twenty years more, though, I know one thing—it'll fill the whole house with turpentine smell, but, all the same, he'll have

to be scraped an' varnished. He's my father, an' 's long 's he's alive I'll keep him lookin' respectable, even if it is a' everlastin' buyin' of new casters an' a-proppin' up o' old springs."

Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover as usual, but her eyes were sympathetic.

"I'm goin' right ahead with my marriage, though. I've done my duty in the

past, an' I ain't lookin' to shirk it none in the future; but all the same, I look at it that I've got a right to some fun afore I get on in years. When Billy brought the milk, I told him to tell his father that 'f he'd come up here to-night I'd give him a quarter for the mission fund, an' I can't help kinder hopin' that to-morrow'll find the whole thing settled an' off my mind."

The next morning Mrs. Lathrop laid in a more than usually large quantity of fodder, and was at the fence before

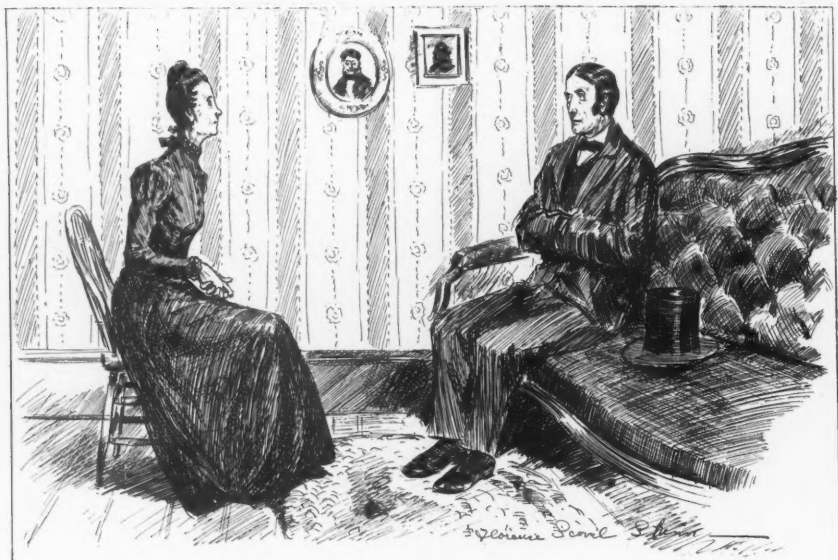
eight o'clock. Her son, who was a placid, placid little boy of nine-and-twenty years, was still abed and asleep.

Miss Susan left her dish-washing when she saw her friend, and hastened to the rendezvous.

"I ain't goin' to marry the minister," she exclaimed, long before she had adjusted her elbows upon the top rail. "He ain't no good a' *tall*! I was pretty sharp, but, I tell you, he's pretty sharp, too. I asked him if he did n't think our house was better located than his 's far 's visitin' goes, an' he said yes; but he had a good cistern, an' we only had a well an' a barrel under the spout. Then I asked him 'f he did n't think them eight children stood in vital need of a mother, an' he said not



"IN LOVE WITH A LITTLE CHIT O' EIGHTEEN"



"THEN I ASKED HIM 'F HE DID N'T THINK THEM EIGHT CHILDREN STOOD
IN VITAL NEED OF A MOTHER'"

after they 'd got themselves born. Course he said it prettier than that, but I don't remember just how. The long an' short of it was that he give me to understand that he had a wife till them eight children was all launched, an' 't wa'n't his fault her dyin' some later. I said to him that there was as good fish in the sea 's ever was caught out of it, an' he spoke right up an' said yes, but when a man 'd been caught once, he was n't easy caught the second time. Course, when I said '*fish*,' I meant his wife 'n' me; but when he pretended to think I meant *him*, I seen it was no good to tackle him any further. I asked him if he did n't think comin' into property was a' agreeable feelin', an' he said yes, but them as got riches always got a secret thorn in their flesh along with 'em; an' at that I clean give up."

Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover.

"But I got even with him, anyhow, f'r when he stood up to go, I just out an' told him 't I 'd changed my mind about the quarter. An' so he had all that long walk for nothin', an' I was n't a bit sorry, seein' 's he was so disobligin'."

"Who was you thinkin' o' tryin' next?" asked Mrs. Lathrop.

"I 'm goin' to get a horse 'n' buggy, an' drive out to Farmer Sperrit's this afternoon.

I 'll tell father that I 'm goin' to be busy choppin' wood, an' then 'f he says afterwards that he called, I can say that I was makin' so much noise that I did n't hear him."

"You 'll have to hire the horse, won't you?"

"T won't cost but fifty cents. I saved a quarter on the minister, so I guess I can afford to add another quarter for Farmer Sperrit. I 'd ask you to ride out with me, only naturally, if I go for love-makin', I 'd rather go alone."

Mrs. Lathrop nodded as she chewed.

"I must go in now," Miss Clegg said unwillingly. "I 've got the dishes to finish an' bread a-risin'. Then, too, this is father's day to be beat up an' turned out o' the window."

She went in, and it was long after tea-time before the cord of friendship got knotted up again.

"Did you go out to the farm?" asked Mrs. Lathrop. "I was to the sewin' society, an' did n't get back till too late to see you come in."

"Oh, yes, I went," said Miss Clegg. "I went, an' it was a nice ride both ways, an' I see the whole farm from the pigs to the pumpkins."

There was a pause, and Mrs. Lathrop

chewed expectantly, until finally she felt called upon to ask:

"Are you goin' to marry Farmer Sperrit?"

"No," said Miss Clegg—"no; he was n't a bit spry to hop at the chance. I asked him why he ain't never married, an' he said 's long 's he was n't married that that was the least of his troubles. Then I said 'f he married any one with a nice little property that he could easy buy the little Jones farm next his, so 's he 'd stretch right from the brook to the road; but he said he held a mortgage on the Jones farm, an' got all it raised now, an' would get the whole thing in less 'n two years."

Mrs. Lathrop took her clover from between her lips.

"They was sayin' in the society this afternoon as he was goin' to marry Eliza Gringer."

"Eliza Gringer, what cooks an' keeps house for him?"

"Yes."

"Laws 'a' massy! Well, if I 'd known there was any such talk about, I 'd never 'a' paid fifty cents for that horse an' buggy. Why, she 's older 'n I am! She was in spellin' when I was only to M. Never mind; I would n't *want* to marry a man who was such a fool as to think o' marryin' a woman that had n't nothin' but herself to give him."

There was a pause.

"Your father 's just the same, I suppose?" Mrs. Lathrop said at last.

"Yes, he 's just the same. He 's been just the same, seems to me, forever. Seems I can't remember when father was n't just the same. I can't imagine father anything but just the same. I was thinkin' about my weddin' the other day, an' that made me think o' mother's, an' I found myself imaginin' the bed walkin' up the aisle."

Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover.

"I 'm goin' to see Lawyer Weskin to-morrow. They say 's he 's stingy an' mean, an' never has a kind word for so much 's a dog; but I believe there 's good in every man, if you 'll hunt for it, an' I 'll get so used to huntin', 'f this keeps up much longer, that huntin' goodness in Lawyer Weskin 'll be just play to me."

"I was thinkin'," began Mrs. Lathrop; but then she stopped and said, "Never mind."

Miss Clegg did n't mind at all. She announced that "the mosquitos is out, an' we 'd better in." And so they parted for the night.

The next evening it was hot and breathless, and the approach of Fourth of July seemed to hang heavily over all. Susan Clegg brought a fan to the fence and fanned herself and her friend as she talked.

"I 'm done with Lawyer Weskin," she said decisively. "I spoke right out open to him, for I 'm clean sick o' beatin' around the bushes on a'count o' men's

natural shyness. He said 's long 's I was so frank he 'd be frank, too, an' just say he 'd rather not. I told him he 'd ought to remember 's he 'd have a lot o' business when father died, 'f he kept my good will; but he said father 'd left him a legacy 'n condition that he did n't charge nothin' for probatin'."

Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover.

"I declare, I 'm nigh give out! This gettin' married 's a deal harder 'n house-cleanin'. Here 's three nights I 've had to make my ideas all over new to suit a different husband. An' it was a good jump from the minister out to that farm; an' last night—well, I never *did* like Lawyer Weskin. But I dunno who I will get now. There 's Mrs. Healy's husband; but she looked so



"THEY 'VE GOT A NEW CLERK DOWN AT THE DRUG-STORE"

much happier in her coffin 'n she 'd ever looked out of it that I don't believe I 'd dare marry him. They say he threw wood at her when he was drunk."

Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover.

"They 've got a new clerk down at the drug-store; I see him through the window when I was comin' home to-day. He looked to be a nice kind of a man, but it 'd be awkward to go up to him an' have to begin by askin' what my name 'd be 'f I was to marry him."

Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover.

"An' I don't believe there 's another free man in the place. I 've thought and thought, and I can't think o' one."

"There 's Jathrop," said Mrs. Lathrop, slowly. Jathrop was her son, so baptized through a fearful slip of the tongue at a critical moment. He was meant to have been John.

Miss Clegg gave such a start that she dropped her fan over the fence.

"Well, heaven forgive me!" she cried. "I never thought o' him once—an' him so handy, too, right on the other side of the fence!"

"He ain't thirty," said Mrs. Lathrop, picking up the fan.

"I don't mind that a bit. What 's twelve years or so when it 's the woman 's has the property? It 'll give me a chance to get paralyzed first, an' then I 'll be tended instid o' havin' him to tend. Well, I 'm certainly obliged to you for speakin' of him, Mrs. Lathrop, for, upon my honor, I don't believe I 'd 'a' thought of him till judgment come! An' here I 've been worryin' ever since supper-time 'cause I could n't see no way o' gettin' what my heart 's set on now! You see, I 've begun on my things; I cut out a pink nightgown,—a real fussy one,—an' I just *hated* to think o' wastin' all that stuff. I never had a pink nightgown afore; but I thought when I bought it 'f it looked too awful fancy on, I could just put it away for the oldest girl when she gets married."

Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover.

"What do you suppose Jathrop 'll say? Do you s'pose it 'll matter any to him which side o' the fence he lives on?"

Mrs. Lathrop shook her head slowly.

"He *ought* to marry me 'f I want him to—all the days I tended him when he was a baby! But he *was* a cute little fellow, was n't he? Do you remember the

day mother 'n' I come over to see you put him into short clothes? I did n't think that I 'd ever marry him *then*."

Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover.

"Why can't you ask him to-night, an' let me know to-morrow mornin'? That 'll save me havin' to come 'way round by the gate."

Mrs. Lathrop assented to the obvious good sense of this proposition with one slow but emphatic nod of her head.

"I 'll come out in the mornin' an' hear what he said; I 'll come 's soon as I can get father 'n' the dishes washed up. Father was just awful restless last night. He called for so many things that I had to take a pillow an' go down on the parlor lounge to keep from bein' woke up."

"Is he worse, do you think?" Mrs. Lathrop asked.

"If bein' wakeful an' wantin' somethin' every minute all night long is worse, then he 's worse; if it ain't, he ain't. But, lor'! it 's no use talkin' o' father—a watched pot never boils! Jathrop 's more to the point right now."

On this hint Mrs. Lathrop defenced herself, so to speak, and the two went their separate ways for the night.

The next morning Miss Clegg was the last to issue forth. She looked weary and fretful.

"Father just about kept me up all night," she began as soon as she was within hearing. "I dunno what I want to get married for, when I 'm bound to be man-free in twenty-five years, 'f I just can make out to live."

Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover.

"Seems like about the only thing in the house I *did n't* have to get for father last night was the kitchen range. I climbed down into the cellar twice, an' I was up in the attic at daybreak after suthin' er other."

Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover.

"They say there 's good in everything, but I can't see no good in a night like last night. When the rooster crowed this mornin' I had a good mind to go right out an' hack off his head. If it had been Saturday, I 'd 'a' done it, too, an' relished him good at Sunday dinner."

Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover.

"Well, what 'd Jathrop say?"

Mrs. Lathrop swallowed her clover. Then she spoke slowly:

"Jathrop ain't very favorable."

Miss Clegg looked surprised.

"He says," his mother continued, "that perhaps your father 's livin' on a' annuity."

"Well, he ain't," said Miss Clegg, indignantly; "he 's livin' on his own property. He 's got bank stock an' them two cottages across the bridge, an' the blacksmith-shop belongs to him, too. There! I never thought of the blacksmith—his wife died last winter."

"Jathrop asked me what I thought."

"What 'd you tell him?"

"I told him I thought he 'd be mighty lucky to get you, if your father was only some older."

Miss Clegg nodded understandingly.

"How long 's it since you 've seen father?" she asked.

"I guess not since your mother died. I was up-stairs the day before the funeral."

"Well, I wish you 'd come up and take a look at him, an' tell me your opinion. Come over now, can't you?"

Mrs. Lathrop reflected.

"I guess I can," she said; "I don't see no real reason why not. I 'll go in an' take off my apron an' wash my hands, an' come over right away."

Fifteen minutes later the two friends stood on opposite sides of the invalid's bed. The old man lay in the middle, everything about him giving evidence of the scrupulous care which he received. He was a very wizened little old man, suggesting somewhat a spider that the first frost has inadvertently caught outdoors and unprotected; but everything about him was clean and white and orderly. Even as she gazed thoughtfully upon him, his daughter leaned over and drew a fold straight on her side of the coverlet. Mrs. Lathrop did a similar kindness on her side, and the action led to her exclaiming:

"Why, you 've got him on a feather bed!"

"He likes it," Susan replied.

"I sh'd think it 'd kill him, 's hot as it is now."

"I s'pose I could take it out now, but he ain't never complained of the heat, an' rainy days he does hate the chill."

Mrs. Lathrop shook her head and said no more then, but ten minutes after, when they were alone below in the kitchen, she remarked solemnly:

"Now, Susan, I don't say as it 's true,

but I *have* heard as there is them as can't die on feathers. Your father 's been just a-chokin' an' a-gaspin' his breath in an' out for all these years, an' maybe it 's just a little light thing like them feathers as is keepin' him at it."

"But I could n't never take it away from him," said Susan, opening her eyes widely. "I 'd have to wait till he wanted it took."

They walked slowly toward the gate together.

"Do you believe it 's worth while me thinkin' any more about Jathrop?" the maiden asked when they came to the parting of the ways.

"I believe I 'd try the blacksmith, if I was you. He looks mighty nice Sundays."

Miss Clegg sighed heavily.

THAT was about half-past nine in the morning. Mrs. Lathrop went home and began to clean the shelf over the kitchen sink, because, every time she had had occasion to put anything up there for a long time, rolls of lint and showers of dust fell down. On the shelf she found a newspaper containing that day's account of Guiteau's trial; the paper awakened her interest, and she sat down to read it before going on with the shelf.

While she was thus pleasantly and placidly engaged, her pleasure and her placidity were suddenly rent apart by the bursting forth of a succession of the most piercing screams. She threw down the paper and flew to the door, and then stood dazed, not knowing where to look, for the air seemed split in all directions by the shrillness of the cries. Then she ran toward the fence, and as soon as she rounded the corner of the house she saw Susan in one of the up-stairs windows, jumping up and down and yelling at the top of her voice.

Mrs. Lathrop paused for no conventionalities of civilization: she climbed the fence in a fashion worthy of Eve (or a squirrel); ran across the Clegg yard; entered by the kitchen door, stumbled breathlessly up the dark back stairs, and gasped, grabbing Susan hard by the elbow:

"What *is* it—for *pity's* sake?"

Susan stopped. She was all colors, and shaking as if with ague.

"You never told me 't it 'd work so quick!" she panted.

"What would work?"

"The feathers!"

go home an' send Jathrop down-town to see to things. Then I'll come back again right off an' help you straighten up."

It was a week later.

The friends stood by the fence. Miss Clegg looked quiet and composed; Mrs. Lathrop was chewing clover.

"The minister was here this afternoon," remarked the orphan girl. "I knew what was up the minute I see his clean collar, an' he did look most awful sheepish while he was explainin' as how he'd been thinkin' it over, an' had changed his mind, an' we could rent this house an' live in his."

Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover.

"Well, I told him I'd been thinkin' it over, too, 'n' I'd changed my mind, too. He looked pretty sorry, I tell you. He was a pair with Lawyer Weskin when we unlocked father's desk an' found all them gover'ment bonds. Lawyer Weskin said right off 't a woman as rich as I was needed a good lawyer to look after her an' her property, 'n' I says right off: 'Yes, I think so m'self, an' next week I'm goin' into the city an' get one.'"

Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover.

"They were n't either o' them as bad as Farmer Sperrit, though, when he come to the door with that big basket o' fresh vegetables 't he said he thought maybe 'd tempt my appetite. My! but I never enjoyed rappin' no one over the knuckles more 'n I did him when I jes let myself out 'n' said: 'Thank you kindly, but I guess no woman in these parts 's better able to tempt her own appetite 'n I be now, 'n' you can jes take your garden stuff an' give it to some one 's is poor an' needin'.' He looked so crestfallen that I jes lammed right out at him then, 'n' I says, I says: 'Mr. Sperrit, you did n't seem to jes realize what it meant to me that day when I come 'way out to your farm to see you; you did n't seem to know what it

means to a woman to make up her mind to take a trip like that: but I can tell you 't it cost me a good deal to go out there that day—it cost me fifty cents!'"

Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover.

"As for Jathrop, I'm nigh to plumb wore out. Every time I've turned around for a week, there 's Jathrop wantin' me to give him a chance to speak of his feelin's. I declare this mornin' I got so out o' patience that I clean forgot how big he is now, an' my mind all went back to when he was little, an' I says to him jes as I used to then: 'Jathrop Lathrop, I'm too busy to bother with you any more; you walk right home, or the feelin' you'll have best reason to want to talk about 'll be the feelin' o' gettin' spanked.'"

Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover.

"There never was a truer sayin' 'n the one that things is always goin' by contraries. Here I've figured on bein' so happy married, an', 'stid o' that, I miss father more every day. I don't *dare* get married now, for I'm afraid I never could be happy with any man as could get about. 'F I wanted to talk, father was always there to listen, an' when he wanted to talk, I could always go down-stairs. He did n't have but one button to sew on, an' never no stockin's a' *tall* to darn. An' all the time he had all them nice gover'ment bonds a-savin' up for me in his desk! No, I ain't thinkin' no more o' gettin' married. While it looked discouragin', I was wild about it; now 't I know I can have *any* man I want, I don't want no man a' *tall*. If I get to be eighty, 'n' the fancy takes me, I can get a husband easy any day with them bonds. But 'nless I feel real dead-set on some one, I ain't a-goin' to bother myself any more about the subjec'. I've folded up the pink nightgown, 'n' I mean to give it to Amelia Smart, an' I don't envy her nor no other woman!'"

Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover.





THE LITTLE CANOE

BY HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

WITH PICTURES BY MARTIN JUSTICE

MY friend the Señor Don is of a precise and military bearing, clad with a dignity that enhances his scant five feet of stature to herculean proportions. He is a handsome little man with pompadour hair and a bold "Wilhelm der Kaiser" mustache. His speech is exact, somewhat cold, yet with a flavor of melancholy to it, like the style of Thackeray. When he expresses himself in English, it is with seriousness, that seriousness which marks all his enterprises, but it is with some honest mistakes concerning the language as a whole. A fine love for our free institutions is also characteristic of the Señor Don. I cannot tell you how his sad story of the little canoe affects me. I may only try.

"When I am to mek retoorn to Puerto Rico, Hooaleece" (which is part of my name on the Spanish tongue), said he, "I have bear in my mind the indolence of those people. Not like that rooggèd American who enjoy the manly art of boxing the eye of hees frien', or to mek strong resistance on the field of the ball of the foot, or splash t'rough the water in aquatic spooorts. No, hombre! Not sooch do they mek in Puerto Rico. Nuzzing more rrrrobust than to smoke cigarillos and to drink chocolatay, and I say, Thees ees the end of these people. What manner of

civilizassone will mek the drinking of chocolatay and the perpetual smoking of cigarillos? That of the conqueror? No. That of the arts? No. That of what, then? That of nuzzing.

"Well, what then? I say, I shall to missionary these people. To them I shall introduce the can-ooo American. It ees a beginning. Bimeby the boxing-glove, the ball of the foot, the bass-ball, but gradooally—poco á poco. At first the can-ooo. There it ees to sit still, after the manner of Puerto Rico, becows, if you are not to sit with precession, that can-ooo will to set up, and some man must fish you. I buy can-ooo. I have it transport at mooch expense. I veesit Señor Córdova at hees home upon the sea, and there also has arrrrived my little can-ooo.

"Ah!" says the señor, 'what ees thees leetle bo-at? Eet ees very pretty!'

"Eet ees can-ooo American,' I tell heem. 'You pull eet with thees stick. Eet ees at your disposal. Will you not make essay at eet?' 'Buen,' says Señor Córdova; 'where to put the foot?'

"I am to tell heem, but he waits not for reply, putting the foot oopon the edge. Eenstantly that can-ooo make revolution, precepeeetating Señor Córdova eento the ocean. Ah, what confusion! What disturbance! How mooch different from

America! There, when I have to overthrow myself in that can-ooo, the hardy cour-rrage of those people mek them to cry, 'Ha, ha, goood eye! Pool for the shore!' But now! Señora Córdova and

by the—the—como se llaman thees pole with the iron? Ah, bo-at-hooook! si, si, si! The bo-at-hooook, and by that I hook heem.

"'Á Dios!' he cry, 'I am assassinated!'



Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"'AT YOUR FEET, LADIES,' I SAY, 'BUT I GO!'"

Señoritas Córdova three mek lamentable outcry, 'Papa is to drown!' And those naygrose which are there run around like stoopeed fellows. Eet ees to me that the responsebeelity falls that my friend Córdova do not perish. There he ees, pushing the water with hees hands, and speaking as one should not before ladies.

"What to do? I can reach heem with my arm, but that ees not nautical. I have

"'Be still, foolish person!' I say. 'Is not your life to be saved?'

"'Si,' he say. 'Tiene usted razón, but I shall walk.' So he place his legs upon the ground beneath the water, which is not extensive in that place, and coom to shore.

"'Will you try heem again?' I say.

"'Causa admiración!' he say, 'I theenk not. No sé the habeets of the little can-ooo.'

"So he send a naygro for stimulant, the which I eembibe, while he mek change of hees attire at hees house.



Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"THAT MOMENT MAY THE SEÑORITA MARGARITA BE WITH THE BEAUTIFUL EYE AT THE TELESCOPE"

"When he has returned he say to me: 'Let us behold you master thees bo-at of eensteabeility. Can you mek heem go?'

"By thees time those stimulant have made my heart strong, my cour-rage severe. Am I not American citizen? What oes eet? I tell heem that moment:

"'I can pool eet with the stick; I can put in the sail and fly over the water like a sheep. Do you wish to see?'

"All the ladies and Señor Córdova cry out they will not let me be so dangerous. But I am resolved. Señorita Margarita Córdova is a yoong lady ver-ree beautiful. I am an American citizen. I tek anuzzer glass of aguardiente—brandee. What do I care for one can-ooo? Two? Three? I send the naygro for the sail in a steady voice: 'Pepe, go at once and get the sail.'

"Señor Córdova says he will resist, but I pay no attention. I place the pole; I feex the strings; I adjoost the ruddle; I put een three large stone for ballass.

"'Once more,' say the ladies, 'let us intreat—'

"'At your feet, ladies,' I say, 'but I go!'

"So I go, and then for the first eet is pleasant: the weend blow carefully; the little can-ooo jump oopon the water. But now there comes a large cloud. The weend he blow not so carefully. I am far from home. On the shore, Señor Córdova and hees ladies make observacion with a telescope. It is sad, I think, that they can see me so plain, yet am I upon thees stormy ocean. Of what avail is the telescope, if I am to shipwreck the can-ooo? Ah! I would not at that time that I had the ancestors so cour-rageous. Eet ees one of them who make Rolando see hees feeneesh. Out oopon these violent water I am cara á cara with the ma'nefeecent past. Shall I to turn the back upon the perilous? Die, then, the thought! Beside, that moment may the Señorita Margarita be with the beautiful eye at the telescope. So I am gay; I smile, as though I mek enjoyment of the terrible bouncing of that little can-ooo; I sing areea from 'Fra Diavolo'—ti-ti-tee-tum-te-tee! But at heart I regret mooch. What is a can-ooo, for the most?

Eet ees not so strong as paper; eet ees a small, little boat that thees wave who shake hees teeth at me may devour at a bite. And then, alas! comes in a wave—ta! Ah, verree cold! Verree damp! With my hat I mek attempt to hurl the water outdoors.

"There am I, then, clasping that can-ooo passionately, only hees end sticking up from the water. Those large stone hold the other end down-right.

"At once I think, 'Córdova shall survey t'rough hees telescope, and send to me



Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

"I SING AREEA FROM 'FRA DIAVOLO'"

Comes another wave—another. I labor desperate; eet weel not do. Eet ees not enough. The can-ooo is sinking. Bimeby I am to sit in the water. It happen. Then I am to clasp the can-ooo with my arm, for in the both end of eet exists an air-tink—a box made of iron which hold the air, that the can-ooo may remain upon the water.

"The stern of that can-ooo go down first; glides the large rocks for ballass to where I am sitting. Thees I am to t'row out. Pah! When I bend to catch heem, comes a large wave right down my neck.

assistance.' But on the second thought I see eet ees not to be. I have mek sooch large talk of what I may do with that can-ooo that Córdova shall think: 'Thees ees novelty American. My friend shows me all! What devils are thees Americans, to swim in a boat standing oop in the water? Who shall presentiment their leemitaciones?' And he shall call hees neighbors to see the es-pectacle. Everybody shall come and remark, 'Ah! Meeracoolous!' and shake hees head.

"When I think that, I am almost to weep. My friends to see me fish for fish

with myself before their eyes! Behold the beautiful Margarita! Will it not to melanchate her days of youth to rrrremember, 'Through a telescope I saw my dear friend dissolve een the water?' Sad, thees. Well, then, eet ees unavoiadabble. So to mek an end manful—strong. Therefore I smile again. But that smile he take all my strength. I wish not to show disrespec' for thees so noble country, yet eet ees the coostom for to mek the dollar. On that account some work is not so well done. That air-tink, on which depend my life, he leak. The can-ooo ees sinking, sinking. My ear against hees side, I can hear that little noise—shhhh!—where the water run in and the air run out. Eet ees the hour-glass marking how long I shall remain een the country. When he feel oop—pop! *Á Dios, el mundo!*

"And eet ees so slow! I am of eempatiant deesposseetion. With the long waiting I am not simpatico. I look how fast the water come up on that can-ooo, and I esteemate that I have to sit in those cold water for five hours. And my friends observe t'rough the telescope! Misericordia! Eet ees too dam mooch! For five hours must I smile and sink!

"And when I think that Córdova shall say, 'Ah, but he ees not centeresting, thees fellow! Eet ees a pairformance monotonoose to sit there in the water! He ees not really an American! Not sooch do they, I give my word!' then I geenash my tooth, and I shall to tear my hair, but how may I unclasp that little can-ooo?

"Now, to any man thees would seem suffeicient—a meesery plenty for the heart to hold. Yet listen! Here am I, three miles from shore in the stormy ocean, grasping a sinking can-ooo, while eet ees necessary that I seem to enjoy myself, to compensate my friends who witness t'rough the telescope—ees eet not the leemit? Hear me! Now comes the shark! Madre de Dios! Howshall I now perform? Shall I make splash with my feet to enfrighen that wrrretched repteel away?

"And Margarita mek observation of me in the actions of the little playful child. Ah, my heart shall burst! In her eyes to become reedicolous! Si, yet here comes the shark to bite me by the leg. To splash eet ees reedicolous, but what can be so mooch reedicolous as a man without some legs? Eet ees time I splash. Vigorously

I the water spatter. The shark, that cowardly insect, run away—only to get hees friends. Around me they circulate, each one putting oopon me the obstruction of hees cold, unfeeling eye. And it rains. In the air ees water; in the ocean ees water; in the water ees sharks. I am tire of water; I regret that I have not brought the ball of the foot or the boxer-glove to eenvigorate thees island.

"I am think to be missionary; I am become martyr. One consolación I obtain. The rain eet has obscured the view. From the shore they cannot see. I am to smile no longer. That ees joy. A little joy, not too mooch, for now ees but a trifle of that can-ooo left elevated over the water, and I am fatigue with splashing. I am deciding shall I omit to splash, and thus allow thees beecest of shark to bite me queeck, or shall I to drown, when—ta! A hand on the stern of my t'roat, and a voice t'rough the nose, a voice so beautiful, the voice American, saying (eef you pairmeet eemeetacion), 'Hallo, bosss! Do yer cum out here for thees exercise evveree Saturday?' and I am lift into a boat.

"So they tek me to Córdova. My clothes he ees shorten by the water; also hees color ees not all in the same place as when I mek purchase of heem. He ees the flannel clothes with the rrrred, white, and blue straps. Now he ees the rainbow, and from the hat has come color to my nose, to my cheek.

"I land calm, coomposséd—eet ees like I have made the same each day. Córdova he ees perplex; the ladies they know not what to say.

"'Have you petroleum?' I ask Córdova.

"He mek reply, 'Yes, I have.'

"'Of your kindness, obtain me some,' I say and retire unto the house.

"When I retoorn, the old clothes repose upon my arm; I smoke the cigarillo. With the cold blood I walk to that can-ooo. I poot the old clothes upon heem. With the petrol I es-sprinkle all. I strike the match, first to light the cigarillo—then so carelessly, I light the little can-ooo.

"'Pardon,' I say. 'Coostom American.'

"The ladies all cry, 'Ah!' and Córdova he knock hees feest with hees head and mek outcry: 'Ah! What devils are thees Americanos! What care they for expense!'

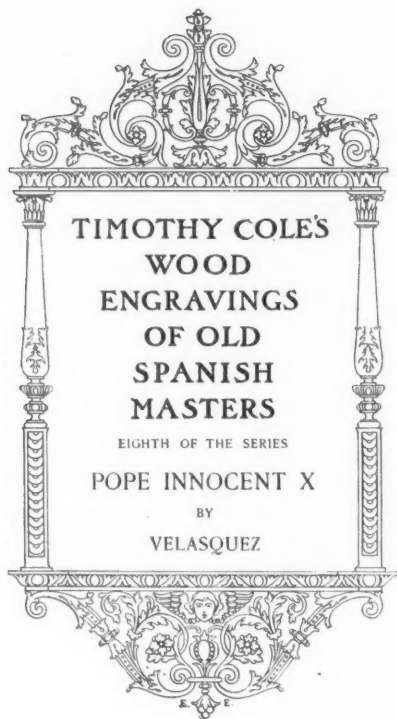
"So I am veen-dickateed. And that end my little can-ooo."



From the original painting in the Doria Palace, Rome. See "Open Letters"

POPE INNOCENT X. BY VELASQUEZ

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF
OLD SPANISH MASTERS: EIGHTH OF THE SERIES)



TIMOTHY COLE'S
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EIGHTH OF THE SERIES

POPE INNOCENT X

BY

VELASQUEZ



PEDIMENT OF THE LION-HOUSE (ELI HARVEY, SCULPTOR)

A WORLD'S CONGRESS OF LIONS

THE LION-HOUSE IN THE NEW YORK ZOÖLOGICAL PARK¹

BY HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

Vice-President of the Zoölogical Society and Professor of Paleontology in Columbia University

IN the founding of public institutions in America there is but one right way to begin—by studying with the utmost care the best similar work abroad, to profit by all experiments, whether successes or failures, and then in a wholly independent spirit undertaking to advance upon all previous plans with something more comprehensive and, if possible, more beautiful. This course has been successfully followed in the location and design of the lion-house, the newest and the largest of the buildings erected in the New York Zoölogical Park. The present writer and other members of the society, but especially Director William T. Hornaday, traveled extensively abroad to secure every large principle, as well as every detail of information, from London, Antwerp, Berlin, and other cities, for the housing of the “king of beasts” and other large members of the great family of cats. After a year of study, the director presented the society with a complete working-plan, combining all the wisdom of Europe with all the invention of America. This was searchingly studied and criticized by the writer and other officers of the society, and

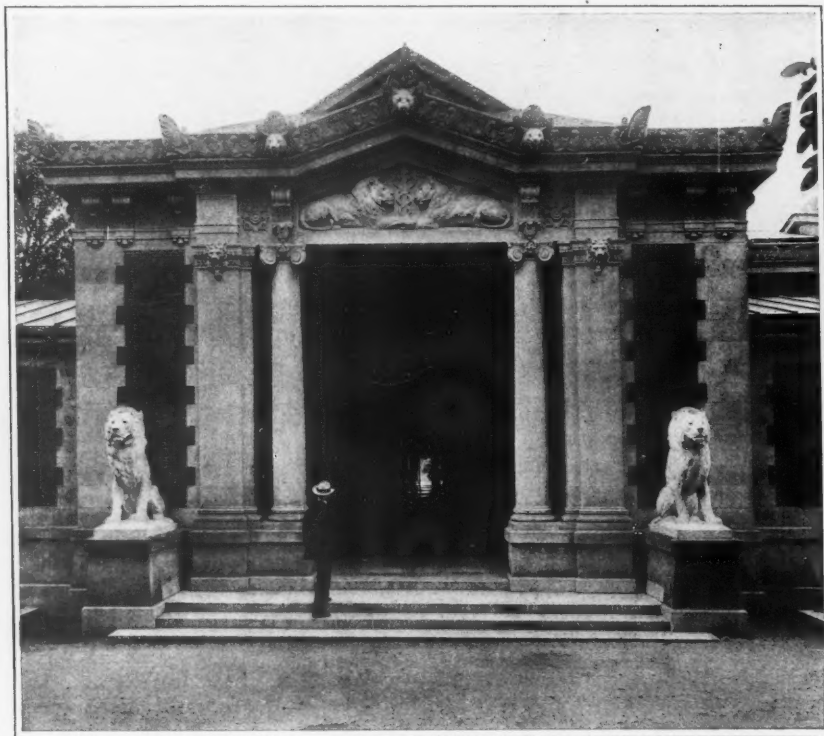
then handed to Messrs. Heins & La Farge as a complex, practical, scientific, esthetic problem, to which they were asked to give an architectural rendering. Plan after plan was submitted, studied, and redrawn. In the course of several years of enforced delay in construction, fresh ideas generated, and the architects finally produced an admirable plan.

In the meantime, Mr. Eli Harvey, whose special love in sculpture is for members of the cat family, was invited from Paris to execute his share in the design, consisting of the ornamental heads upon the cornices and entablatures, the two pediments over the doorways, and the sentinel lions beside the entrances. The south façade, or entrance, here illustrated, gives an idea of one portion of the work to which Mr. Harvey has devoted more than two years' time. The sentinel lions are cut in pink Tennessee marble; the pediment groups, which differ at the two ends of the building, and many of the panels, are of Indiana limestone, which, with a light brick, forms the main wall of the building. The cornice is of terra-cotta, and is strikingly ornamented with heads of many varieties of cats, executed by

¹ See also “The New York Zoölogical Park,” by its director, William T. Hornaday, *THE CENTURY* for November, 1900.

Mr. Harvey. A nice question arose as to how far the sculpture in this particular building should be grotesque, and how far realistic. The sculptor has intentionally adopted a great latitude of treatment, according to the more or less intimate association of the carvings with structural details.

of the great building in the southwest corner of Baird Court, the only formally treated portion of the Zoologica! Park. The location of the sun-bath and exercising-cages on the court-side of the building, rather than at the back, was not because the crowds would be largest there,



From a photograph

SOUTH FAÇADE OF THE LION-HOUSE (HEINS & LA FARGE, ARCHITECTS)

American cities are filled with beautiful buildings which are unfit, and with fit buildings which are far from beautiful. "Yes, I will give you illumination, but the exterior will look like a factory," was the reply of one of our most eminent architects to a modest demand for more light. Not beauty, then fitness, or fitness, then beauty; but the harmony of fitness and beauty is the desideratum in architecture.

In the case of a lion-house fitness promotes the health and vigor of the animals and affects their beauty, welfare, and reproductiveness. These prime considerations, in the first place, determined the site

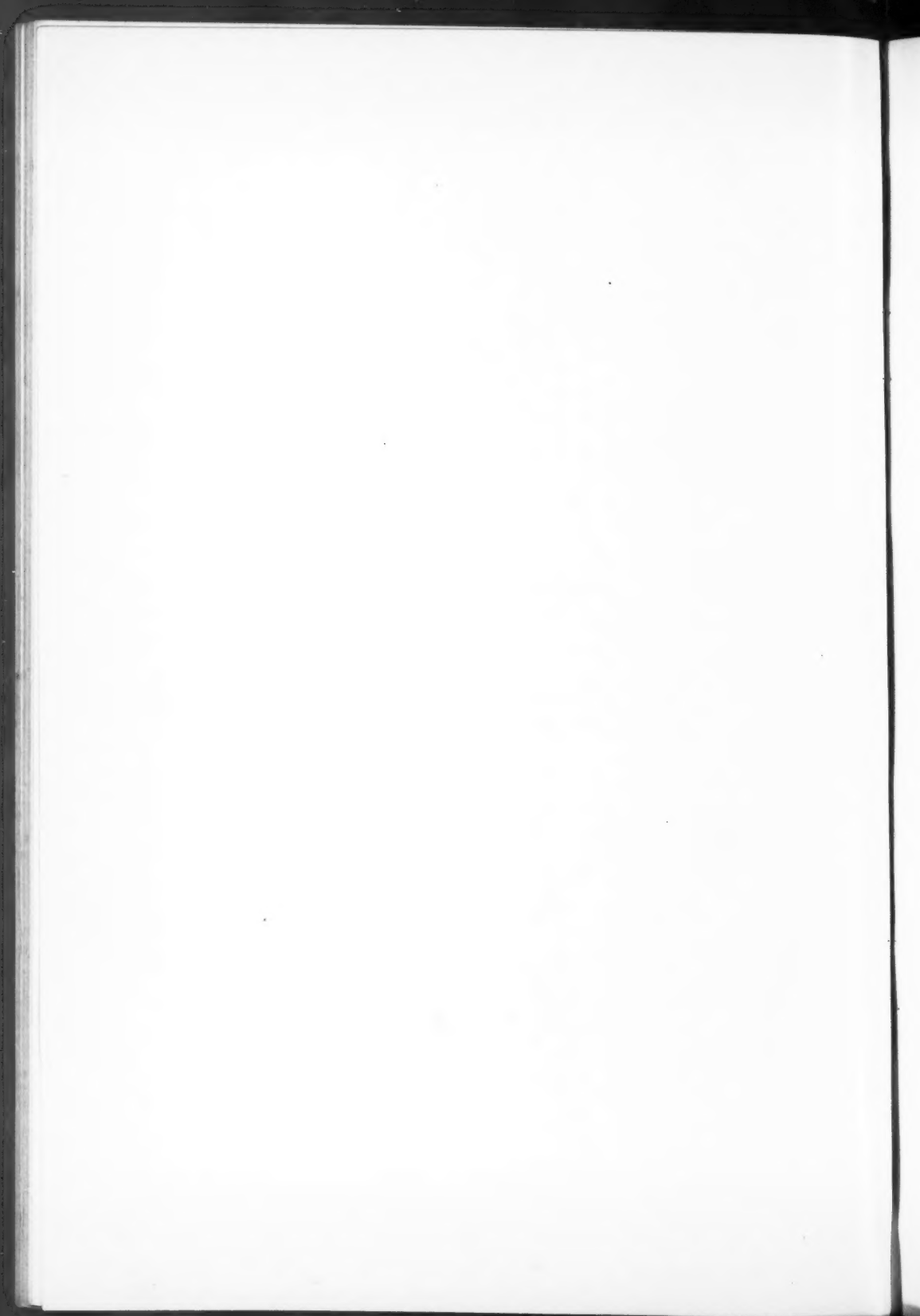
but because the animals would thrive best in this southeastern exposure. Thus, if it is found that the finest portion of the building, architecturally, faces away from the court, it must be remembered that the visitor is not the chief performer, but only the accompanist; in other words, lions, tigers, and other noble beasts *solo*, architecture and visitors *obbligato*.

First, then, come the interests of the cats, then of the spectators, then considerations of esthetics. If this order had been reversed, as has too often been the case in zoological gardens, the building might have been a failure alike to cats, visitors, and critics; for



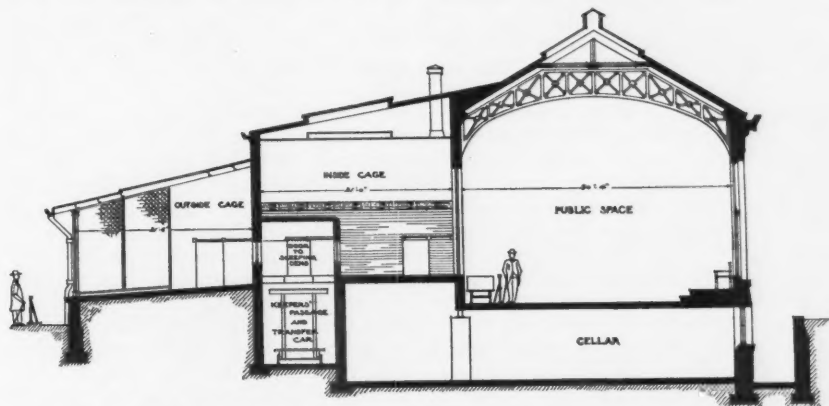
From a water color drawing by Charles R. Knight

MALAYAN TIGER



the spectacle of an unhappy animal "cabin, cribbed, confined" produces a sympathetic and depressing effect upon the mind. As it is, experience shows the lion-house to be an unqualified success. The congress of cats which we have brought from all parts of the world have themselves in various ways passed unanimous resolutions of approval which it is a pleasure to record. Thus far there has not been a single death traceable to defects inherent in the building. There has been one accident due to the savage nature of the animals themselves. Two animals have died shortly after

length, and its extreme width, including the outside cages, is 110 feet. It includes a main hall 192 feet long, along one side of which extend twelve cages, 18×22 or 12×22 feet, each with two sleeping-dens supporting an upper terrace, which the animals greatly frequent. Connecting with these inner cages are exterior cages of great size, fitted with natural rock-work and with baths. One novel feature of all the cages is the substitution of steel-wire front netting for the traditional iron bars. When focusing the eye upon the animal, the wire netting becomes virtually invisible. An-



SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE LION-HOUSE, SHOWING CAGE CONSTRUCTION AND KEEPERS' PASSAGE, WITH TRANSFER-CAR UNDER SLEEPING-DEN

arrival, from severe or imperfect conditions of transportation. The older residents exhibit fine pelage, lively action, and all other symptoms of perfect health. In ventilation, cleanliness, feeding, exercise, diversion, opportunity for courtship, and seclusion, this is the feline paradise.

The transverse section of the building seen above shows that cage conditions constitute only a part of the lion-house problem. There must be provision for the transfer from the traveling-crates to the cages, for communication between the indoor and outdoor cages, for the passage from the cages to the artists' studio at the end of the building, for the illumination of the cages, for the protection of keepers and visitors, and for the accommodation of the great holiday crowds of visitors, which on a single day have numbered as high as thirty-four thousand.

The building over all is 240 feet in

other feature with which the animal-painters who have been frequenting this building are delighted is the color background of the cages. It consists of glass tiling of a delicate jungle-green color, very similar to the background tint seen in Mr. Charles Knight's painting of the jaguar, shown in this number of *THE CENTURY*. This shade was chosen after many experiments, not with real lions and tigers, but with their stuffed effigies in the American Museum of Natural History. The tiling is bordered with a faience of desert or jungle design, for the lions and tigers respectively.

It was impossible to go further than this in the imitation of the natural setting of these animals, owing to the absolute necessity of using tiling, for sanitary purposes. If oils could have been used, mural painting might have been resorted to. That idea was considered and abandoned. In bird-houses a painted background is practicable,

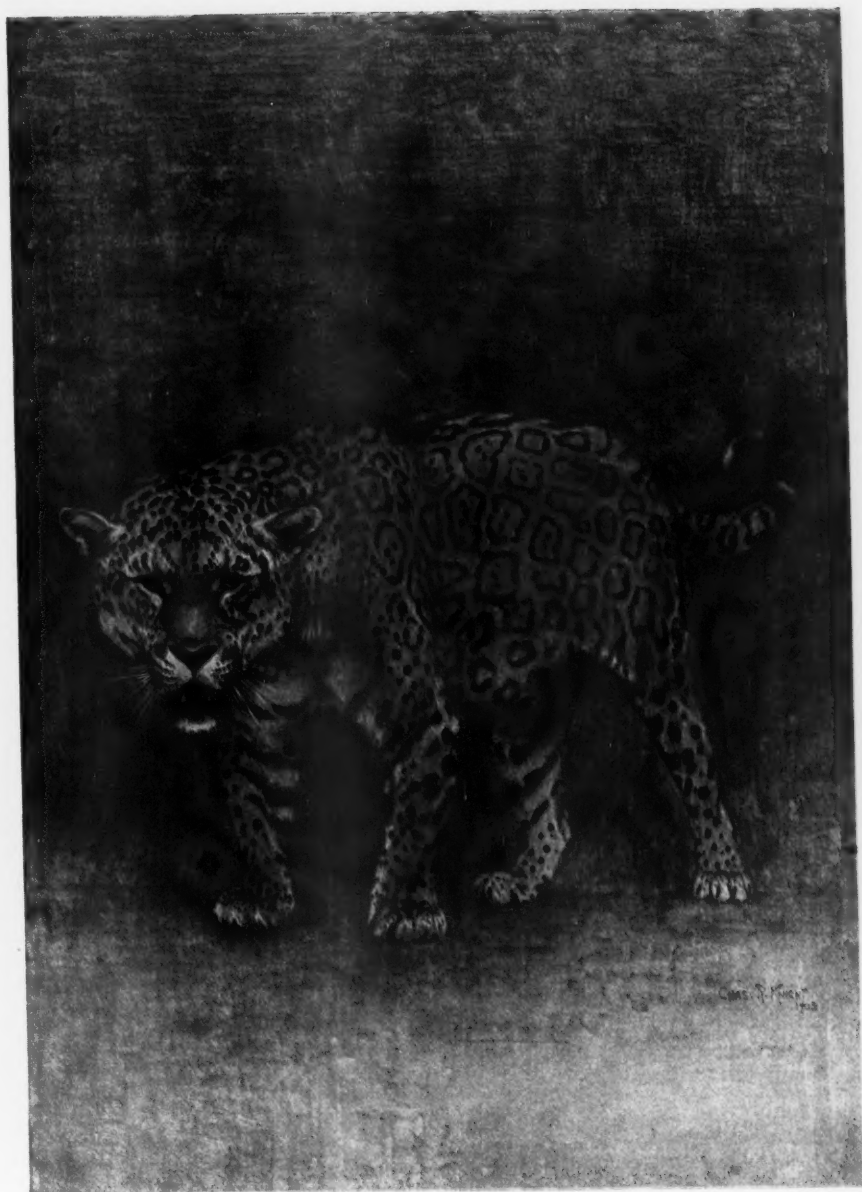
and the late Robert Blum left in the building for aquatic birds a beautiful example of his mural work, which unfortunately has suffered somewhat from time and dampness. Paradoxical as this statement appears when the brilliant coloring of many of these animals is considered, the coloring of cats is mostly "cryptic," that is, for concealment in the approach to their prey. We owe to an American artist, Abbott Thayer, the philosophy of the light under-color of so many animals, including most of the cats. It is to neutralize the effect of the strong sun shadow, which otherwise would cause the belly to appear conspicuously dark or almost black; further, it serves to reflect the ground-color. The variegated side and back colors of the tigers, leopards, and jaguars are not an imitation of the background, as in the leaf-mimicking butterflies, but are of such design that when played upon by sun and shade, with a background also played upon by sun and shade, the total effect is cryptic, or concealing. The lion, for example, when sunlit, has a sunlit ground-color with a reflected ground-color upon its somewhat lighter under-surface. The more or less arboreal leopards, jaguars, and ocelots are well known to give effects similar to sunlight passing through the leaves and boughs of trees.

Another very important cryptic principle observed by Thayer, and especially illustrated in the tiger, is the breaking up of form by the great black and orange color-bands. The outline of the animal is not defined when the color-masses blend with the brilliant sunshine and shadow of the jungle. None of these effects is imitable in the cages. The artist who desires to study the animals enjoys, however, a rich flood of vertical light and a background in which both form and color appear in fine relief. The studio, to which the animals can be removed for serious painting and sculpture, for still higher illumination, and for the seclusion of the artist, is a unique feature of the lion-house. It has been eagerly utilized, and will undoubtedly give a long-needed stimulus to animal painting and sculpture in New York. If our heterogeneous population includes a young Landseer or a young Barye, his genius will not be quenched for want of opportunity. Already a small group of experienced painters and sculptors, as well as a larger number of beginners, are find-

ing their way to the park, and are enjoying the hospitality of this and other buildings.

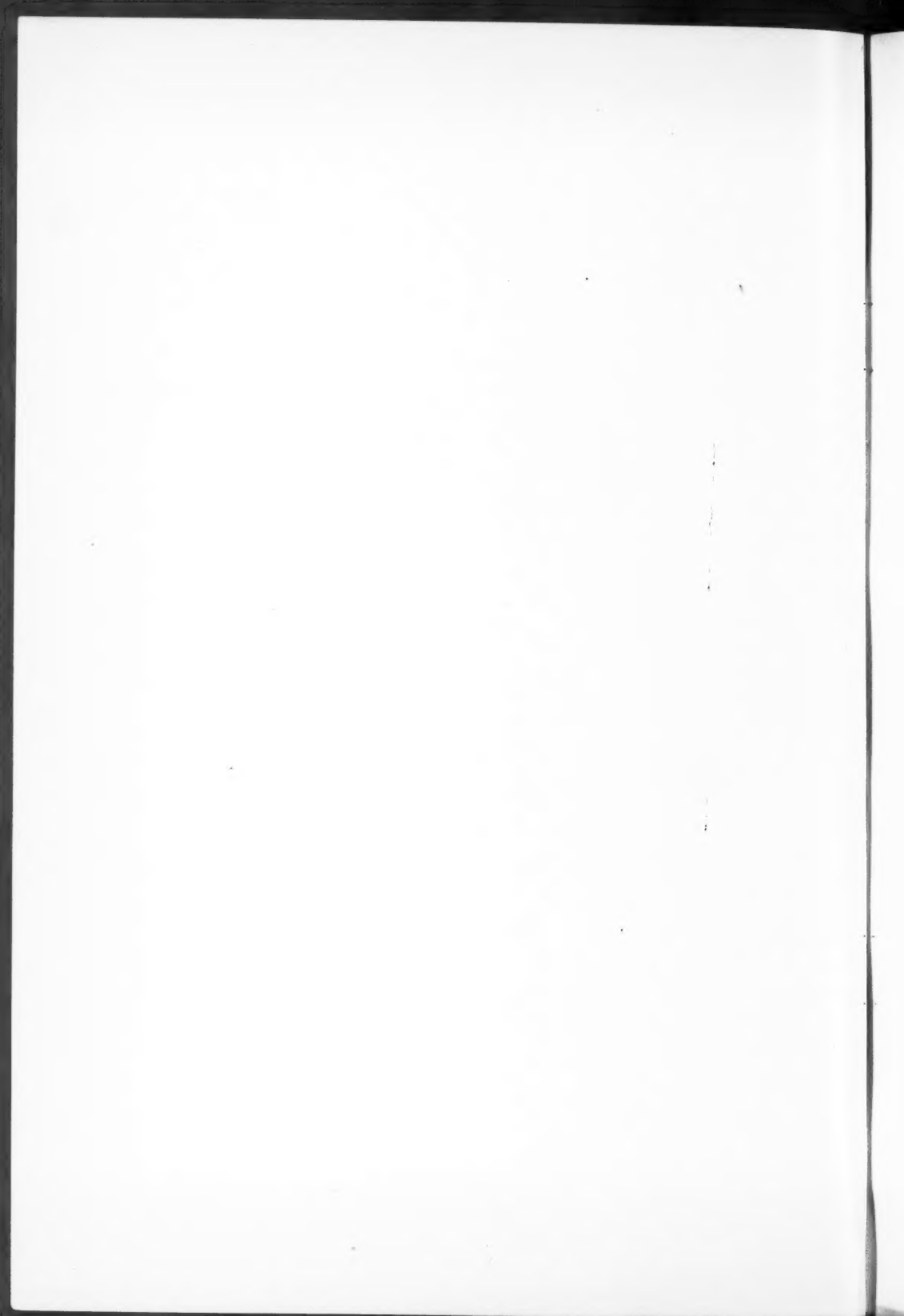
The lion-house is particularly designed for the monarchs of the feline race, the especially large and impressive forms, such as the lion, the tiger, the leopard, the chetah, the puma, and the jaguar. The smaller cats are more appropriately housed in smaller buildings. There are altogether more than fifty species, large and small, all of which are usually placed in the single genus *Felis*, with the exception of the very aberrant chetah, or hunting leopard, which is distinguished by its extremely long limbs and the length of the dash it makes for its prey. The races differ far more widely than the dogs in their external coloring, as variously adapted to desert, forest, or jungle life; in their bodily form, according to their arboreal or terrestrial life; and in their temperament: but there is an astonishing uniformity in the structure of the skull, in the perfect mechanism of the few seizing, tearing, and cutting teeth, in the mode of hunting by stealthily concealed approach and a few bounds of flashing rapidity. The domestic cat going afield gives a perfect picture of the hunting methods which have been the terror of all the other members of the animal kingdom on every continent and in every zoölogical region of the globe, excepting the circumpolar, for nearly a million and a half years. Considered in this way, the lion-house is vastly impressive as a world's congress of the large races of this single genus, whose mastery of the animal kingdom was undisputed until the advent of man.

Six splendid animals, Barbary and Nubian lions, including Sultan, Bedouin Maid, Hannibal, and Cleopatra, represent the great cat (*Felis leo*) of the African continent, while the animal master of Asia is represented by the Bengal tiger (*Felis tigris*) and the rarer Malay tiger. Parties are now searching for a pair of the finest of the tigers, the Siberian, described as lions in Marco Polo's journey in northern Asia. Between the domains of these monarchs, from the boundary land of Arabia and Persia, comes the chetah (*Cynelurus jubatus*). Manchuria is represented by the rare Manchurian leopard. This is the most northern form of the spotted leopards of Asia and Africa. Its black spots are so large and so frequently open in the center that they may well be described as



From a water-color drawing by Charles R. Knight

THE JAGUAR "LOPEZ"



rosettes. In coloring it is intermediate between the rosetted jaguar of tropical America and the spotted leopards of Africa—a very rare animal in captivity, the only other specimen being in the Berlin garden. The exquisitely beautiful clouded leopard (*Felis macrocelis*), a tree-dweller from the eastern Himalayas, made a brief residence. The sullen black leopard is in widest contrast to the brilliantly spotted African leopard (*Felis pardus*). North America is represented by the monocolored puma (*Felis concolor*) and South America by the grand jaguar Lopez (*Felis onca*).

The latest arrival at the lion-house is a fine specimen of the rare and beautiful snow-leopard, or ounce, which at home is the near neighbor of the argali and Marco Polo's sheep. It came by direct importation from Tibet, via Mongolia, in fulfillment of an order placed with Mr. Carl Hagenbeck eighteen months ago. So far as known, the two specimens at London and Berlin are the only others in captivity.

The snow-leopard is a picturesque creature. Both in form and size it resembles the puma, but its pelage is longer and much more beautiful. Its ground-color is dull white or Naples yellow, upon which are blended large rings and bands of dull brown. The tail is of great length, and so heavily furred it appears to be very large.

In perfect harmony with their colors, the black leopard has the most satanic temper of all felines, the snow-leopard the most angelic. Our specimen of the latter traveled the long journey from Tibet without worry or fretfulness, and finally walked out of its traveling-cage with the serene composure of a creature which feels that it has reached home.

It is when this animal is fed that its disposition is most strikingly displayed. Upon receiving the dead fowl that constitutes its daily ration, the ounce becomes as playful as a kitten with a live mouse. It bounds to the top of the rocks at the rear of its cage, tosses its food aloft, and leaps a yard high as it falls. Often it drops the fowl over the edge of the miniature cliff, and leaps after it, as if the food were alive and about to escape. This vigorous play sometimes continues for fifteen minutes, and in the course of it the ounce assumes, over and over, a score of attitudes that range all the way from the savage to the pic-

turesque. As a poseur this creature is unsurpassed.

Variation in temperament is as great as that of color. Some of these species, such as the black leopard, are absolutely intractable. There are almost equally marked differences in individuals. Among the lions the notoriously "hairy" Hannibal has proved a very fine model, partly by reason of his great amiability in facilitating transfers from his cage to the studio and back again. He promptly enters the shifting-cage and is taken to the studio, where he poses admirably; returning, he is back in his own cage in five minutes' time. With other lions the transfer is both difficult and dangerous.

The general expression of these animals toward spectators is of ennui, absolute indifference, or amused contempt. So far as we can judge, however, they are, on the whole, the happiest of all animals in captivity. Released from the struggle for food, fierce instincts become latent and the gentler sides of cat nature become patent—playfulness, humor, courtship, love of offspring, joy in family life.

The prolific trait of the domestic cat, certainly famous for breeding under the most adverse conditions, is another generic or universal character of *Felis*, and adds not only to the profits but vastly to the popular interest of feral cats in captivity. In the selection of our stock we were exceptionally fortunate in securing two pairs of fine breeders. The young lions which have been born and reared in the lion-house are developing wonderfully well, and bid fair to be as vigorous and physically perfect as if reared in their native wilds. One of the cubs, born December 1, 1902, when seven months old gave the following measurements: height at shoulder, 19½ inches; length of head and body, 38 inches; tail, 22¼ inches; girth behind shoulder, 24¾ inches; weight, 68 pounds; value \$250. Thus far not one imperfection has been found in either of the litters, embracing a total of eight animals.

No boys could show more zest in sport, more good nature in rough-and-tumble contests, more fun in practical joking, than these vigorous kittens. Cleopatra gave a beautiful example of maternal solicitude through the first few weeks of the infancy of her litter. We recall especially the curious toddling of some of the youngsters out

of their sleeping-dens to stare at the visitors, and the skill and patience with which Cleopatra lifted them between her fangs and carried them out of sight. Later in the spring the five lusty kittens of the other lioness, Bedouin Maid, of the finest leonine strain, came to the weaning period, and were daily separated until late in the afternoon, when the reëntrance of the mother was always the occasion of a great frolic. The royal Bengal tigers, although full-grown, are equally good sports, playing like kittens with their keeper and with each other until about feeding-time, when their whole attitude and bearing toward each other changes, the hunger association having aroused the latent cat ferocity. The Malayan tiger Princeton has a very marked fancy for one of its keepers and an equally strong dislike for the other. This dislike was conceived for a previous keeper whom the present keeper remotely resembles. The murderous behavior of the mild-mannered jaguar Lopez, pictured by Mr. Knight, is another illustration of the latent "carnivore." This animal was

secured in the interior of Paraguay and generously presented to us by Mr. William Mill Butler of Philadelphia. After the jaguar had shown six months of exemplary behavior, a mate was imported for him from Germany. The two were placed in closely adjoining cages, and as they had apparently developed the most amicable terms, it was deemed safe to open the netting. The female unsuspectingly entered, whereupon instantly Lopez's whole demeanor changed. With a savage growl he sprang upon her, crushing her neck in his jaws, and carrying her as a cat does a kitten across the cage.

Such tragedies are rare. In general these animals are certainly enjoying life. This impression of their content, the opportunity of watching their individual traits at close range, the esthetic enjoyment of their splendid coloring and majestic form, the cosmopolitan membership of the hall, the imagination dwelling on the great part these captives have played in the history of the world—these are the chief charms of a well-designed and a well-ordered lion-house.



THE DEATH OF LOVE

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

THE joys of life, the myths that poets made
Of sunflowers, rainbows, and the sighing reeds,
Left empty hearts and longing of Love's needs,
Which only by Love's essence could be stayed;

Who held a great desire—young man or maid,
Tyrant or slave—knew not the Love that feeds
Among the lilies,—Passion burnt the meads
That had no lucent dew or waving shade:

Then Love came down, Son of the God on high;—
For God alone the awful gulf of woe,
Despair, and sin could, in his pity, span;
He took our world into his heart, to die
Before his Father's face, that he might show
How Love may live for man and as a man.

THE MISSING EXEQUATUR

BY BENJAMIN H. RIDGELY

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



THE little Spanish train, puffing through the cork woods, puffing through the gorges, puffing through the vegas and the lemon-groves, had labored all the livelong day, and had achieved just one hundred and sixty miles. It had also achieved the distinction of delivering the Hon. Reuben Berry of Lackawana, Posey County, Minnesota, at his new post of duty. It would be quite unnecessary for the purpose of this story to introduce the little railway-train, except for the fact that as a faithful chronicler of the event I feel it my duty to show how the new American consul to Bella Vista reached the scene of his labors. I feel pretty certain that Colonel Berry's admirers in Posey County had spoken their farewells at the Lackawana railway-station firm in the belief that the colonel would arrive at Bella Vista in a special train, gaily decorated with bunting and eagle-birds, and that the provincial government would meet him at the depot in a body, accompanied by a brass-band and other elements of enthusiasm.

As a matter of fact, when Colonel Berry alighted from the train, he met nobody, and nobody met him; and even if somebody had, music, oratory, and conversation would have been quite out of the question, as the colonel knew no word of the language, and was quite lost and dazed in his new surroundings. All he knew was that he was going to "put up" at the Fonda

Cervantes. This he had learned from his guide-book, and so when he found lurking at the *sortie* a swarthy person wearing a greasy cap and shrieking "Cervantes" in strident tones, he went straight up to him and asked him if he spoke English.

"Spick Angleech? You get in the *coche*. The hotel he spick Angleech ver' mouch. *Sabe?*"

This was the new consul's enthusiastic reception.

Colonel Reuben Berry was a man of sixty, a tall, hale man with a frank, friendly, honest face and big, gentle blue eyes. There was in his every look and movement the very breath of the rural West. He wore a rather short, double-breasted broadcloth frock-coat, with waistcoat and trousers to match, a black shoe-string cravat dripping off a celluloid collar, a high hat, and lemon-colored kid gloves. He also carried a gold-headed cane which the "Lackawana News" said had been presented to him by the Posey County Garfield Club upon his departure for his new post of duty, and incidentally the "News" had vouchsafed that the "genial colonel" would prove himself an ornament to the "diplomatic service" in any emergency that might arise. I fear, however, that the "ornament" did not impress the landlord of the Fonda Cervantes as being a very important diplomatist, for, in spite of the fact that he dealt out his official visiting-cards with great prodigality to the proprietor, the concierge, and the head waiter, even courteously asking the chambermaid to "take one, please," he bargained very closely for a rate of eight pesetas a day, and was willing to take a room up under the roof, with a view on the adjoining livery-stable. From a diplomatic stand-

point this was not at all ornamental; but Colonel Reuben Berry was a plain man of small means, and had no thought of "putting on any flimflams" in a foreign country. What he wanted was the two-thousand-dollar-a-year salary and fees that the consulate was supposed to yield. He had also cherished some day-dreams of acquiring the language.

"I'll soon pick it up," he had said with a reassuring smile to his friends at home, just as if the Spanish idiom would be found lying about in the streets waiting to be garnered.

As a matter of fact, the consul had been struggling for several days with a Spanish glossary, and immediately after his arrival he had made a mighty effort to get some hot water for shaving. The result was a basket of grapes, and he at once reached the conclusion that there was a difference between picking up a language and picking up ripe apples.

The colonel scandalized the domestic management of the Fonda Cervantes the next morning by being up and about at seven o'clock. He told the bullet-headed brute of a concierge, whom he courteously addressed as "seen-yer," that he had the habit of doing his own marketing at home, and that he "never could sleep after six o'clock, nohow," whereupon the brute, who knew just enough English to catch the word "marketing," called a cab and sent the colonel off beyond the *barrios*, two miles away, to the fish-market.

During this little enforced outing, Colonel Berry cheerfully undertook to hold a conversation with the coachman, whom he addressed as "George," just as he always addressed cabmen and hotel waiters at home.

"I guess you don't speak English, do you, George?" he asked smilingly.

"Hace buen tiempo, no es verdad," answered the puzzled *cochero*, also smiling sweetly.

"How?" whanged the colonel, placing his hand to his ear, with a look of perplexity on his good-humored face.

"Si, señor," smiled the cabby.

"Well, I'll be danged!" said Colonel Berry, with emphasis, and the tête-à-tête came to a sudden conclusion.

The colonel spent the next two hours in a turbulent effort to make "George" take him back to the hotel, and finally succeeded.

Then he got the ear of the bullet-headed concierge once more, and asked him if he would kindly request "George" to drive him to the office of the American consul. I am pained to say incidentally that the colonel pronounced it "council," and thereby caused the concierge some confusion; but in the end he succeeded in explaining what he meant, and finally reached his destination.

In a certain street in Bella Vista there is, or used to be, a livery-stable; over the livery-stable there are two little rooms. It was here that the new "council" found the old "council." Two miserable little rooms they were, forsooth. Colonel Berry had thought expectantly of the "councilate" as a thing of marble staircases, spacious corridors, grand "saloons," and high ceilings. He had expected to find life-size paintings of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and James A. Garfield upon the marble walls, draped with American flags. He had thought of a stuffed eagle perched over the consul's desk, with wings extended, ready to scream with patriotic defiance at any approaching foe or other intruder upon the sacred territory of the "councilate." He himself patriotically carried a silk pocket-handkerchief in the design of his country's flag, and as he entered upon the scene this hot September morning, this handkerchief and a little metal flag pinned aggressively on the lapel of his coat were outward manifestations of the patriotic fires that were burning within his devoted bosom.

The mean appearance of the little consulate was a great shock to the colonel. He saw in the little front room a desk, a chair, a tottering bookcase, and a table on which was a shabby green cover frescoed with grease-spots and ink-stains. In the little back room he saw another table, a big square wooden one in the Early Modoc style of furniture peculiar to the wild West; at the table a big square wooden chair; in the chair a little square-headed, square-faced, square-shouldered, olive-colored youth with a big black mustache and shifty brown eyes: this was Don José Fernando Adolfo González Torero Guerro y Brown, the noble Festus who figured in the rôle of clerk to the consulate and drew the allowance of three hundred dollars a year. Don José was a product of Gibraltar, one of those interesting natives

who are designated as "rock-scorpions." The incumbent consul, Major Bland, familiarly called him "Scorpy." Nor need I add that he was a knavish youth with an eye to the main chance.

The clerk's table, the clerk's chair, the clerk's wash-basin in the corner, and a second rickety old bookcase which held the so-called "library of the consulate," constituted all the furniture of this second room. Alas! there were no portraits of the great Presidents, no proud eagle-birds of freedom in the attitude of shrieking, no other emblems of the prosperous patriotism which throbbed within the bosom of Colonel Reuben Berry! Everything was dusty, dirty, shabby, un-American, disappointing.

"Is the council in?" asked the colonel, rather sternly addressing Don José Fernando Adolfo González Torero Guerrero y Brown.

The rock-scorpion looked up insolently and answered in a voice strongly cockney in tone, but with that grotesque pronunciation of the English idiom that only Gibraltar produces:

"'E's not hin. 'E's hout."

Colonel Berry gazed upon the youth more sternly than before. He was beginning to feel that his importance had not been properly appreciated.

"Young man," he said in low, tragic tones, "do you know who I am? I'm the new council."

Guerra y Brown jumped as if he had been stung.

"Does Major Bland know you're comin'?" he asked in a hollow whisper. "I don't think 'e's 'eard nawthin' about hit."

Before Colonel Berry could answer this question, the door opened, and Major Bland himself appeared upon the scene.

The major was a bachelor, a gentleman of the old school, and a Southerner from somewhere down in Kentucky or Tennessee. At the accession of President Cleveland in 1885 a few old Confederate soldiers found their way into office. Major Charles R. Bland was one of them. The major was a weary-looking man of sixty-four, with the unmistakable air of a gentleman, in spite of the old-fashioned cut of his clothes, which might very well have been made in Nashville during the "wah."

"Good morning," said Colonel Berry, extending his hand cheerfully. "Are you the council?"

"I am the consul, sir," answered the major, with a winning smile. "Have a seat, sir."

The colonel planted himself in an old cane-bottomed chair.

"I'm afraid, council," he said directly, "that I have rather a disagreeable duty to perform."

The major's hand wandered involuntarily toward his hip pocket; his face grew hard; he looked as if he would resist arrest at any cost.

"I fail to understand you, sir," he rejoined with dignity. "Are you a deputy sheriff, sir?"

Colonel Berry looked injured.

"On the 16th of last month," he continued, with some embarrassment, "the President did Posey County the honor to appoint your humble servant council at Bella Vista."

The major looked relieved.

"Oh, Mr. Berry! Certainly. I have been expecting you, sir," he said gracefully. "My dear sir, you are welcome. It is the fortune of war. I'm glad to see you. Bella Vista has its charms, but I—well, sir, I am tired. The President has done me an unspeakable kindness, sir, in sending you out to relieve me. May I ask, sir,—excuse the question,—may I ask you if you have been vaccinated recently?"

"I have not," answered the colonel. "Is it necessary?"

"My immediate predecessor died of smallpox," rejoined the major, sadly. "His predecessor, I think, succumbed to cholera. Bella Vista is not a healthy place, sir. How many consuls are buried in the Protestant cemetery?" he asked, turning sharply to the rock-scorpion.

"Five," answered the scorpion, without a moment's hesitation, "and one in San Miguel."

"True," continued the major, reflectively; "that was Mr. Flannigan. He was a Catholic, you know. The poor fellow was killed in the earthquake of 1874. They found his body lying under that very table" (pointing to the table at which the scorpion sat). "Yes; upon the whole, sir, I think you had best be vaccinated. Smallpox is rather virulent just now. We also have some yellow fever."

"I will think about it," rejoined the colonel, rather uneasily.

In the course of the next hour's conver-

sation the new consul undertook to find out from the incumbent something of the nature and extent of the official duties that would soon devolve upon him. To tell the truth, Colonel Berry's contemplations in this direction had been rather uncertain. He had a vague idea that he would frequently be called upon to "protect" his fellow-countrymen, though just what sort of protection he would render had not yet occurred to him. Then, he had read in the State Department's printed volume of "Consular Instructions" that he would be expected to make reports at regular intervals on the commercial conditions prevailing in his district; but inasmuch as he knew nothing of the language, and could neither read the journals nor converse with the people, he was not yet sure how he would manage to prepare expert commercial reports, and he had an idea that he might not be equal to this branch of the work at all. The prospective official function that most appealed to the colonel was that of "protecting." He had more than once thought of himself in the rôle of a diplomatic avenging angel going boldly down to the governor's palace with the flag furled round his official person, sternly demanding justice and restitution in the name of the President and the people of the United States. As he contemplated this mission to-day, the thought occurred to him that it might not be a very successful operation unless he took the rock-scorpion along for interpreter.

"How long do you think it will take me to learn the duties of the office?" he asked Major Bland, uneasily.

"My dear sir," answered the major, softly, "that will depend entirely upon yourself. The duties here are rather varied. First of all, you have the invoices of exports to the United States to examine and certify. This requires a complete knowledge of market values and cost of production of each product, in order to prevent undervaluation. Then, you have to inspect and clear all vessels bound for the United States. I naturally presume that you have already taken a course in original and supplemental bills of health, the quarantine regulations, immigrant laws, and other matters of a maritime character; as to mutiny, bottomry, ship's survey, etc., all that requires special study. In regard to the certification of acknowledgments of all

sorts, it is only necessary to familiarize yourself with the statutes of each State and Territory in the Union relating to the notarial acts in foreign countries. This you can do by a careful study of Wharton's 'Digest,' Abbott's 'Forms,' Hubbell's 'Legal Directory,' and other similar authorities. I presume you will also undertake at once a course of the 'Revised Statutes' of the United States. This is imperative, in order to acquaint yourself with the rights of aliens in foreign lands. Passport applications, by the way, must be treated with great delicacy. This in itself requires a special study of the 'Revised Statutes' as well as of the various rulings of the State Department bearing on passports. You will also have regular quarterly accounts to make to the Department of State, as well as to the Treasury Department; but this is largely clerical, and you can depend upon the clerk to help you out with it. By the way, do you speak Spanish?"

"No," answered the colonel, with a sickly smile; "not a durned word."

The major smiled cheerfully.

"To tell you the truth, I am just beginning to speak it a little myself, and I have been here eight years. We adult Americans are not much at learning Latin languages, you know."

"I thought I might count upon the vice-consul to help me out in that line," ventured the colonel, rather feebly.

The major smiled sadly.

"Unfortunately, we have no vice-consul at present," he said. "The last one died three months ago of yellow fever; caught it while inspecting a ship from Naples to New York. I have since been unable to find anybody to take his place. By the way, are you married? In an emergency you might have your wife appointed vice-consul, you know."

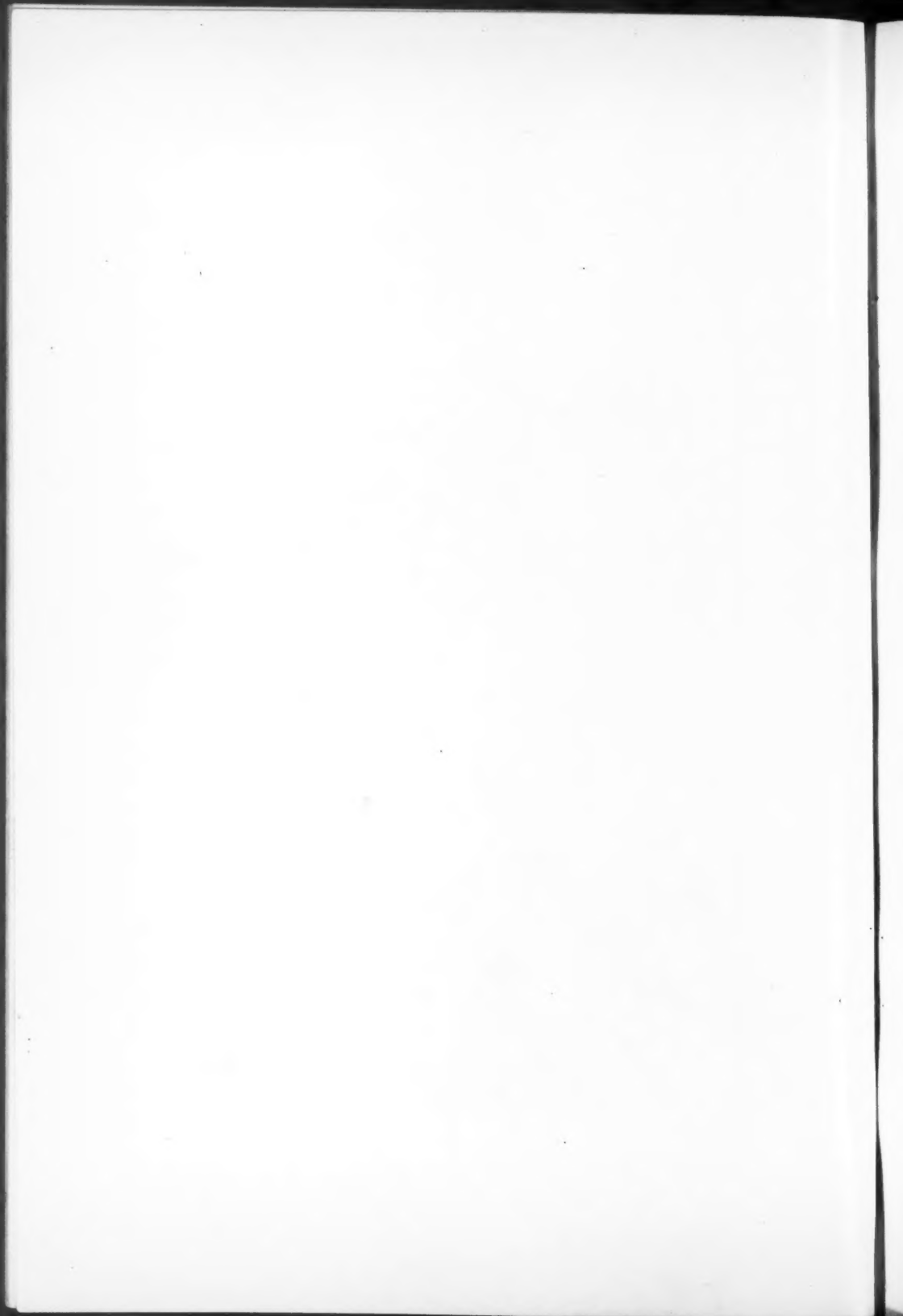
"I am not married," answered the colonel, rather sulkily, "and, if I were, my wife could n't speak Spanish."

The major smiled sympathetically, while over the countenance of the rock-scorpion there came a look of satisfaction that was almost diabolical. He felt now that he had the new consul safely in his toils.

Then the interrogatories of the new consul turned upon the emoluments of the office.

"The fixed salary, as you know," ob-





served the major, "is twelve hundred dollars a year. All the official fees go to the government, but there are about one hundred dollars a year of notarial fees for taking acknowledgments, etc. These are the consul's private perquisites. Then you have the consular agency at Malaria. This

The fact is that there was a great deal more work ahead than he had had any idea of, and the contemplation of this, together with his complete ignorance of the duties and the language, coupled with the news of the vice-consul's death, had served to depress the usually exuberant



"THE HOTEL HE SPICK ANGLEECH VER' MOUCH'"

is simply a branch of the consulate, and for supervising it you are entitled annually to half of the fees collected, and as the fees at Malaria nearly always reach two thousand dollars, you are pretty sure of getting your thousand a year out of it."

"What do they ship from Malaria to the United States?" asked the colonel, rather wearily.

"Lemons," answered the major; "nothing else."

If the new consul had had a better knowledge of the consular service, he would have asked the amiable major at what season of the year these lemons were exported, and when the fees were collected; but this very significant question did not occur to him.

old gentleman considerably; and telling the major that he felt tired and would see him the next day, he stalked off rather gloomily to his hotel, where, in view of his inability to exchange a word with any living soul except the busy landlord, who had no time to talk, he felt more than ever depressed and displeased with himself. His train of reflection was as follows: here he was about to take possession of an office involving the performance of important and delicate duties of varied character without the slightest knowledge of any of them; he could not speak a word of the language, and must therefore depend upon a half-breed clerk, who might be neither honest nor loyal; and, what was worse, he was about to supplant a well-trained and

competent officer, who, moreover, had appeared to him to be a very amiable gentleman. The colonel, above all else, was an honest and conscientious man; and as he thought the matter over calmly, he concluded that there was something wrong with the system that had sent a man so entirely unqualified as himself to take possession of an important official post in a far-away country under such circumstances.

How he wished himself back in a certain snug corner at the Blackburn House bar in Lackawana—back in "God's country," you know, with a rosy cocktail smiling in his face, and the last edition of the St. Paul "Despatch" before him. He even felt tempted to go straight home and resign; but he had made so many sacrifices of his private interests in order to accept the place that it seemed impracticable. So he concluded, instead, to blow out his wretched oil-lamp and go to bed.

He was at the consulate betimes the next morning, and received a cordial and friendly welcome from the major. The question of the colonel's formal entry upon the discharge of his duties was broached at once, and in a frank way, by the major himself.

"You are, of course, at liberty to take possession immediately," said the latter, ingenuously; "only, if you are willing, it would simplify the accounts if I were permitted to remain in charge until the end of the present quarter. Thus we would have no split accounts: I would finish with this quarter; you would begin with the new quarter on the 1st of October. In the meantime I would do what I could to teach you something of the work of the office."

The generous colonel readily agreed to the plan. True, it meant a loss to him of half a month's salary, but this, he thought, would be a small concession to make to one who had received him as kindly and graciously as the major had; and so he passed the next thirteen days among the books and papers of the consulate. He read chapter after chapter of the "Revised Statutes" without understanding the application of a single paragraph. He learned that the purpose of a certified invoice was to fix the market value of the "products in the country of origin":

And I the undersigned Consul of the United States do hereby certify that the person making the declaration hereto annexed is the person he represents himself to be and that the actual market value or wholesale price of the merchandise described in the said invoice in the principal markets of the Country at the time of exportation is correct and true; excepting as noted by me upon said invoice or respecting which I shall make special communication to the proper authorities.

How was he to know whether the market values were correct or not, when he could neither read the papers nor talk to the people? He became so familiar with the foregoing certificate that he found himself repeating it in his dreams. Original and supplemental bills of health, landing certificates, currency certificates, certificates of short shipments, rolled through the colonel's troubled brain, a heterogeneous panorama of official monstrosities. The thought of clearing a ship and preparing an original bill of health single-handed preyed upon him like a nightmare. The major would soon be leaving for the United States. Then what if the rock-scorpion should fall ill? What if the rock-scorpion should abandon him? Verily the cares of offices weigh heavily upon the uninitiated.

Twelve of the thirteen days had passed. It was the 30th of September—the last day of the quarter. The heavy-hearted colonel was finally to take over his official cargo on the morrow.

"Your first official act," said the amiable major, as they sat together in the dirty little consulate that dusty afternoon, "must be to notify the military and civil governors in writing that you have taken possession of the consulate, and that you await their pleasure to make your respects in person. You must also call personally on the twenty-two other consuls residing here, as well as upon the bishop, the captain of the port, and the alcalde. You have, of course, received your exequatur, indorsed by the civil governor, giving you permission to act."

"What exequatur?" asked the colonel, with a surprised look. "I know nothing about any exequatur."

Major Bland looked annoyed.

"Why, my dear sir," he said rather impatiently, "an exequatur is a consul's right hand. It is the official written recognition of the government to which he is accredited."

ited, giving him the right to exercise the functions of his office. In Spain it is a royal exequatur signed by the queen regent, and upon the strength of it the civil governor of the province recognizes him and accords him the right to act. If you have not received yours, it must be at the

he would also try to find the exequatur. A careful search failed to reveal any trace of that important document, however, and thereupon Major Bland stated the situation to the Señor Secretary, and asked what could be done. His successor was on hand, and wanted to take possession;



"WHAT EXEQUATUR?" ASKED THE COLONEL, WITH A SURPRISED LOOK

palace; without it you cannot take possession. We must go and see about it at once."

Shortly thereafter the two gentlemen were climbing up the broad stone stairs of the palace of the civil governor. They learned from a soft-eyed assistant secretary with whom Major Bland appeared to be on terms of intimacy, and whom he addressed as Pascual, that his Excellency Don José Tomás Alfonso Álvarez y López de la Montana, Marqués of Batata, Civil Governor of the Province of Bella Vista, had gone to the baths in Portugal, and would not be back for a month. His secretary, however, now acting governor for certain minor functions, would be glad to receive the visitors. This amiable gentleman assured them that the palace and all it held was at their disposition, and that

he himself had engaged his passage to the United States by a steamer sailing from Gibraltar on the 5th of October, and was anxious to leave. Even in the absence of the exequatur, would not the amiable Señor Secretary grant Colonel Berry leave to discharge the functions of his office under special permission until the missing document could be found? Don Alfonso pressed his hand upon his heart; it seemed as though tears were about to come into his soft brown eyes.

"Ha!" he answered, "what sorrow for me! Alas! I am but a mere *interino*, is it not so? I can but perform the humblest functions. The palace is yours. My own *casa particular*? *Por Dios!* you have but to enter and take possession. But to grant to the Señor Consul an authority so delicate—alas! that is not in my poor power.

International complications might ensue, is it not? *Pax vobiscum*, señores! *¡A Dios*, if you will tear yourselves away. Go ye with God!"

The two consuls went back to the consulate to discuss the awkward situation.

"Of course," said the major, "as much as it annoys me to stay on, I cannot deliberately abandon the consulate until you shall have qualified and taken possession. I must therefore wait. As to your exequatur, the thing to do now is to write or telegraph to our legation at Madrid and find out where it is. Exequaturs, you know, are granted upon the request of the minister, acting under instructions from the Department of State. The minister ought to know something about it."

Colonel Berry was beginning to grow impatient, and made haste to send the following telegram:

To his Excellency the U. S. Minister, Madrid:

Am here to take possession, but can find no trace of my exequatur. Please answer, if you know what disposition has been made of it.

Berry,
Appointed Consul.

Telegrams in Spain are slow, and it was not until two days later that the following answer came:

Exequatur granted September 10; mailed to his Excellency the civil governor of Bella Vista September 12. Must be in his possession.

Another visit to the governor's palace followed, and the result was quite the same. The broken-hearted secretary was still in charge, but could find no trace of the exequatur. Poor Colonel Berry felt fighting mad when he went back to the Fonda Cervantes that night, and he felt doubly mad because he was so helpless.

"By the gods!" he groaned, as he went perspiring to bed under a dilapidated mosquito-net, "I wish I had never heard of this infernal councilate! I wish I'd stayed at home and tried for deputy sheriff. That's what I wish, by the Lord Harry!"

The following day the colonel sat down and wrote a long letter to Minister Hemmick at Madrid, explaining the situation and asking for advice. Having done this, he resumed his study of the "Revised Statutes" at the hot and dirty little consulate, frequently asking questions of the

serene major and the rock-scorpion, both of whom, as a matter of fact, were very busy, for it was the vintage season and the crops were moving. The colonel saw many people coming and going at the consulate—clerks, merchants, steamship captains, all with papers to be signed. Fees rained into the office—ten-real pieces, silver pesos, twenty-five- and fifty-peseta bank-notes, a perfect epidemic of depreciated currency. These were all government fees, as Major Bland regretfully observed; the consul had no personal share in them. Somehow or other, it had not occurred to the colonel to ask what his agency at Malaria was doing in the midst of all this rush of business. Those were the fees in which the consul did have an interest, and if Colonel Berry had kept his eyes about him, he would have found that great packages of invoices were coming in every day from Malaria; each invoice meant a dollar and twenty-five cents to the private purse of the consul in charge at Bella Vista, and of course these fees were pocketed by the amiable major. Naturally that velvet-voiced gentleman was willing enough to hold on to the consulate while the fees were coming in. Yet, strangely enough, the colonel gave no thought to Malaria.

So the hot autumnal days passed. The colonel was learning nothing of the language. And, indeed, who could learn a foreign language in a month? But he stuck to the "Revised Statutes" until his head ached and his feet grew heavy, and he began to think he was developing symptoms of smallpox. He found little in Bella Vista to interest him in the midst of his trials. There was one spot, however, that had a marked fascination for him: this was the poor little Protestant cemetery, a green inclosure in the dusty Calle de Lerjas, hard by the end of the old mole. Here many a poor sailorman, dying far away from home and friends, had been laid to rest. All the great marine nations were represented among the graves in that forlorn little city of the dead. Some American consuls slept there, too, under the straggling, sunburnt greensward—not five, as the scorpion had falsely stated, but three. The colonel was a gentle-hearted man. He fell into the habit of going to the little burying-ground, walking all the way out in a linen duster under a green cotton

sunshade. Often he strewed the graves with flowers. I doubt if the brilliant and amiable Major Bland was ever moved by the same sympathetic impulse. But let us do the major no injustice. He was at least an amiable gentleman of the old school, was he not?

After waiting the cumbersome process

at Madrid were sure it had been duly delivered at Bella Vista. The minister added that of course another exequatur could be secured, but he would prefer not to submit the matter until the governor of Bella Vista himself had been heard from.

Colonel Reuben Berry, the consul without a consulate, began to grow weary and



"HE FELL INTO THE HABIT OF GOING TO THE LITTLE BURYING-GROUND"

of the slow Spanish post for seven days, there finally came to the colonel an answer from Minister Hemmick, to the effect that his exequatur had been duly mailed to the governor as stated in the telegram, and with it a note requesting his Excellency to countersign it and transmit it to the consul. The minister further stated that, much to his regret, the document had not been registered, but the postal authorities

thin; the dull light of neurasthenia dwelt in his gentle blue eyes. Visit followed visit to the dingy governor's palace, but there was still no news of the missing exequatur, in spite of the sorrow of the amiable secretary, whose heart continued to break regularly every time the two consuls called. To do him justice, the Señor Secretario really did feel great sympathy for our poor colonel, and manifested it plainly and

cordially, while that knave of a Pascual, the so-called under-secretary, seemed so touched and pained by the colonel's trouble that he actually wept when he told of his frequent searches for the *exequatur*.

Four weeks had slipped away—four weary weeks for the new consul, prosperous ones for the incumbent, who continued every day to "rake in" the fees from the agency at Malaria—fees that would now soon be all collected and snugly pocketed by this very ingenuous and amiable Major Bland, to the complete exclusion of the new consul.

It was the 21st of October, the hottest and dustiest season of the year in sunburnt Andalusia. Colonel Berry, heartsick, lonely, disappointed, had spent the morning wandering sadly about the streets under his big green parasol, and had finally lunched on a hard-boiled egg and a scrap of bread in the shade of a palm-tree in the little Protestant cemetery. It had been a particularly depressing day for the solitary old man, and as he left the dusty graveyard that afternoon, wearily to beat his way back under the incandescent sun to the shabby Alameda, he felt an unusual and crushing sense of his unutterable loneliness. He saw no familiar face along all the dust-beaten wayside; he heard no voice he had ever heard before. People went trooping past in every direction, eying him curiously; dark-eyed girls with roses in their hair looked up into his face and laughed mischievously under his weird old sunshade, and he knew they were poking fun at him as they went clattering away, but he could say no word in return. He could not even order back the persistent little beggars who hurled themselves upon him at every shady spot, literally running between his legs as they besieged him with their shrill supplications for bread. He stopped once, and drew forth the star-spangled pocket-handkerchief to dry his perspiring brow. Fifty of the little beggars had surrounded him in an instant, shrieking their prayers for *pan*.

The colonel looked down upon them sadly and reproachfully.

"You little devil," he said to the smallest one in the pack, "if you could teach me just twenty words of your language, I'd buy you a whole dinged bake-shop."

Then he spread out his sunshade again, scattered a few centimos in the dust to clear

his heels of the adolescent lazzaroni, and strode sternly on his way.

"The boys at home would be proud of me if they could see what a dinged fine council I am," he said grimly to himself as he plodded on toward the Alameda.

Then his thoughts carried him trooping back to a cozy corner in the Blackburn House sitting-room, where he felt pretty sure that Bill Stitt, Bud Jones, Warren Green, and a dozen other old friends were just at this moment gathered about a certain big round table discussing the last edition of the Lackawana "News," with an occasional and judicious intermission for the passage of the "boy" from the bar with liquid refreshments.

"I am the biggest fool that Posey County ever produced," he said softly to himself. "I am green enough to be mistaken for an ambulating corner lot, and taxed for real estate. Think of leaving home and friends, and a sure thing for any nomination I wanted at the next county convention, to come over here and live among these Dagos, where I don't know even enough of the language to buy a five-cent cigar. Yes," continued the colonel, abstractedly, as he lost himself in the realms of contemplation and turned to respond to an imaginary toast; "yes, boys, I am the council of the United States at Bella Vista, and I am about the hottest thing in the way of a council that ever came down the pike."

At this moment he bumped into no less a person than Major Charles Bland, who, looking refreshingly cool in a suit of white duck, had just stepped out from a shady spot behind the statue of Zorrilla.

"I was just on my way to the council-ate," said the colonel, as the major extended his hand. "I wanted to ask you if you have heard anything of that con-founded *exequaytur* yet."

In this connection it should be stated that the colonel had had considerable difficulty at the outset in achieving even an approximate pronunciation of the word "*exequatur*." In the beginning he had insisted upon pronouncing it "*equatur*," and it was only when the major had thoughtfully written the word down for him that he had finally wrought it into "*exequaytur*."

"I guess it has n't come yet," he added rather peevishly.

"I regret to say I have heard abso-

lutely nothing of it," answered the major; "but it will come," he added sympathetically. "Things go slowly in Spain, you know."

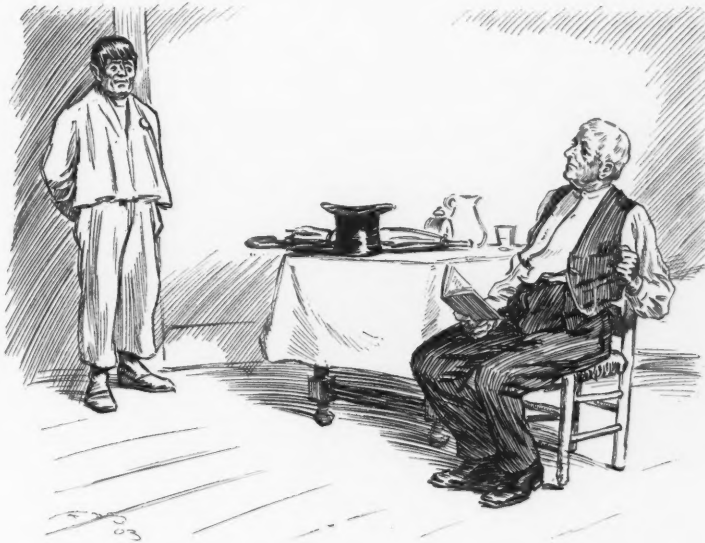
"Do they?" rejoined the colonel, with a certain touch of irony in his voice. "I guess that don't apply to your mosquitos, and I want to say that there are some animals in my bed at the hotel that can beat Pinkerton detectives for running and hid-

over the pronunciation of the word 'consul'? It is not 'council,' as you say, but 'consul.'"

"Is that the way they pronounce it down in Kentucky?" responded the colonel.

"Naturally," rejoined the major.

"Well," returned the colonel, with a sort of satisfied gleam in his tired eye, "up in Minnesota we say 'council.' We don't like your provincial Southern pronunciation";



"MANUEL, . . . DO YOU KNOW WHAT A COCKTAIL IS?"

ing. The fleas ain't so slow, either," he added as he went down with a professional slap after the insect that had just left its mark on his leg. "The fact is, I can't exactly say, upon the whole, that Bella Vista cuts much ice, in my estimation, as the site for a popular paradise. It's more like hell, if I'm any judge of localities"; and the colonel, smiling grimly, made a spasmodic pass at a mosquito with one hand, while he extended the other to the major.

"Good afternoon, council," he said wearily. "I'll try and get around to the councilate to-morrow."

The major warmly returned his handshake, and as the colonel started away he stopped him for a moment.

"Colonel," he said softly, "do you remember we had a discussion the other day

and with a defiant swipe of the patriotic pocket-handkerchief, he strode off toward his hotel.

On the way his thoughts again turned across the sea to the Blackburn House.

"The boys would be just about taking a drink now," he said softly to himself, as the big clock in the cathedral struck six.

Then an idea came to him.

"I wonder if I could n't get those Dagos at the hotel to rig me up a cocktail," he said yearningly.

The more he thought of this bibulous enterprise, the more it appealed to him, and, increasing his pace, he arrived quickly at the Fonda Cervantes.

Manuel, the head waiter, was the only creature in the hotel with whom the colonel ever undertook to hold a conversation. Manuel had acquired a sort of opaque

understanding of a few words of English, which he invariably used whenever the colonel came within range, without the slightest respect to their significance.

"Manuel," the colonel would say, "could you manage to have a mosquito-net rigged up in my room to-night?"

"Yes, no, thank you very much, good morning," Manuel would answer beamingly.

"The mosquitos in Bella Vista are simply awful, Manuel," the colonel would continue.

"Yes, no, you take tea or coffee this morning, thank you very much, good morning," Manuel would answer.

On the hot October day of which I write, the colonel found Manuel at the door of the fonda.

"Manuel," he said, "come up to my room."

"Thank you very much," answered Manuel, cheerfully.

The colonel took him by his arm and pointed up-stairs.

"Come—to—my—room," he said in low, tragic tones.

Manuel understood, and obeyed gravely.

"Manuel," said the colonel, as he produced his Spanish-English dictionary and sat down in a businesslike way at the table, "do you know what a cocktail is?"

"Thank you very much, it is a hot day," answered Manuel, cheerfully.

"Yes, Manuel," rejoined the colonel; "I know it is a hot day. That is exactly why I want a cold cocktail. Now, Manuel, listen," he continued earnestly. "You have ice in the hotel."

"Ha!" cried Manuel, "*hielo*. Si, señor; we do possess it. Thank you."

The colonel turned to his dictionary and found the word "bitters," with its Spanish equivalent.

"You also have bitters, Manuel?" he said.

Manuel's chest expanded as he recognized the word.

"Thank you," he said gravely. "We possess him—two *botellas*. Good morning."

"You also have whisky, Manuel," continued the colonel. "I know it, because I saw the Englishman who came last night from Gibraltar drinking it at dinner with Seltzer water."

"Wheesky?" repeated Manuel, proudly,

as he recognized another word. "We possess her. Thank you very much. Yes."

"Manuel," continued the colonel, speaking hopefully and deliberately, "bring me ice, bring me bitters, bring me sugar, bring me whisky, bring me a lemon. I am going to make a cocktail, Manuel."

But he had gone too far. Manuel was lost.

"Thank you, yes," he said gravely. "You take tea or coffee? Good morning."

The colonel began patiently, and said it all over again.

Manuel was deeply interested.

"The cock's tail," he repeated. "Thank you, yes. I know not."

"Look," said the colonel; and taking a bit of paper and a pencil, he hastily sketched a large and triumphant rooster.

"This, Manuel," he said, "is a cock; and this"—indicating with his finger—"is the tail of the cock. Now do you understand? The drink I am going to make is a cocktail—a *cocktail*, Manuel. You have certainly heard of a cocktail at Gibraltar."

"Ha," cried Manuel, suddenly becoming engulfed in a great gleam of intelligence, "it is easy. We possess him. I bring. Thank you very much. Good morning." And he disappeared with dignity down the staircase.

The colonel smiled thirstily.

"I'll make a snifter," he said to himself, encouragingly, "and I'll make it strong enough to bite."

He waited ten minutes, and then he heard the welcome footfall of Manuel returning.

"I hope he has n't forgotten the lemon," murmured the colonel, contemplatively.

The door opened and Manuel entered.

"Here," he said gravely; "I possess him—the cock's tail"; and with an expression of radiant satisfaction he triumphantly deposited on the table an old feather duster!

Colonel Reuben Berry understood precisely three words of Spanish, *si*, *no*, and *anda*, which means "go."

He arose majestically and pointed to the door.

"Anda, Manuel!" he said sternly. "You are a dinged fool."

"Thank you very much," said Manuel, with dignity. "You take tea or coffee? Yes, no, good morning." And he gravely withdrew.

THE colonel sank down in his chair, buried his face in his hands, and sat for half an hour without stirring.

"I ask for a cocktail," he said hopelessly, "and I get a feather duster. It is a wonder the dinged fool had n't brought me a ticket to the cock-fight."

Then all at once he sprang to his feet. For the first time since his arrival in Bella Vista, an expression of genuine satisfaction appeared upon his face. His eye sparkled, his face flushed. He was again a happy man.

"By jingo!" he said. "I ought to have done it a month ago."

Whereupon he pulled his trunk out into the middle of the room, and began to pitch his clothing and personal effects into it. In an hour he was packed; not even a collar-button was left to tell the story of his prolonged sojourn in *cuarto* No. 16 of the fourth *piso*.

"Thank God," he said grimly, "I don't have to ask nobody what time the six-o'clock train leaves for Gibraltar to-morrow morning." Then he sat down at the

table, drew forth his beloved fountain-pen, and this is what he wrote:

Bella Vista, October 21, 189-

Major Charles Bland,

U. S. Consul, Bella Vista.

DEAR SIR: If that exequatur of mine happens to turn up, just please send it back to the queen, with my compliments. You can also keep your dinged old consulate. I am going back home and run for coroner.

Yours respectfully,

R. Berry.

"Scorpy," said Major Bland to his amiable secretary, when Colonel Berry's note reached him at the consulate the next morning, "you can step over to the palace this afternoon and tell Pascual he need n't hold that exequatur up any longer. Tell him also I 'll give him his share of the Malaria agency fees next week."

"What we Americans need," observed the major, as he placidly lighted his cigarette a few moments later, "is a trained and educated consular service composed of cultivated gentlemen who know their business."



GIVE ME NOT TOO MUCH FINISH

BY EVELYN PHINNEY

GIVE me not too much finish. Let me be
To cold perfection strange, if so I must
Refine away the ardor of the soul
And catch the plague of wordy nothingness.
Let me not learn the trick of cunning terms,
That in a careful anguish mince along,
If so I place a barrier to truth,
Or bate the springs of natural eloquence.

There is a primal fury of the mind,
A rich despair, an all-consuming fire,
Won out of knowledge and of vital force,
Born of the heavens and of solitudes:
That let me keep for language with my kind,
For bridge from them of thee, Almighty Love,
O'er the stupendous gulfs of whirling thought;
Nor sell it for the pottage of fine tongues.



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"‘DON'T THINK,’ HE SAID, ‘THAT I FAIL TO SYMPATHIZE WITH YOUR HOPES AND AIMS!’”

FOUR ROADS TO PARADISE

BY MAUD WILDER GOODWIN

Author of "Sir Christopher," "White Aprons," "Flint," "The Head of a Hundred," etc.

PROLOGUE

"Four men," says the Talmud, "entered paradise: one beheld and died, one lost his senses, one destroyed the young plants, one only entered in peace."

I

A MODERN KNIGHT OF THE GRAIL

"The way is long, my children, long and rough,
The moors are dreary, and the woods are dark;
But he that creeps from cradle on to grave,
Unskilled save in the velvet course of fortune,
Hath missed the discipline of noble hearts."



GENTLEMAN to see me?
A *gentleman*, did you say, Parkins?"

"Y-yes, sir. That is, he looked to be—one of the clergy, I think, sir."

"Did he give you his name?"

"No, sir. He said you'd not know him."

"Show him up."

The black-beetle butler closed the door, and the Bishop reluctantly pushed aside a pile of manuscript on which he had been working. It was irritating to be interrupted at the climax of a peroration; but the thread of continuance once broken, there was no use in resuming work till the interruption was disposed of finally. Therefore the Bishop deliberately uncoiled his attention. First he fixed his eyes upon the ring on his finger, then he took a leisurely look up and down the avenue which ran before his window as straight and uninteresting as a strip of tape. Finally he turned his gaze on the flame of gas which leaped and fluttered from the artificial log in the fireplace. It was seldom that he allowed himself to look at that log, which was an offense to his esthetic eye, and

was tolerated only for its unquestioned convenience.

Bishop Alston's mien and bearing suggested not so much the army of the Lord as His diplomatic service. Nature and time had drawn their tonsure round the Bishop's crown, and a silver fringe fell over his forehead. The eyes beneath looked out small and gray from between narrowed eyelids; but their sharpness was mitigated by benevolent crow's-feet at the corners of the lids. The ears, bent slightly forward, were adapted to catching secrets, and the close-shut mouth to keeping guard over them. The figure was wide at the waist, to the point of straining the waistcoat buttons, and told of one not unfamiliar with flesh-pots.

"Come in!"

This in answer to a second knock, for the Bishop's thoughts had wandered too far afield to respond to the first summons from the outer world.

In answer to the call, Parkins ushered in a young man who stood crushing his soft hat nervously, evidently hesitating on the threshold, in spite of the invitation to enter.

The Bishop rose, looked at the newcomer from over his gold-bowed spectacles, and repeated:

"Come in, Mr.—?"

"Walford—Stuart Walford."

There was a slight pause in which the Bishop strove to classify the name in order to fit it with social urbanity or episcopal

benevolence. Evidently he decided on the latter, for there was a jingle of Peter's keys in his voice as he responded:

"And how can I be of service to you?"

"By your counsel, Bishop. I have no personal claim to urge as an excuse for taking up your valuable time; but my grandfather, Archibald Stuart—" Here he drew out a note of introduction, which Bishop Alston took to the window and read.

"Ah!" murmured the Bishop, adding a shade of warmth to his manner as he felt the social clue drop into his fingers. "So Archibald Stuart is your grandfather! We were boys together in the Old Dominion. I knew him well, and liked him as well as I knew him; but in some way we managed to lose each other: people are so easily lost here at the West—a dip in the prairie, and they are gone from sight for years. Archie Stuart a grandfather! How time flies! But reminiscence makes us old fellows tedious. Your grandfather's name is a talisman. Let me ask you again how I can serve you, and of what counsel you stand in need."

"I want to consult you about a course of action that I have set my heart on."

"Is it advice or approval that you wish?"

The youth winced, and the Bishop noted it.

"Pardon me, Mr. er-er—Mr. Walford—"

Bishop Alston spoke with that hesitating "er" which Providence bestows on dignitaries to enable them to deliberate without a full stop: "Pardon me, but we shall get on faster if you tell me quite frankly at the outset whether you have definitely resolved to carry out this course of which you speak, or whether you really intend to be swayed by my possible disapproval."

"I think it is your consecration more than your approval I am seeking." Unconsciously the young man fingered a black cross hanging above the clerical waistcoat. "I desire," he rushed on breathlessly, "to dedicate my life to the service of the lepers at Molokai. Damien is dead. There is need of more workers like him."

"Yes," said the Bishop, with barely perceptible emphasis, "more workers like him."

"But why should not the Anglican Church send forth men as brave as he—as willing to renounce self and follow the cross?"

"Self-love," said the Bishop, "has many forms. One of them is altruism."

Walford bit his lip.

"Oh," he cried impatiently, "do not trifle with me! It may be that I am unworthy; but go I must. By day and by night I can see nothing but those poor devils, dying there by inches, shut in by a precipice on one side and the sea on the other. In a beautiful spot? Yes, but what, in God's name, can that matter to them, cooped up, driven from all human companionship, forgotten by their friends, living in a dull loathing of one another! Would it not be a glorious mission to carry even a gleam of light and hope to these outcasts, and, if one must die a leper, to die a martyr too, and a martyr to such a cause?"

The Bishop answered nothing. He was not following Walford's impassioned plea very closely; rather he was looking at the flashing eyes and flaming cheeks before him, and thinking of the pitiful waste in giving up such a manhood to be a prey to loathsome disease. The words of the old prophet rose to his mind: "Weep ye not for the dead . . . : but weep sore for him that goeth away; for he shall return no more, nor see his native country."

Inadvertently his thought found its way to his lips:

"What a sacrifice!"

"A sacrifice? Yes; but one I am willing, nay, eager, to make. I have counted the cost."

"Where is your home?" was the Bishop's somewhat unexpected question.

"In Alkali."

"You have always lived there?"

"No; I was born at Painted Rock, Arizona, near the Gila River and the Maricopa Divide."

"You have traveled?"

"Twice a year from Alkali to Tucson, and of course back and forth from the seminary."

If the Bishop smiled it was imperceptible—a mere twitching of the muscles about the mouth, instantly suppressed.

"You know nothing of Europe, then—have never seen either Paris or London, eh?"

"Never."

"Nor even New York?"

"Nor even New York."

"Then—pardon me, but you have *not*

counted the cost. You are willing to give up a life which you have never lived, that is, never tasted in its plenitude and power. You have lived among your inferiors: I am not a clairvoyant, but I can read your face, and I know the town where you live. All your spiritual nourishment is drawn from books. Of men, men as good as you morally, better than you intellectually, you know nothing."

"Do I need to know more than Jesus Christ, and him crucified?"

Walford's eye kindled as though some presence were palpable before him.

The Bishop temporized.

"Archie Stuart's grandson!" he exclaimed, as if memory had drifted in like a fog, obscuring the present crisis.

The visitor tapped on the under side of the chair with restless finger-ends. At last he burst out afresh: "I am ready to give myself wholly, utterly to the Master's service. Can I do more?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"By having more to give."

"I—I don't think I understand you."

"Perhaps not. What I mean is this: You owe it to God to be first of all as much of a man as it lies in you to be, and after that to consecrate your full powers to the highest good as you see the highest good. You cannot tell—no man of twenty-five or less can tell where his mission lies, and many bring discredit on the Master's service by setting themselves tasks beyond their strength, and failing ignominiously where they might have carried through a smaller undertaking, if they had but gaged their powers rightly."

"Ah, it is my strength you doubt!"

"Pardon me again," answered the Bishop, in his gentle, first-aid-to-the-injured manner. "I know you so little I can in no wise estimate you individually; but I have known many young men of about your age, and never one whom I thought justified in making a momentous decision by which his whole after life must be bound."

"Yet young men marry."

"Aye, more's the pity—too young, most of them. But, after all, that falls in with nature's plan. You are working at cross-purposes with nature. Oh, I do not forget the noble army of martyrs, and St. Sebastian, with his boy's body pierced and bleeding. You would face martyrdom

stanchly—I read that in your eye; but what you purpose is something far harder—a renunciation of life and all that makes it worth while, not once for all, to awake in bliss to everlasting rewards, but day after day shut off from all the dear, familiar sights and sounds."

"Yet He has promised to be with those who go forth in his name—"

The Bishop looked keenly at the flushed cheek, and the broad brow from which the hair had been shaken in an impatient tangle. Twice he half stretched out the fingers of benediction; then he drew them back and laid his hand on a letter, the second in a pile at the end of his desk.

"Come," he said in his gentlest tones, "you know the Knights of the Grail served their novitiate before they were found worthy of the sacred quest. Now I ask of you a like period of probation. I have here a letter from a rector, a friend of mine at the East. He fills the pulpit of St. Simeon Stylites in New York, and he writes that he is overworked and is seeking an assistant. He wants a Western man, a man conspicuous in energy and organizing power, and asks if I can suggest any one. He speaks of haste. Here is your opportunity—will you go?"

The Bishop turned the ring on his finger as if, like Solomon's, it could compel the truth from him whose eyes fell upon it.

The young man stared first at the ring absently, then at the wearer keenly. He too was weighing motives.

"I will go," he said; "but first will you accept my vows?"

"No, no; you are neither strong enough nor weak enough for vows. Make what resolutions you choose."

"Resolutions! Ah, those *are* weak!"

"Only when they are weakly made. If hell is paved with resolutions, heaven is vaulted with them." This sentiment struck the Bishop as rather good, and while he was uttering it he determined to use it in his sermon. It might prove worth the interruption. "If," he continued, "at the end of eighteen months you are sure of yourself, come back, and I will receive your vows. More than that—I will help you forward on the glorious path which you have chosen."

Walford looked his gratitude. He could not trust himself to speak.

"Let me see," said the Bishop. "This is

November; how soon could you make your arrangements to start for New York?"

"To-morrow."

"Good! I like promptness. And have you any money for the journey?"

"I have enough for everything."

"Good again!"

The Bishop had begun to have a dawning fear that he might have rushed into too impulsive a confidence in this fiery young disciple. The sense of financial backing gave solidity to aspiration.

Walford rose.

"Sit down!" his superior commanded.

The young man did as he was bidden, and the Bishop drew out a sheet of note-paper.

"I am writing a letter of introduction," he explained cordially. "I would rather have you make your impression on Dr. Milner personally than through correspondence. If he appoints you, you will secure the rare privilege of living and working for a year or more by the side of a man who shows forth the beauty of holiness not only with his lips but in his life."

While the Bishop wrote, the young man looked about him with interest rather than approval. To the soul keyed to sacrifice, luxury is childishness, and Walford experienced a vague scorn of the soft blend of Persian rugs and tapestried walls. What right had men with baubles such as these when their fellows were suffering, agonizing, dying? Yet unconsciously his starved esthetic sense was being fed, and he found himself rested and refreshed.

Hitherto his sense of the beautiful had found vent in the enjoyment of nature alone. It had appeared to him a matter of course that the indoor world should be full of hideous shapes and crude colors. It seemed almost immoral that they should be otherwise; yet here—here he rose and walked to the book-shelves.

"Ah," exclaimed the Bishop, with more enthusiasm than he had yet shown, "you are looking at my books, eh?" And rising, he, too, crossed the room to the shelves and drew out a volume bound in blue levant. "Baxter's 'Saint's Rest,'" he explained, "bound by Rivière, and one of my treasures. See the delicacy of that tooling on the inner edge—alternate crosses and crowns—"

"Very appropriate," Walford assented; but the subject had little interest for him,

and he swiftly reverted to his old hostile attitude of mind—the protest of ethics against esthetics, a struggle nineteen hundred years old.

The Bishop was quick to feel the indifference of the younger man's manner. His books were his children, and he was hypersensitive as to their treatment. He turned to the table, hastily blotted and folded his note, and handed it to Walford, who perceived at once that the interview was ended.

"One thing more," the Bishop said. "I advise you for these coming eighteen months to put Molokai and its lepers wholly out of your mind. Look at this year as if it were the last of your life, and resolve to live it to the full. At the end of the time we have set, come back if you will, and then—then we'll talk of the future."

Bishop Alston, accompanying Walford to the door, laid his hands with kindly emphasis upon the youthful shoulders.

"Don't think," he said, "that I fail to sympathize with your hopes and aims! It is a great work that you have in view,—a noble work,—and I honor you from my heart for your purpose."

Walford bowed in silence, and the door closed after his retreating footsteps. The Bishop mused for some time with bent head, his elbows resting on the table, and his delicate fingers running through the thin fringe of silver hair.

The Bishop pulled toward him the half-finished sermon which had been thrust aside at the stranger's entrance and strove to pick up again the thread of his discourse; but it would not do. A real life-problem had come between him and the academic argument, and he could not get rid of its bulk and the shadow that it cast.

He acknowledged to himself that he had gone beyond his warrant in advising this young man on such short acquaintance. Would it not have been better, more in keeping with his office, to have received Walford's vows, to have encircled him with strengthening influences, to have sent him on his sacred errand of help and mercy, and followed him with blessing?

"No," said the Bishop, finally, aloud, as was often his wont in talking with himself; "he must prove all things before he can have strength to hold fast that which is good. I think I will write to Anne about

him. He has never known a woman like her. What will he think of Anne, I wonder? Will he ever come back?"

The Bishop meditated for a long time with folded arms and bent head. Then he drew out a fresh tablet of paper, and, after consulting his Testament, wrote at the head of the page:

"And he bearing his cross went forth (John xix. 17)."

Having written the text, he returned the paper to his drawer and turned the key. "There," he said; "some day I will write a sermon from that text—some day when I know what this man does with his life. Archie Stuart's grandson! Will he ever come back?"

"Parkins, turn off the gas from the log."

II

THE FOUR ROADS

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

WALFORD had been six months in New York, and already he measured his life by them. Memory declined to visualize the little Western town where he had spent two-and-twenty years of his youth, never questioning the wealth of its resources. Why should he have questioned it? There were streets upon streets of comfortable houses where the residents were supremely occupied in residing. There were new buildings constantly going up, more commodious and no uglier than their predecessors, and there was a steady growth of the census report, which brought swelling pride to the heart of every loyal citizen of Alkali.

As he looked back upon it all now, it was as if through a veil of the dust of the plains. The present alone had tangible reality. At twenty-five he felt that he had just begun to live.

New York "haunted him like a passion." He felt an intoxication in its very air, and he threw himself eagerly into each passing experience. He had visited every picture-gallery; he knew every orchestral program by heart; he had dined in rich men's palaces; he had heard great orators and felt the thrill of their speech. But, after all, there was nothing like the city streets. They had taught him more than all the

rest, and he was accustomed to walk up and down the great thoroughfares from Broadway to the Bowery, in a delighted absorption, studying the myriad types of men drifting around him.

On this Sunday morning he was on his way from church to keep a luncheon engagement at a club, and as he strolled up Fifth Avenue, unconsciously he caught the gaiety of the crowd which surged up and down in all colors of the rainbow, like a flight of butterflies sunning themselves in the soft spring air.

At a broad window of the club toward which Walford's steps were tending, two men sat in deep leather arm-chairs, viewing the scene beneath them with lazy enjoyment.

"How intensely alive it all is!" said one of the spectators, a tall man with thinly parted, colorless hair. "It gives me quite a qualm to think of tearing myself away from a show like this to go to a funeral."

"You going to a funeral this afternoon, Fleming? I wonder if it's mine."

"You don't look like it, Yates."

The speaker smiled as he watched the flushed face and stout figure opposite.

Yates wore a scarf-pin in the shape of a telephone mouthpiece, yet he had his good points.

"Oh," he explained, with superfluous exactness, "I did n't mean mine in that sense; I mean the one I'm going to—the services in memory of my uncle, Richard Blythe."

"Curious!" exclaimed a third man, dropping the newspaper which he had been reading, and drawing up his chair. "I am going there, too. I was Blythe's physician awhile ago, before I gave up practice."

Fleming chuckled.

"'Earth covers the doctor's errors,' Newton," he said.

"It would be a lucky thing for Blythe if it covered the errors of the patients," Newton answered, and then added, "I forgot that you said he was your uncle, Yates."

"Don't apologize! You can't hurt my feelings by any remarks. I'll tell you what I think when I've read the will."

"His will is in my box at the safe-deposit company," said Fleming, quietly. "I have told my clerk to send you a copy to-morrow."

Yates opened his eyes wide.
 "I did n't know you knew my uncle so
 well. Have you been his counsel long?"

"I have seen him somewhere, but I
 can't remember where."

"He 's the new assistant rector at St.



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"TO HIS OWN SURPRISE WALFORD HEARD HIMSELF ANSWERING: 'YES, YES,
 I DO SEE. I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY'"

"Ten years or so. Excuse me! I must
 look out for a guest who is coming—Mr.
 Walford. You know him, Newton?"

Simeon's. You have probably seen his
 picture in the Sunday papers, bracketed
 with Dr. Milner's, this morning. He 's an-

other recruit for the service this afternoon, and lunches with me here first. Blythe was a parishioner, you know."

As Fleming spoke, the other men turned their glance toward the slender, dark-eyed man who entered the room preceded by a uniformed bell-boy, and threaded his way among the groups of idlers. He looked about him inquiringly, until his search ended in Fleming, and he smiled illuminatingly as Fleming moved to meet him.

"That smile ought to be worth ten thousand a year to a clergyman," Newton said to Yates under his breath, rising to greet the newcomer.

"Dr. Newton, Mr. Walford—and Mr. Yates," said Fleming.

The men bowed: Yates like an American, as if conferring an honor, Newton like a European, as if receiving one.

"We were just speaking of the funeral this afternoon. We are all going—Dr. Newton was Mr. Blythe's physician and Mr. Yates is his nephew."

"Indeed!" said Walford, non-committally; then turning to Yates, "Your uncle was a liberal supporter of our church charities."

"A good advertisement, that giving to charities," Yates answered. "Uncle Richard never gave anything that people did not hear of, I guess."

"Oh, come, Yates," Fleming observed, "that's not fair play. There is always more than an even chance that the living are speaking ill of you, so that what you say of them is only give and take; but when their mouth is shut, yours ought to be."

"Yes," said Newton, "silence in regard to the dead is an easy form of charity; but I pity the clergyman called upon for a post-mortem eulogy. There's where your church service is such a refuge. Fancy a man called upon to eulogize Richard Blythe, to tell what a benefit to mankind his example had been, and what a joy it would be to meet him again in heaven!"

"Heaven! Does any one believe in it nowadays? Excuse me, Mr. Walford; I forgot the cloth for the moment."

It was Fleming who spoke.

Walford forced himself to smile. Had he not resolved to be all things to all men, and was not this a phase of life and thought with which he was bound to come in touch, at least from the outside?

"Please go on," he said. "Is it your opinion that most people do not believe in heaven?"

"No more than they do in the Beatitudes or the Golden Rule," said Yates, which was going further than Fleming had intended.

"It's a golden rule that won't work both ways," he murmured, ready to sacrifice his reputation for intelligence for the sake of changing the subject; but the topic was a Frankenstein creation which, once called into existence, would not down at the bidding of its creator.

"I don't suppose," said Newton, fixing his hawk eyes on Fleming, "that one in a hundred of these people who have just come out of their churches could give an intelligible account of their idea of heaven, or even of what they would wish it to be."

"Heaven is the vision of fulfilled desire," said Fleming, wondering if anything short of an order for drinks would drive Frankenstein's man back to his lair.

"All desires?" Newton asked in his rasping voice.

Fleming shrugged his shoulders. "The words are Omar's, not mine," he said.

But Newton returned to the charge.

"Tell us, Yates, what would your idea of heaven be?"

As he spoke, Dr. Newton settled back in his chair and lighted a cigar, while he looked at Yates through half-closed lids, curiously, as he would have inspected a lizard or a beetle. He noted the angle extending outward from the temples to the base of the jaw, the puffy circles about the eyes, and he felt that it would greatly interest him to know what conception of the spiritual world lay behind that individuality.

"Well," said Yates, playing with his watch-chain, "I believe in taking your good times while you can get them here on earth. I like yachts and horses and automobiles and all that—"

"That is," said Fleming, giving up the contest and yielding to the inevitable, "given plenty of money, you'd guarantee to make a heaven of your own. What would *you* say, Newton? What would your heaven be?"

"I confess I have no views of the future state. I hold no chair of eschatology, and my ambitions for this world are quite modest."

"For instance?"

The question seemed to rouse Newton to a new energy. He sat up straight and buttoned his rough tweed coat close over his chest. His fine bearing and ill-fitting clothes gave him a curious effect of being a cross between a prince incognito and a tramp cognito.

His eyes shot fire from under his shaggy eyebrows as he answered: "My ambition? Simply to put myself to school to learn something of the laws under which we live. Here we are, several hundred millions of atoms clinging to a small dependency of a small sun. The breath of life lasts with each of us a mere fraction of the time it takes a ray of light from the distant stars to reach us. Now, with such an ephemeral existence, nothing seems worth while except to occupy ourselves with guesses at truth and some effort to solve the world-enigma."

"But, after all," said Fleming, "that is a question of duty, not of happiness."

"I can't imagine finding happiness in anything which we realize as lasting only for a moment. We must hook our lives on to the eternities to give them any significance. Knowledge, after all, is a coral island, built on millions of dead workers."

"But this does not touch the question of individual pleasure."

"Oh," said Newton, "if you ask what my idea of pleasure is, I should say work. If you ask what reward, I should say recognition of my work."

"Fame?"

"Not what most men mean by that. It would not gratify me in the least to see my name in five-inch letters on the front of a morning newspaper, still less to see my picture—" Here he paused, noting Walford's conscious flush, and then hurled himself toward his next remark, careless of connection: "Jury of my peers, that's what I wish to be tried by, and I am willing to accept the verdict. Come, Fleming, it's your turn."

"Oh, leave me out! I have no imagination."

"You are a fortunate man," said Newton. "Imagination is death to accurate deductions: it is a nuisance. Did you ever watch an assayer weigh a grain of gold? He puts the grain on the tiny scale, and then he draws down a glass case over it, so that there shall be no vibration of air

to disturb the balance. That's the way we ought to measure truth—in a dead calm. Instead of which, we turn imagination loose to blow a gale over it. A nuisance I call it, an unmitigated nuisance—"

"There I differ with you," Fleming answered. "Imagination is given to a man to console him for what he is not, as humor is given to him to console him for what he is. A man who has both is very near heaven already."

"But your ambition?"

"Bless your inquiring soul, Newton, I have n't any! Time was, before my eyes gave out, when I expected to see the name of Blair Fleming writ large on the billboard of history; but next to a career, the best thing is a good excuse for not achieving one."

"Have you no hopes?"

"Hopes? Yes, I have hopes of getting through life with as little interference with or from my neighboring atoms as possible."

"But your idea of heaven?"

"A land where I should never be bored—Utopian, you see."

"Perhaps," said Newton, giving up Fleming and turning to the latest comer, "Mr. Walford will give us his views."

Walford, who till now had been an interested and amused, if somewhat shocked, onlooker, found himself suddenly dragged into the *mêlée*.

"I—I am afraid I have no views worth contributing," he stammered, awkwardly fingering the prayer-book in his hand.

"Oh, well, now," said Fleming, "you know we don't expect an inspired account; we only want to know what you think of when you say 'heaven.'"

"Shall I tell seriously?"

"Of course."

"Then I should say that it was a place where all men lived in obedience to the will of God, and *my* highest heaven would lie in the thought that I had led them there."

"In short," said Newton, setting his tense, positive lips argumentatively, "your idea of heaven is influence?"

"Influence for good—yes, I suppose it reduces itself to that," Walford answered in evident embarrassment.

Fleming, perceiving that his guest was ill at ease in being thus crowded into a corner, stopped wiping his eye-glasses, stooped forward in order to thrust his

handkerchief into his coat-tail pocket, and said:

"Suppose for heaven we substitute paradise—that word is depolarized, and we may speak our minds more freely. To Yates, paradise means money. Newton declares for work and the credit for it. And you want influence—influence for good. I wonder if any of you will attain your paradise."

Walford noticed that Fleming had really said nothing of himself, and he would have liked to ask further; but something forbade. The young clergyman had learned many things in the few months of his stay in New York. Men here seemed to in-trench themselves behind a barrier of reserve. What was sympathy in the West became curiosity in the East, and it was not permitted to inquire too closely. He had noticed, too, how much less strenuously for the most part men in the metropolis held their beliefs. Opinions seemed to be flats, not homesteads. They were shorn of association and sacredness, and liable to be changed at convenience, or were at least open to alteration on any promise of betterment. He was not sure that he preferred it to the provincialism where "I have always thought" was reason good. To him it savored of levity; and yet he could not deny that it gave a sense of spaciousness to talk.

Newton irritated him. The doctor had a way of saying: "Is that your point of view? How very interesting!" which reduced one to the status of a specimen. But Fleming was different. Walford felt that he understood that long, lazy man with the colorless hair, and to comprehend is to possess. Yet he was troubled by Fleming's views and unreligious attitude of mind. He wished devoutly that his influence for good might begin with Fleming. His thoughts were interrupted by seeing Yates yawn, first surreptitiously, then openly, and finally rise and look at his watch.

"Do you lunch at the club, too, Newton?" he asked. "I presume you are in town for the day?"

"Yes," Newton answered. "I have moved to the suburbs for work; but for relaxation New York is the only place."

"And your wife—does she like life on Long Island?"

"Oh, yes; she loves her potato-patch

and her poultry better than anything Fifth Avenue could give her."

"Suburbanity!" Fleming murmured under his breath.

As the group broke up, Yates drew Fleming a little aside, and stood for the moment tilting a chair back and forth in some embarrassment. At last breaking the silence with which Fleming declined to meddle, he said:

"You have been Mr. Blythe's counsel for ten years?"

"I have."

"Then you probably know his daughter-in-law."

"Mrs. Richard Blythe, Jr.?"

"Yes."

"I have met her occasionally."

"A charming woman Anne Blythe is."

Fleming bowed.

"Her husband, Dick Blythe, was rather a brute," Yates went on.

"So I have heard."

"He took after his father. But the old man seemed fond of his son's widow. She was at the head of his house, you know."

"Yes, I know."

"Would there be any harm in asking if the bulk of my uncle's fortune goes to her?"

"No harm whatever."

"Well, then—does it?"

"The harm would lie in my answering. You and Mrs. Blythe will each receive a copy of the will to-morrow. Before that you must excuse me from talking on the subject."

"Humph!" said Yates, as he left the room and walked slowly down the marble steps, planned for princes and trod by plebeians. "Fleming need n't be so touchy. Of all the fool things in the world, professional etiquette is the damn-foolishest."

III

ANNE BLYTHE

"About the nations runs a saw,
That over-good ill fortune breeds."

It was the afternoon of the third day after the funeral when Stuart Walford rang the bell of the Blythe mansion, and on inquiring for Mrs. Blythe was shown into the drawing-room, which ran the length of the house on the street side of the hall.

This was Walford's first call of condolence, and he wished devoutly that Dr. Milner had been at home to make it in his place; but he told himself that, after all, it was an experience and an opportunity for influence; moreover, the reports which he had heard of Mrs. Blythe, whom he had not yet seen, led him to think that she would be of a new and interesting type. Altogether it was in a mixed state of mind that he entered the drawing-room.

The time of his waiting did not weary him, for he was so unaccustomed to New York that each new phase interested him, and the Blythe household represented distinctly a new phase. Ordinarily at this time of the year the rooms would have been swathed in those cerements of white linen in which the best houses stand after the first of May, awaiting their resurrection in the autumn. But Mr. Blythe's illness had postponed all this springtime demolition. Heavy draperies still covered the windows, Eastern rugs lay their palm-leaf length on the slippery floor, and the fine paintings on the wall hung undisguised by swathings.

It was one of the pictures which had fixed Walford's attention so closely as to make him oblivious of the time occupied by Mrs. Blythe in her toilet. The painter was a Frenchman, and had chosen his subject for its theatrical effectiveness and its adaptability to composition—a young girl of noble family taking the veil in a Carmelite convent: on one side the dim throng of sad-colored nuns, on the other the court circle in gorgeous garb, and in the center this slim virginal figure, with the meager charm of a Botticelli Madonna, bending its golden head to receive the obliterating veil.

Walford's awakening esthetic sense took in vaguely the glow of color and the grace of line; but he was still unsophisticated enough to be affected by the story told by the painter, and he felt himself strongly moved by the pathos of it all.

So absorbed had he become that he was almost startled by the rustle of skirts and the tap of a slippers foot on the oak stairs. He rose stiffly and awaited the coming interview, his thoughts rapidly passing in review the course which he had determined that it should take.

First he would introduce himself and explain his coming, then he would struggle

through the period of condolence, then he would glide off into church-work, for his lately acquired worldly wisdom taught him not to overlook the possible value of the Blythe fortune to the St. Simeon Mission.

Mrs. Blythe entered. Walford had a confused impression of a slight figure, a small head held loftily, hazel eyes with high lights in them, and curling lashes which lent a childlike expression to a glance otherwise somewhat defiant. Walford instinctively suspended judgment on her beauty till she should speak: after she had spoken he forgot to have an opinion.

Mrs. Blythe bade him good morning as easily as if she had known him all her life, and motioned him to be seated, while for herself she selected a low easy-chair covered with pale-green brocade.

Walford began at once on the little speech which he had prepared on the street and sorted on the steps.

"I have come," he said, "at the request of Dr. Milner, who is out of town, to bring you a message of sympathy in your sorrow."

The candid eyes looked full into his face for an instant.

"It was very good in you—in him; but, to be quite frank with you, I do not need it."

Involuntarily Walford's gaze swept over her black dress and rested on the dark circles beneath her eyes.

Mrs. Blythe answered as if he had spoken.

"Yes, I know; but they are deceptive. I wear black because I wish the world to think I am sorry, and I have been crying because I am not."

Walford had come armed with several felicitous quotations from Thomas à Kempis and Phillips Brooks, but clearly they would not fit. Fortunately, he chanced upon the simplest and therefore the best form of speech.

"Tell me about it all, please. That is, if you can."

"I think," Anne began hesitatingly, "that I should like to tell you, if you have time to listen. Yes, I *should* like to tell you, though I know you so little—perhaps because I know you so little. I have been decorous, and said just what I ought, till I can't bear it any longer. I *must* speak out."

As long as women go to church and have clergymen, they will continue to

make injudicious confidences to them. It is the legacy of many hundred years. But Anne thought little of this as she sat looking down, pushing the great diamond round and round on her slender third finger. Her mind was altogether fixed on herself and her own troubles. The man before her was only an escape-valve, a vent. She began at last explosively:

"For the last year and a half I have lived here under Richard Blythe's roof in what the world calls perfect comfort. I have had fine clothes to wear, and carriages to drive in at such hours as suited Mr. Blythe. Friends I have had none—he did not approve. His footstep in the hall of an afternoon was the first sound to break the stillness. Then came the drive in the park without a friendly word—just the monotonous sound of the horses' feet. Afterward came dinner, long and solemn and silent, then the evening in the library, where he liked me to play to him; and then he would take down his son's picture from the mantel and talk, talk, talk about him."

"That at least must have been a comfort."

"Comfort? It was a torture. I wonder, in looking back, why I endured the last eighteen months; and yet I know why well enough. It was the same thing that made me marry Richard Blythe's son—I loved luxury. I was only eighteen when I was married. I knew I was marrying for money; but I did not know what it meant."

Walford's eyes looked their sympathy.

"For four years we lived together as man and wife," she continued. "I never look back upon that time—I cannot. It was hell!"

The silence was broken only by the tick of the clock on the mantel. Anne Blythe could scarcely speak for the dryness in her throat, but when she spoke again it was calmly enough.

"He died at last, cursing God and man, and most of all his wife."

There was bitterness in her voice. It grew as she went on.

"His father took the same view: it was my fault; all young fellows sowed their wild oats; men were what their wives made them. I knew my lesson well."

"At least it is over now."

"Yes," she exclaimed, her look chang-

ing swiftly from bitterness to exultation. "It is over now, and I mean to be happy, to lead my own life."

"It ought to be a happy life which lies before a woman like you, with youth and health and a great fortune."

"So you have heard that," she said quickly. "Perhaps you think I ought to be grateful to Mr. Blythe for leaving me his millions; but I'm not. He had to leave them to some one, and he hated the Yateses. Besides, the humiliating conditions! But never mind those; I have put everything behind me except the joy of belonging to myself and being the woman I always meant to be."

"Perhaps it is not an opportune time to bring up the matter; but later,—it might do you good,—if we could interest you in our parish work among the poor—"

Mrs. Blythe put up a deprecating hand, palm outward.

"Thank you, no! I know nothing of your poor. I wish to know less. It is *my* life I mean to lead—*mine*, not Bridget's in the tenement nor Jacob's in the sweat-shop. I have had enough of vice and misery. The corners of my soul are full of their germs; I want a great wave of happiness to wash it all clean. Oh, can't you see!"

To his own surprise Walford heard himself answering:

"Yes, yes, I do see. I understand perfectly."

"Thank you; it's awfully good in you to understand. You don't know what it means to me, after living with a man like my father-in-law, who never would—"

"Perhaps he could n't—"

"He never wished to."

"And yet I think," said Walford, softly, "that he was very fond of you."

"Of me!" Anne sat bolt upright, and her eyes grew round as china plates.

"Yes, I am sure of it."

"Why, please?"

"He took so much trouble—"

"Yes—to trouble me."

"Exactly."

"But—"

"Oh, I don't say it's agreeable to be loved in that fashion, and no doubt it was selfish in Mr. Blythe; but don't you see how he tried to keep you with him and to keep other people away, and to make you talk with him about your—about his son, and all the time he grew more and more

bitter and exacting because he could n't make you show what you felt? But he could n't any more than if he had been pouring gall and wormwood over a marble statue."

"I think," said Anne, with a tired little sigh, "I prefer admiration to love. It demands so much less."

"Perhaps that is because you never loved."

Walford trembled at his audacity when he had spoken, but his words gave no offense.

"It is wonderful," Anne murmured, "perfectly wonderful, how you understand!"

The words were spoken like a little child. Walford half smiled as he rose.

"I will not stay longer now," he said, "for I see that you are overstrained and need rest; but if at any time you would like to talk with me, you have only to let me know."

"Thank you again. It means a great deal to me—your sympathy. If you get hold of every one as you have of me, there will be no end to your influence here in New York."

Walford colored and hesitated a moment. Should he tell her? "No," said Intuition, which taught him that mutual confidences cheapen each other, and that no afternoon is long enough for two souls to unburden themselves.

As Anne stretched out her hand at parting, her handkerchief dropped to the floor. Walford stooped awkwardly enough to pick it up. The faint scent of the bit of black-edged cobweb clung to his glove.

On the steps he lingered to look at his watch and wonder how much time he had before the Penny Provident meeting. To his surprise, he found that he was late already; yet he did not hasten. His thoughts were still in the shaded parlor. He still saw that luminous pale face, those frank mutinous eyes. And he had ministered to that sore heart. Yes, she had said so, and—what was it? That there might be no end to his influence here in this great city. She had not guessed how near at hand the end was. Would she perhaps have told him, in her outspoken way, that one soul like hers was better worth saving than a thousand such as he was going among? Here he broke

off abruptly and turned to another line of thought.

How did it happen, he wondered, that he, a clergyman, had gone to the house of mourning and had said no word of spiritual consolation or exhortation—that his only answer to words of rebellion and self-assertion had been, "I understand perfectly"?

From this he turned to still another theme, and tried to conjure up the vision of Mrs. Blythe as she looked sitting in that deep chair against the green of the brocade. He found it a task beyond his powers. Analysis is necessary to recollection, and analysis is possible only to the calm observer.

As for Anne, after her talk with Walford, her spirits rebounded violently. A consciousness of imprudence is an exhilarating tonic. She had spoken out. On the whole, she was not sorry. The explosion was bound to come, and under other circumstances the confidence might have been much more dangerous. She had, as it were, shrived herself before a priest, who was bound to observe professional reticence. Moreover, Mr. Walford, with his awkward manner and his Western accent, was not quite of her world, and she would be spared that annoying consciousness which besets us in constant meetings with those to whom we have laid our hearts inconveniently bare.

Yes, she was glad, distinctly glad. Let that be the last word on the past. Now for the future! With a light heart she tripped up the stairs to her little boudoir. On the desk lay a letter from her uncle, Bishop Alston. She was very fond of the Bishop, and she opened and read the letter eagerly:

MY DEAR ANNE: I will not pretend to console with you over Mr. Blythe's death. I know how difficult your position was and how strained the relations between you and him have been since your husband died. Under the circumstances the parting must be a relief. I suppose, as there are no nearer heirs, you will have a large share of the property. If so, remember that the only return you can make is by allowing no reflection to be cast upon Mr. Blythe's memory. Believe me, my dear niece, there is nothing equal in dignity to silence. Do not be misled by any desire to put your side of the story before the world. The world will thrust its tongue into its cheek and believe just what it chooses anyway.

[Anne bit her lip as she remembered the flow of confidences to the curate an hour ago.] But forgive my sermonizing pen if it runs away with me [the letter went on]; I did not take it up to lecture, but to beg. I want a visit—a good long visit—from you as soon as your affairs are settled and you can leave New York with a comfortable sense of leisure. Remember I am past sixty-three, and, as my friend FitzGerald says: "We grand climactericals must not procrastinate, much less pro-annuate." Come to me, and write me when you will come, that I may be glad beforehand.

I often blame myself, in looking over your life, that I did not make a stronger effort to have you under my charge in your childhood. Sometimes I have thought that things might have been different if I had. Your mother, as you know, was my favorite sister, but after her death your father and I drifted apart, never having had very much in common, so that when he died and left you in care of his sister, I felt no right to interfere, though I dreaded the effect of her worldliness on your inexperience. Not that I objected to her being a woman of fashion—quite the contrary. I have always felt that a knowledge of the world is the best safeguard against being led away by it. The crassest worldliness and materialism with which I have met have not been among the very poor or the very rich, but in the temperate zone of society, in the smaller towns and among people of moderate means, like your Aunt Fanny. I have often speculated on the reasons for this, and concluded it was because the rich have a chance to realize the ultimate powerlessness of money, while to the poor it represents a vague ideal, which, like all ideals, has something of poetry in it; but to those who live near it, without having it, wealth stands for all material comfort and luxury. It was so with your aunt. A large ambition and a small income went as badly together as a great empire and little minds. They combined to force her into a position neither dignified nor commendable, and her rejoicings over your marriage with the son of a rich man went far beyond the bounds of good taste, and laid both her and you open to severe criticism. I am afraid that in my disapprobation I withdrew from the situation too abruptly and too far. But an end to this long letter, and let me know when to expect you.

Affectionately your uncle,
Lawrence G. Alston.

P.S. How did you like my curate?

When Mrs. Blythe had finished reading, she sat for some time musing, her head resting on her hand. At length she drew

out a sheet of black-crested paper and began a response:

DEAR UNCLE [she wrote]: I am impelled to answer your letter at once, to tell you that it is as you foresaw. I am left heir to the Blythe estate. Certain substantial sums, enough to look well in the morning papers under the heading "Beneficences of One of our Leading Millionaires," are left to charities. A hundred thousand dollars each go to Tom and Eunice Yates. The rest to me, under a restriction which does not surprise me at all. In case of my marrying again, the terms of the will are to be reversed. I am to have the Yateses' share, and they mine. Somewhat humiliating, this clause, but of no practical effect. I have burned my fingers once, and shall never try the fire of matrimony again. So this does not disturb my satisfaction.

I mean to be happy—I wish I knew how to write it in capitals large enough to express the height and depth of my intention. There is not a creature in the world to whom I owe any particular obligation, so I shall adopt myself, and I intend to treat myself as a philanthropist treats his favorite charity. Thanks for your invitation! Sometime I shall be delighted to accept it, but just at present I am thoroughly used up with all the excitement and nervous strain of the last six weeks,—indeed, of the last six years,—and I am anxious to get away from it all for a while, to put a space of actual distance, as well as of time, between me and my past; so I am arranging to sail for Europe early in June, and I want you to go with me as—whatever is the masculine of chaperon.

Tell me that you will, there's a dear!

Don't shake your mitered locks and say it is impossible. Even a bishop owes something to family ties, and all your churches and charges and institutions together do not need you half as much as I do. We will summer on the coast of France in a dear little niche of the Brittany coast close by St. Malo, then in the autumn we'll jog along down to Rome, reserving judgment on Athens and Cairo. In the spring we'll take a villa at Florence for a while, and after that you shall come home if you must. Remember I count upon you, and meanwhile be assured that you know no one more in need of spiritual advice than

Your loving niece,
Anne Blythe.

P.S. I saw your young curate to-day and was quite taken by surprise. I shall make a point of seeing a great deal of him when we come home.

Her letter finished, Anne rang for the brougham. The day was mild and lovely.

Secretly she would have preferred the victoria; but the conventions were against it. As it was, the open windows of the brougham allowed the soft breezes to play through her hair and cool her hot cheeks. Care for the time withdrew, and left her mind open to all the influences of the moment. As the carriage entered the park, her newly awakened sense took in with pleasure the line of nurses gossiping in groups and wheeling the baby-carriages with averted heads; a turn of the road brought her to a green space where a group of boys were tossing a ball to and fro; and farther on, joyous shouts drew her attention to a May-party, the little queen leading a tumultuous procession insubordinate to her mild authority, and each child bent on his individual enjoyment regardless of the rest. Only one conscientious elder sister held fast to the chubby hand of the littlest one, dragging reluctant toes along the rough asphalt.

"What a world of children it is!" thought Anne, and stifled a sigh only half understood.

Before the cross-road at McGown's Pass was reached, the fresh air had raised her spirits to such a degree that she found herself humming softly under her breath the tune the May-party had been singing as she passed:

"London Bridge is falling down,
My fair lady!"

Build it up with bricks and stones,
My fair lady!"

London Bridge seemed to rise before her as her own life. It was lying in ruins about her now, but she would build it up again. The bricks should be of gold, and the fabric should be gay with precious stones, and its walls should echo with mirth and laughter.

She was still in this mood of slippery exultation when the carriage drew up again before her own door. For the first time she looked up at the broad expanse of brownstone and plate-glass with a thrill of pleasure in the pride of ownership. It had been a prison; but she forgave it its past in the promise of its future.

The man at the door announced that some one was waiting to see her in the office. As Mrs. Blythe walked the length of crimson-carpeted hall she gloried in being ruler of her fate, and bestowed a moment's pity on the women whose lives were inextricably tangled with the sordid and the commonplace. Entering the office, she found herself suddenly face to face with a woman whom she had never seen before—a young woman, with a child in her arms.

Anne Blythe's heart sank with a strange premonition of coming evil.

The woman had been the mistress of Anne's husband, and the child was Dick Blythe's child.

(To be continued)



LIBERTY

BY CLINTON DANGERFIELD

WHAT'S to be free? Is it to throw aside
All fetters from the will and let caprice
Lead us? To let wild Fancy, undenied,
In her imagination's mad increase

Hurry us here and there? God's pity fall
On him who calls this liberty! We draw
No safety from response to Riot's call.
Freedom is still a daughter of the Law.

CHAPTERS FROM MY DIPLOMATIC LIFE

FIRST MISSION TO GERMANY, 1879-1881: III

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF BISMARCK

BY ANDREW D. WHITE



MY first glimpse of Bismarck was obtained during a journey through middle Germany just after the war between Prussia and Austria. Arriving at the Kissingen junction, we found a crowd gathered outside the barriers, and all gazing at a railway-carriage about to be attached to our train. Looking toward this, I recognized the face and form of the great North-German statesman.

He was then in the prime of life—sturdy, hearty, and happy in the presence of his wife and children. The people at the station evidently knew what was needed, for hardly had he arrived when waiters appeared, bearing salvers covered with huge mugs of foaming beer; thereupon Bismarck took two of the mugs and poured their contents down his throat in immediate succession, evidently with great gusto. A burly peasant just back of me, unable longer to restrain his admiration, soliloquized in a deep, slow, guttural, reverberating rumble: "A-a-a-ber er sieht seh-r-r-r gut aus." So it struck me also. The waters of Kissingen had evidently restored the great man, and he looked like a Titan ready for battle.

My personal intercourse with him began eleven years later, when, as Chancellor of the German Empire, he received me as Minister of the United States. On my entering his workroom, he rose, and it seemed to me that I had never seen another man so towering, save Abraham Lincoln. Beside him were his two big

black dogs, the *Reichshunde*, and, as he put out his hand with a pleasant smile, they seemed to join kindly in the welcome. The conversation ran, for a time, upon commonplace subjects, but finally struck matters of interest to both our countries. There were then, as ever since, a great number of troublesome questions between the two nations, and among them those relating to Germans who, having gone over to the United States just at the military age, had lived there merely long enough to acquire citizenship, and had then hastened back to Germany to enjoy the privileges of both countries without discharging the duties of either. These persons had done great harm to the interests of bonafide German-Americans, and Bismarck evidently had an intense dislike for them. This he showed then and afterward; but his tendencies to severity toward them were tempered by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Baron von Bülow, one of the most reasonable men in public business with whom I have ever had to do, and father of the present Chancellor, who greatly resembles him.

But Bismarck's feeling against the men who had acquired American citizenship for the purpose of evading their duties in both countries did not prevent his taking a great interest in Germans who had settled in the United States and, while becoming good Americans, had preserved an interest in the Fatherland. He spoke of these with a large, kindly feeling, as constituting a bond between the two nations.

Among other things, he remarked that Germans living in the United States become more tractable than in the land of their birth; that revolutionists thus become moderates, and radicals conservatives; that the word *Einigkeit* (union) had always a charm for them; that it had worked both ways upon them for good, the union of States in America leading them to prize the union of states in Germany; and the evils of disunion in Germany, which had been so long and painful, leading them to abhor disunion in America.

The conversation then fell into ordinary channels, and I took leave, after another hearty shake of the hand and various kind assurances. A few days later came an invitation to dinner with him, and I prized this all the more because it was not to be official, but his family dinner, and to include a few of his most intimate friends in the ministry and the Parliament. On the invitation it was stated that evening dress was not to be worn, and on my arrival, accompanied by Herr von Schlözer, at that time the German minister in Washington, I found all the guests arrayed in simple afternoon costume.

The table had a patriarchal character. At the head sat the prince; at his side, in the next seat but one, his wife; while between them was the seat assigned me, so that I enjoyed to the full the conversation of both. The other seats at the head of the table were occupied by various guests, and then, scattered along down, were members of the family and some personages in the chancery who stood nearest the chief.

The conversation was led by him, and soon took a turn especially interesting. He asked me whether there had ever been a serious effort to make New York the permanent capital of the nation. I answered that there had not; that both New York and Philadelphia were, for a short period at the beginning of our national history, provisional capitals, but that there was a deep-seated idea that the permanent capital should not be a populous metropolis, and that unquestionably the placing of it at Washington was decided not merely by the central position of that city, but by the fact that it was an artificial town, never likely to be a great business center; and I cited Thomas Jefferson's saying, "Great cities are great sores."

He answered that in this our founders

showed wisdom; that the French were making a bad mistake in bringing their national legislature back from Versailles to Paris; that the construction of the human body furnishes a good hint for arrangements in the body politic; that as the human brain is held in a strong inclosure, and at a distance from the parts of the body which are most active physically, so the brain of the nation should be protected with the greatest care, and should not be placed in the midst of a great, turbulent metropolis.

To this I assented, but said that during my attendance at sessions of the French legislative bodies, both in my old days at Paris and more recently at Versailles, it seemed to me that their main defects are those of their qualities; that one of the most frequent occupations of their members is teasing one another, and that when they tease they are wonderfully witty; that in the American Congress and in the British Parliament members are slower to catch a subtle comment or scathing witticism; that the members of American and British assemblies are more like large grains of cannon-powder, through which ignition extends slowly, so that there comes no sudden explosion; whereas in the French Assembly the members are more like minute, bright grains of rifle-powder, which all take fire at the same moment, with instant detonation and explosions sometimes disastrous.

He assented to this, but insisted that the curse of French assemblies had been the tyranny of city mobs, and especially of mobs in the galleries of their assemblies; that the worst fault possible in any deliberative body is speaking to the galleries; that a gallery mob is sure to get between the members and the country, and virtually screen off from the assembly the interests of the country. To this I most heartily assented.

I may say here that there had not then been fully developed in our country that monstrous absurdity which we have seen in these last few years—national conventions of the two parties trying to deliberate in the midst of audiences of twelve or fifteen thousand people; a vast mob in the galleries often howling and sometimes hysterical, frequently seeking to throw the delegates off their bearings, to outclamor them, and to force nominations upon them.

A little later, as we discussed certain recent books, I referred to Jules Simon's work on Thiers's administration. Bismarck said that Thiers in the treaty negotiations at Versailles impressed him strongly; that he was a patriot; that he seemed at that time like a Roman among Byzantines.

This statement astonished me. If ever there existed a man at the opposite pole from Bismarck, Thiers was certainly that man. I had studied him as a historian, observed him as a statesman, and conversed with him as a social being, and he had always seemed, and still seems to me, the most noxious of all the greater architects of ruin that France produced during the latter half of the nineteenth century, and that is saying much. His policy was to discredit every government which he found existing, in order that its ruins might serve him as a pedestal; and while he certainly showed great skill in mitigating the calamities which he did so much to cause, his whole career was damning.

By his "History of the French Revolution" he revived the worst of the Revolution legend and especially the deification of destructiveness. By his "History of the Consulate and the Empire" and his translation of the body of Napoleon to France, he effectively revived the Napoleonic legend. The queen of the French, when escaping from the Tuileries in 1848, was entirely right in reproaching him with undermining the constitutional monarchy of 1830; and no man did more than he to arouse and maintain the anti-German spirit which led to the Franco-Prussian War.

By his writings, speeches, and intrigues, he aided in upsetting not only the rule of the Bourbons in 1830, but the rule of Louis Philippe in 1848, the Second Republic in 1851, the Second Empire in 1870, and, had he lived, he would doubtless have done the same by the present republic.

Louis Blanc, a revolutionist of another bad sort, so common in France, who can ruin but *not* restore, once said to me that Thiers's "greatest power lay in his voicing average unthinking, popular folly; so that after one of his speeches every fool in France would cry out with delight, 'Mais, voilà mon opinion!'"

Doubtless Bismarck was impressed, for the time being, by Thiers's skill in negotiation; but it is perfectly evident from the recollections of various officials since pub-

lished that his usual opinion of Thiers was not at all indicated by his remark above cited.

Later the conversation fell upon travel, and, as he spoke of his experiences in various parts of Europe, I recommended America to him as a new field of observation—referring to the city named after him, and suggesting that he take his family with him upon a large steamer, and, after seeing the more interesting things in the United States, pass on around the world, calling at the Samoan Islands, on which I had recently heard him speak in Parliament. After some humorous objections to this plan, he said that early in life he had a great passion for travel, but that upon his father's death he was obliged to devote himself to getting his estate in order; that his political duties had prevented his traveling much, and that now he had lost the love of wandering, and in place of it had gained a desire to settle down in the midst of his family.

He spoke English so perfectly that I asked him how much time he had spent in England. He said, "Very little; in fact, only two or three days." He had made but two short visits, one of them many years ago,—I think he said in 1842,—the other during the exposition of 1862. He seemed much struck with the beauty of England, and said that if his lot had been cast there he would have been very happy as an English country gentleman; that he could not understand how Englishmen are so prone to live outside of their own country. He spoke of various Englishmen, and referred to Lord Dufferin, who had dined with him the day before, as one of the most abstemious men he had ever seen, drinking only a little claret and water. Upon my speaking of the great improvement which I had noted in England during the last quarter of a century, so that the whole country was becoming more and more like a garden, he said that such a statement was hardly likely to please thinking Englishmen; that they could not be glad that England should become more and more like a garden, "for," he said, "feeding a great nation from a garden is like provisioning an army with a plum-cake."

He then dwelt on the fact that Great Britain had become more and more dependent for her daily bread on other countries, and especially on the United States.

The conversation next turned to the management of estates, and he remarked in a bluff, hearty way that his father had desired him to become a clergyman; that there was a pastor's living, worth, if I remember rightly, about fifteen hundred thalers a year, which his father thought should be kept in the family. This led to some amusing conversation between him and the princess on what his life would have been under such circumstances, ending by his saying jocosely to her:

"You probably think that if I had become a pastor I would have been a better man?"

To which she answered that this she would not say, as it would not be polite; "but," she continued, "I will say this: you would have been a happier man."

He referred to some of my predecessors, speaking very kindly of George Bancroft and Bayard Taylor; but both he and the princess dwelt especially upon their relations with Motley. The prince told me of their life together at Göttingen and at Berlin, and of Motley's visits since, at which he always became Bismarck's guest. The princess said that there was one subject on which it was always a delight to plague Motley—his suppressed novel "Merrymount"; that Motley defended himself ingeniously in various ways until, at his last visit, being pressed hard, he declared that the whole thing was a mere myth; that he had never written any such novel.

The dinner being ended, our assembly was adjourned to the terrace at the back of the Chancellor's palace, looking out upon the park in which he was wont to take his midnight walks. Coffee and cigars were brought, but for Bismarck a pipe with a long wooden stem and a large porcelain bowl. It was a massive affair, and, in a jocose, apologetic way, he said that although others might smoke cigars and cigarettes, he clung to the pipe, and in spite of the fact that at the Philadelphia Exposition, as he had heard, a great German pipe was hung among tomahawks, scalping-knives, and other relics of barbarism. From time to time a servant refilled his pipe, while he discoursed upon various subjects—first upon the condition of America and of Germany, then upon South American matters, and of the struggle between Chile and other powers. He showed

great respect for the Chileans, and thought that they manifested really sterling qualities.

He spoke of ship-building, and showed, as it seemed to me, rather a close knowledge of the main points involved. He referred to the superiority of Russian ships, the wood used being more suitable than that generally found elsewhere. As to American ships, he thought they were built, as a rule, of inferior woods, and that their reputation had suffered in consequence.

The conversation again falling upon public men, a reference of mine to Gladstone did not elicit anything like a hearty response; but the mention of Disraeli seemed to arouse a cordial feeling.

Among the guests was Lothar Bucher, whom Bismarck, in earlier days, would have hanged if he had caught him, but who had now become the Chancellor's most confidential agent. As we came out together, Bucher said:

"Well, what do you think of him?"

My answer was, "He seems even a greater man than I had expected."

"Yes," said Bucher, "and I am one of those who have suffered much and long to make him possible."

I said, "The result is worth it, is it not?"

"Yes," was the reply; "infinitely more than worth it."

My next visit was of a very peculiar sort. One day there arrived at the legation Mr. William D. Kelley of Pennsylvania, anxious, above all things, to have a talk with Bismarck, especially upon the tariff and the double monetary standard, both of which were just then burning questions. I told Mr. Kelley that it was much easier to present him to the Emperor than to the Chancellor, but that we would see what could be done. Thereupon I wrote a note, telling Bismarck who Mr. Kelley was—the senior member of the House of Representatives by term of service, the leading champion therein of protection and of the double standard of value; that he was very anxious to discuss these subjects with leading German authorities, and that, knowing the prince's interest in them, it had occurred to me that he would not be sorry to meet Mr. Kelley for a brief interview.

To this I received the hearty response: "By all means bring Mr. Kelley over at four o'clock."

At four o'clock, then, we appeared at

the palace, and were received immediately and cordially. When we were seated, the prince said: "I am very sorry, but the new Prussian ministry is to meet here in twenty minutes, and I must preside over it."

The meaning of this was clear, and the conversation began at once, I effacing myself in order to enjoy it more fully. In a few seconds they were in the thick of the tariff question, and as both were high protectionists, they got along admirably. Soon cropped out the question of the double standard, and there too they agreed. Quite notable was the denunciation by the Chancellor of those who differed with him; he seemed to feel that, as captain of the political forces of the empire, he was entitled to the allegiance of all honest members of Parliament, and on all questions. The discussion ran through various interesting phases, when, noticing that the members of the Prussian ministry were gathering in the next room, I rose to go; whereupon the prince, who seemed greatly interested in the presentation of both his own views and those of Mr. Kelley, said: "No, no; let them wait." The new ministers therefore waited, the argument on the tariff and the double standard being more vigorously prosecuted than ever. After fifteen or twenty minutes more, I rose again; but Bismarck said: "No, no; there's no hurry; let's go and take a walk." On this we rose and went into the garden. As we stopped for an instant to enable him to take down his military cap, I noticed two large photographs with autographs beneath them, one of Lord Beaconsfield and the other of King Victor Emmanuel, and as I glanced at the latter I noticed an inscription beneath it:

A mio caro cugino Bismarck.
Vittorio Emanuele.

Bismarck, seeing me look at it, said: "He calls me 'cousin' because he has given me his order of the Annunciata."

This remark for a moment surprised me. It was hard for me to conceive that the greatest man in Europe could care whether or not he was entitled to wear the Annunciata ribbon, or whether any king called him "cousin." He seemed, for a moment, to descend to a somewhat lower plane than that upon which he had been standing; but as we came out into the open and walked up and down the avenues

in the park, he resumed his talk upon greater things. During this he discussed at considerable length the causes which led to the partial demonetization of silver in the empire, whereupon Mr. Kelley, interrupting him, said:

"But, prince, if you fully believed in using both the precious metals, why did you allow the demonetization of silver?"

"Well," said Bismarck, "I had a great many things to think of in those days, and as everybody said that Camphausen and Delbrück were great financiers and understood all about these questions, I allowed them to go on; but I soon learned, as our peasants say of those who try to impose upon their neighbors, that they had nothing but hot water in their dinner-pots, after all."

He then went on discussing the mistakes of those and other gentlemen before he himself had put his hand to the work and reversed their policy. There were curious references to various persons whose ideas had not suited him, most of them humorous, but some sarcastic. At last, after a walk of about twenty minutes, bearing in mind the ministers who had so long been waiting for their chief, I insisted that we must go; whereupon the prince conducted us to the gate and most cordially took leave of us.

As we left the place, I said to Mr. Kelley, knowing that he sometimes wrote letters for publication:

"Of course, in whatever you may write to America, you will be careful not to mention names of persons."

"Certainly," he said; "that, of course, I shall never think of doing."

But alas for his good resolutions! About a fortnight later there came back by cable a full statement regarding his interview, the names all given, and Bismarck's reference to his colleagues brought out vividly. The result was that a large portion of the German press was indignant—above all, that Bismarck should have spoken in such a manner to a foreigner regarding Germans of such eminence, who had been his trusted colleagues, and who had been rendered to the country very great services; so that, for some days, the "Affaire Kelley" made large demands upon public attention.

It had hardly subsided when there came notice to me from the State Department

at Washington that a very eminent American financier was about to be sent to Berlin, and I was instructed to secure for him an audience with the Chancellor, in order that some arrangement might be arrived at regarding the double standard of value. I must confess that, in view of the "Affaire Kelley," these instructions chilled me.

Fortunately, at that time Bismarck was taking his usual cure at Kissingen, during which he always refused to consider any matter of business; but, on his return to Berlin, I sent him a note, requesting an audience for this special American representative. This brought a very kind answer, expressing regret that the Chancellor was so pressed with arrears of business that he desired to be excused, but that the Minister of Finance and various other members of the cabinet had been instructed to receive the American agent and to communicate with him to the fullest extent. That was all very well; but there were my instructions, and I felt obliged to write again, making a more earnest request. Thereupon came an answer that settled the question: the Chancellor regretted that he was too much overwhelmed with work to meet the gentleman, and said that he would gladly see the American minister at any time, but must, for the present, be excused from meeting any unaccredited persons.

Of course, after that there was nothing to be said, and the special American agent was obliged to content himself with what he could obtain in interviews with various ministers.

Mr. Kelley urged, as his excuse for publishing personal details in his letters, that it was essential that the whole world should know just what the great Chancellor had said on so important a subject. As it turned out, Mr. Kelley's zeal defeated his purpose; for, had the special agent been enabled to discuss the matter with the Chancellor, there is little doubt that Germany would have at least endeavored to establish a permanent double standard of value.

Each year during my stay Bismarck gave a dinner to the diplomatic corps on the Emperor's birthday. The table was set then, as now, in the great hall of the Chancellor's palace—the hall in which the Conference of Berlin was held after the Russo-Turkish War. The culminating

point of each dinner was near its close when the Chancellor rose and, after a brief speech in French, proposed the health of the heads of all the states there represented. This was followed by a toast to the health of the Emperor, given by the senior member of the diplomatic corps, and shortly after came an adjournment for coffee and cigars. One thing was, at first sight, somewhat startling: as Bismarck arose to propose the toast, the big black head of a Danish dog appeared upon the table on each side of him; but the bearing of the dogs was so solemn that they really detracted nothing from the dignity of the occasion.

In the smoking-room the guests were wont to gather in squads, as many of them as possible in the immediate neighborhood of our host. During one of these assemblages he asked me to explain the great success of Carl Schurz in America. My answer was that before the Lincoln Presidential campaign, in which Schurz took so large a part, slavery was always discussed from either a constitutional or a philanthropic point of view, orators seeking to show either that it was at variance with the fundamental principles of our government or an offense against humanity; but that Schurz discussed it in a new way, and mainly from the philosophic point of view, showing not merely its hostility to American ideas of liberty, and the wrong it did to the slaves, but more especially the injury it wrought upon the country at large, and, above all, upon the slave States themselves; and that, in treating all public questions, he was philosophic, eloquent, and evidently sincere.

Bismarck heard what I had to say, and then answered: "As a German, I am proud of Carl Schurz."

This was indeed a confession; for it is certain that if Bismarck could have had his way with Carl Schurz in 1848 or 1849, he would have hanged him.

The Chancellor's discussions at such times were frequently of a humorous sort. He seemed most of all to delight in lively reminiscences of various public men in Europe. Nothing could be more cordial and hearty than his bearing; but that he could take a different tone was discovered by one of my colleagues shortly after my arrival. This colleague was Herr von Rudhart, the diplomatic and parliamentary

representative of Bavaria. I remember him well as a large, genial man, and the beauty and cordial manner of his wife attracted general admiration.

One day this gentleman voted in a way which displeased Bismarck, and shortly afterward he went to one of the Chancellor's parliamentary receptions. As he, with his wife leaning on his arm, approached his host, the latter broke out into a storm of reproaches, denouncing the minister's conduct and threatening to complain of it to his royal master. Thereupon the diplomatist simply bowed, made no answer, returned home at once, and sent his resignation to his government. All the efforts of the Emperor William were unable to appease him, and he was shortly afterward sent to St. Petersburg as minister at that court. But the scene which separated him from Berlin seemed to give him a fatal shock; within a few years he lost his reason, and at last accounts was living in an insane asylum.

On another occasion I had an opportunity to see how the Chancellor, so kind in his general dealings with men whom he liked, could act toward those who crossed his path.

Being one evening at a reception given by the president of the Prussian House of Lords, he said: "I saw you this afternoon in the diplomatic box. Our proceedings must have seemed very stupid."

I answered that, on the contrary, they had interested me much. On this he put his lips to my ear and whispered: "Come to-morrow at the same hour, and you will hear something of real interest."

Of course, when the time arrived, I was in my seat, wondering what the matter of interest could be. Soon I began to suspect that the president had made some mistake, for business seemed following the ordinary routine; but presently a bill was brought in by one of the leading Prussian ministers, a member of one of the most eminent families in Germany, a man of the most attractive manners, and greatly in favor with the Emperor William and the crown prince, afterward the Emperor Frederick.

The bill was understood to give a slight extension of suffrage in the choice of certain leading elected officials. The question being asked by some one on the floor whether the head of the ministry, Prince

Bismarck, approved the bill, this leading minister who had introduced it answered in the affirmative, and said that, though Prince Bismarck had been kept away by illness from the sessions in which it had been discussed, he had again and again shown that he was not opposed to it, and there could be no question on the subject.

At this a member rose and solemnly denied the correctness of this statement, declared that he was in possession of information to the very opposite effect, and then read a paper, claiming to emanate from the Chancellor himself, to the effect that he had nothing whatever to do with the bill and disapproved it.

Upon Bismarck's colleagues in the ministry, who thought that his silence had given consent, this came like a thunderbolt, and those who had specially advocated the measure saw at once that they had fallen into a trap. The general opinion was that the illness of the Chancellor had been a stratagem; that his sudden disclaimer, after his leading colleagues had thus committed themselves, was intended to drive them from the ministry; that he was determined to prevent the minister who had most strongly supported the bill from securing popularity by it. The minister and the other members of the cabinet at once resigned, giving place to men whom the Chancellor did not consider so likely to run counter to his ideas and interests.

It must be confessed that the great statesman not infrequently showed the defects of his qualities. As one out of many cases may be cited his treatment of Edward Lasker. This statesman for several years rendered really important services. Though an Israelite, he showed none of the grasping propensities so often attributed to his race. He seemed to care nothing for wealth or show, lived very simply, and devoted himself to the public good as he understood it. Many capitalists, bankers, and promoters involved in the financial scandals which followed the Franco-Prussian War were of his race; but this made no difference with him: in his great onslaught on the colossal scoundrelism of that time, he attacked Jew and Gentile alike, and he deserved well of his country for aiding to cleanse it of all that crime and folly. On a multitude of other questions, too, he had been very serviceable to the nation and to Bismarck. But

toward the end of his career he had from time to time opposed some of the Chancellor's measures, and this seemed to turn the latter completely against him.

At the opening of the Northern Pacific Railway, Lasker was one of the invited guests. He soon showed himself desperately ill, and one day, walking along a street in New York, suddenly dropped dead.

A great funeral was given him, and of all the ceremonies I have ever seen, this was one of the most remarkable for its simplicity and beauty. Mr. Carl Schurz and I were appointed to make addresses on the occasion in the Temple Emanuel on Fifth Avenue, and we agreed in thinking that we had never seen a ceremony of the kind more appropriate to a great statesman.

At the next session of Congress a resolution was introduced condoling with the government of Germany on the loss of so distinguished a public servant. This resolution was passed unanimously and in perfect good faith, every person present, and, indeed, every citizen in the whole country who gave the matter any thought, supposing that it would be welcomed by the German government as a friendly act.

But the result was astounding. Bismarck took it upon himself, when the resolution reached him, to treat it with the utmost contempt, and to send it back without really laying it before his government, thus giving the American people to understand that they had interfered in a matter which did not concern them. For a time this seemed likely to provoke a bitter outbreak of American feeling; but fortunately the whole matter was allowed to drift by.

Among the striking characteristics of Bismarck was his evident antipathy to ceremonial. I never saw him present at any of the great court functions save at the first reception given at the golden wedding of the Emperor William I and at the gala opera a few evenings afterward.

The reason generally assigned for this abstinence was that the Chancellor, owing to his increasing weight and weakness, could not remain long on his feet, as people are expected to do on such occasions. Nor do I remember seeing him at any of the festivities attending the marriage of the present Emperor William, who was then merely the son of the crown prince. One

reason for his absence, perhaps, was his reluctance to take part in the *Fackeltanz*—a most curious survival. In this ceremony the ministers of Prussia, in full gala dress, with flaring torches in their hands, precede the bride or the groom, as the case may be, as the latter gravely march around the great White Hall of the palace, again and again, to the sound of solemn music. The bride first goes to the foot of the throne, and is welcomed by the Emperor, who leads her once around the hall and then takes his seat. The groom then approaches the throne, and invites the Empress to march around the room with him in the same manner, and she complies with his request. Then the bride takes the royal prince next in importance, who in this particular case happened to be the Prince of Wales, at present King Edward VII, the groom the next princess, and so on, until each of the special envoys from the various monarchs of Europe has gone through this solemn function. So it is that the ministers, some of them nearly eighty years of age, march around the room perhaps a score of times, and it is very easy to understand that Bismarck preferred to avoid such an ordeal.

From time to time the town and even the empire was aroused by news that Bismarck was in a fit of illness or ill nature and insisted on resigning. On such occasions the old Emperor generally drove to the Chancellor's palace in the Wilhelm Strasse, and, in his large, kindly, hearty way, got the great man out of bed, put him in good humor, and set him going again. On one of these occasions, happening to meet Rudolph Gneist, who had been, during a part of Bismarck's career, on very confidential terms with him, I asked what the real trouble was. "Oh," said Gneist, "he has eaten too many plovers' eggs." ("Ach, er hat zu viel Kibitzeier gegessen.") This had reference to the fact that certain admirers of the Chancellor in the neighborhood of the North Sea were accustomed to send him each year a large basket of plovers' eggs, of which he was very fond; and this diet has never been considered favorable to digestion.

This reminds me that Gneist on one occasion told me another story that throws some light on the Chancellor's habits. Gneist had special claims on Americans. As the most important professor of Roman

law at the university, he had welcomed a long succession of American students; as a member of the Imperial Parliament, of the Prussian legislature, and of the Berlin town council, he had shown many kindnesses to American travelers; and as the representative of the Emperor William in the arbitration between the United States and Great Britain on the northwestern boundary, he had proved a just judge, deciding in our favor. Therefore it was that, on the occasion of one of the great Thanksgiving dinners celebrated by the American colony, he was present as one of the principal guests. Near him was placed a bottle of Hermitage, rather a heavy, heady wine. Shortly after taking his seat, he said to me, with a significant smile:

"That is some of the wine I sent to Bismarck, and it did not turn out well."

"How was that?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "one day I met Bismarck and asked him about his health. He answered: 'It is wretched; I can neither eat nor sleep.' I answered: 'Let me send you something that will help you. I have just received a lot of Hermitage, and will send you a dozen bottles. If you take a couple of glasses each day with your dinner, it will be the best possible tonic, and will do you great good.' Some time afterward," continued Gneist, "I met him again, and asked how the wine agreed with him. 'Oh,' said Bismarck, 'not at all; it made me worse than ever.' 'Why,' said I, 'how did you take it?' 'Just as you told me,' replied Bismarck: 'a couple of bottles each day with my dinner.'"

Bismarck's constant struggle against the diseases which beset him became pathetic. He once asked me how I managed to sleep in Berlin, and, on my answering him, he said: "Well, I can never sleep in Berlin at night when it is quiet; but as soon as the noise begins, about four o'clock in the morning, then I can sleep a little and get my rest for the day."

It was frequently made clear that the Emperor William and the German officials were not the only ones to experience the results of Bismarck's ill health. The diplomatic corps, and among them myself, had sometimes to take it into account.

Bismarck was especially kind to Americans, and above all to the American diplomatic representatives. To this there was

but one exception, my immediate successor; and that was a case in which no fault need be imputed to either side. That Bismarck's feeling toward Americans generally was good is abundantly proved, and especially by such witnesses as Abeken, Sidney Whitman, and Moritz Busch, the last of whom has shown that, while the Chancellor was very bitter against various German princes who lingered about the army and lived in Versailles at the public expense, he seemed always to rejoice in the presence of General Sheridan and others of our compatriots who were attached to the German headquarters by a tie of much less strength.

But, as I have already hinted, there was one thing which was specially vexatious to him; and this was the evasion, as he considered it, of proper duty to the German Fatherland by sundry German-Americans. One day I received a letter from a young man who stated his case as follows: He had left his native town in Alsace-Lorraine just before arriving at the military age, had gone to the United States, had remained there not long enough to learn English, but just long enough to obtain naturalization, and had then lost no time in returning to his native town. He had been immediately thrown into prison, and thence he wrote me, expressing his devotion to the American flag, his pride in his American citizenship—and his desire to live in Germany. I immediately wrote to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, stating the man's case and showing that it came under the Bancroft treaties, or at least under the construction of them which the German government up to that time had freely allowed. To this I received an answer that the Bancroft treaties, having been made before Alsace-Lorraine was annexed to the empire, did not apply to these new provinces, and that the youth was detained as a deserter. To this I replied that although the minister's statement was strictly true, the point had been waived long before in our favor; that in no fewer than eight cases the German government had extended the benefit of the Bancroft treaties over Alsace-Lorraine, and that in one of the cases the Acting Minister of Foreign Affairs had declared the intention of the German government to make this extension permanent.

But just at this period, after the death

of Baron von Bülow, who had been most kindly in all such matters, the Chancellor had fallen into a curious way of summoning eminent German diplomatists from various capitals of Europe into the Ministry of Foreign Affairs for a limited time, trying them on, as it were, for that office. These gentlemen were generally very agreeable; but on this occasion I had to deal with one who had been summoned from service at one of the lesser German courts, and who was younger than most of his predecessors. To my surprise, he brushed aside all the precedents I had cited, and also the fact that a former Acting Minister of Foreign Affairs had distinctly stated that, as a matter of comity, the German government proposed to consider the Bancroft treaties as applying permanently to Alsace-Lorraine. Neither notes nor verbal remonstrances moved him. He was perfectly civil, and answered my arguments, in every case, as if he were about to yield; yet always closed with a "but"—and did nothing. He seemed paralyzed. The cause of the difficulty was soon evident. It was natural that Bismarck should have a feeling that a young man who had virtually deserted the German flag just before reaching the military age deserved the worst treatment which the law allowed. His own sons had served in the army, and had plunged into the thickest of the fight, one of them receiving a serious wound; and that this young Alsatian Israelite should thus escape service by a trick was evidently hateful to him. That the Chancellor himself gave the final decision in this matter was the only explanation of the fact that this particular Acting Minister of Foreign Affairs never gave me an immediate answer, but always waited.

The matter became more and more serious. The letter of the law was indeed on Bismarck's side; but the young man was an American citizen, and the idea of an American citizen being held in prison was anything but pleasant to me, and I knew that it would be anything but pleasant to my fellow-citizens across the water. I thought on the proud words, "*civis Romanus sum*," and of the analogy involved in this case. My position was especially difficult because I dared not communicate the case fully to the State Department of that period. Various private despatches had got out into the world and made

trouble for their authors, and even so eminent a diplomatist as Mr. George P. Marsh at Rome came very near being upset by one. My predecessor, Bayard Taylor, was very nearly wrecked by another, and it was the escape of a private despatch which plunged my immediate successor into his quarrel with Bismarck and made his further stay in Germany useless. I therefore stopped short with my first notification to the State Department, to the effect that a naturalized American had been imprisoned for desertion in Alsace-Lorraine, and that the legation was doing its best to secure his release. To say more than this involved danger that the affair might fall into the hands of sensation-mongers and result in howls and threats against the German government and Bismarck; and I knew well that, if such howls and threats were made, Bismarck would never let this young Israelite out of prison as long as he lived.

It seemed hardly the proper thing, serious as the case was, to ask for my passports. It was certain that, if this were done, there would come a chorus of blame from both sides of the Atlantic. Deciding, therefore, to imitate the example of the old man in the school-book, who, before throwing stones at the boy in his fruit-tree, threw turf and grass, I secured from Washington by cable a leave of absence, but, before starting, saw some of my diplomatic colleagues who were wont to circulate freely and talk much, stated the main features of the case to them, and said that I was "going off to enjoy myself"—that there seemed little use for an American minister in a country where precedents and agreements were so easily disregarded. Next day I started for the French Riviera. The journey was taken leisurely, with interesting halts at Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle, and as I reached the hotel in Paris a telegram was handed me: "Your man in Alsace-Lorraine is free."

It was evident that the Chancellor had felt better and had thought more leniently of the matter, and I never had another difficulty of the sort during the remainder of my stay.

The whole weight of testimony as regards Bismarck's occasional severity is to the effect that, stern and persistent as he was, he had much tenderness of heart; but of the impossibility of any nation, government, or press scaring or driving him,

I noticed curious evidences during my stay. It was well known that he was not unfriendly to Russia; indeed, he more than once made declarations which led some of the Western powers to think him too ready to make concessions to Russian policy in the East; but his relations to Prince Gortchakoff, the former Russian Chancellor, were not of the best, and after the Berlin Conference the disappointment of Russia led to various unfriendly actions by Russian authorities and individuals of all sorts, from the Czar down. There was a general feeling that it was dangerous for Germany to resent these, and a statesman of another mold would have deprecated these attacks or sought to mitigate them; but not so Bismarck. He determined to give as good as was sent, and, for a very considerable time, he lost no chance to show that the day of truckling by Germany to her powerful neighbor was past. This became at last so marked that the bitter and even defiant presentation of unpalatable truths regarding Russia in the press inspired from the chancery was the recognized form in which all Russian statesmen, and especially members of the imperial house, were welcomed in Berlin. One morning taking up my copy of the paper most directly inspired by the Chancellor, I found an article on the shortcomings of Russia, especially pungent, almost vitriolic. It at once occurred to me to look among the distinguished arrivals to see what Muscovite was in town, and my search was rewarded by the discovery that the heir to the imperial crown, afterward Alexander III, had just arrived and was staying a day or two in the city.

When Bismarck uttered his famous saying, "We Germans fear God and naught besides," he simply projected into the history of Germany his own character. Fearlessness was a main characteristic of his from boyhood, and it never left him in any of the emergencies of his later life.

Of the other matters which arose between us, one is perhaps worthy of mention, since it has recently given rise to a controversy between a German-American journalist and Bismarck's principal biographer.

One morning as I sat in dismay before my work-table, loaded with despatches, notes, letters, besides trifling of every sort, there came in the card of Lothar Bucher. Everything else was, of course, thrown

aside. Bucher never made social visits. He was the pilot-fish of the whale, and a visit from him "meant business."

Hardly had he entered the room when his business was presented: the Chancellor wished to know if the United States would join Germany and Great Britain in representations calculated to stop the injuries to the commerce of all three nations caused by the war then going on between Chile and Peru.

My answer was that the United States could not join other powers in any such effort; that our government might think it best to take separate action, and that it would not interfere with any proper efforts of other powers to secure simple redress for actual grievances, but that it could not join other powers in any such efforts. To clench this, I cited the famous passage in Washington's Farewell Address against "entangling alliances with foreign powers" as American gospel, and added that my government would also be unalterably opposed to anything leading to permanent occupation of South American territory by any European power, and for this referred him to the despatches of John Quincy Adams and the declarations of President Monroe.

He seemed almost dumfounded at this, and to this day I am unable to decide whether his surprise was real or affected. He seemed to think it impossible that we could take any such ground, or that such a remote, sentimental interest could outweigh material interests so pressing as those involved in the monkey-and-parrot sort of war going on between the two South American republics. As he was evidently inclined to dwell on what appeared to him the strangeness of my answer, I said to him:

"What I state to you is elementary in American foreign policy; and to prove this, I will write, in your presence, a cable despatch to the Secretary of State at Washington, and you shall see it and the answer it brings."

I then took a cable blank, wrote the despatch, and showed it to him. It was a simple statement of the Chancellor's proposal; and on that he left me. In the evening came the answer. It was wonderfully like my statement to Bucher, and I sent it to him just as I had received it.

That was the last of the matter. No

further effort was made in the premises, so far as I ever heard, either by Germany or Great Britain. It has recently been stated in an American magazine article that Bismarck, toward the end of his life, characterized the position taken by Mr. Cleveland regarding European acquisition of South American territory as something utterly new and unheard of. To this, Poschinger, the eminent Bismarck biographer, has replied in a way which increases my admiration for the German Foreign Office; for it would appear that he found in the archives of that department a most exact statement of the conversation between Bucher and me, and of the action which followed it. So precise was his account that it even recalled phrases and other minutæ of the conversation which I had forgotten, but which I at once recognized as exact when thus reminded of them. The existence of such a record really revives one's childhood faith in the opening of the great book of human deeds and utterances at "the last day."

Perhaps the most interesting phase of Bismarck's life which a stranger could observe was his activity in the Imperial Parliament.

That body sits in a large hall, the representatives of the people at large occupying seats in front of the president's desk, and the delegates from the various states—known as the Imperial Council—being seated upon an elevated platform at one side of the room, right and left of the president's chair. At the right of the president, some distance removed, sits the Chancellor, and at his right hand the imperial ministry, while in front of the president's chair, on a lower stage of the platform, is the tribune, from which, as a rule, members of the Lower House address the whole body.

It was my good fortune to hear Bismarck publicly discuss many important questions, and his way of speaking was not like that of any other man I have ever heard. He was always clothed in the undress uniform of a Prussian general, and, as he rose, his bulk made him imposing. His first utterances were disappointing. He seemed wheezy, rambling, incoherent, with a sort of burdensome self-consciousness checking his ideas and clogging his words. His manner was fidgety, his arms being thrown uneasily about, and his fin-

gers fumbling his mustache or his clothing or the papers on his desk. He puffed, snorted, and floundered, seemed to make assertions without proof and phrases without point, when suddenly he would utter a statement so pregnant as to clear up a whole policy, or a sentence so audacious as to paralyze a whole line of his opponents, or a phrase so vivid as to run through the nation and electrify it. Then perhaps, after more rumbling and rambling, came a clean, clear, historical illustration carrying conviction. Then, very likely, a simple and strong argument, not infrequently ended by some heavy missile in the shape of an accusation or a taunt hurled into the faces of his adversaries. Then, perhaps at considerable length, a mixture of caustic criticism and personal reminiscences, in which sparkled those wonderful sayings which have gone through the empire and settled deeply into the German heart. I have known many clever speakers and some very powerful orators; but I have never known one capable, in the same degree, of overwhelming his enemies and carrying his whole country with him. Nor was his eloquence in his oratory alone. There was something in his bearing, as he sat at his ministerial desk and at times looked up from it to listen to a speaker, which was very impressive.

Twice I heard Moltke speak, and each time on the army estimates. Nothing could be more simple and straightforward than the great soldier's manner. As he rose, he looked like a tall, thin, kindly New England schoolmaster. His seat was among the representatives, very nearly in front of that which Bismarck occupied on the *estrade*. On one of these occasions I heard him make his famous declaration that for the next fifty years Germany must be in constant readiness for an attack from France. He spoke very rarely and was always brief and to the point, saying with calm strength just what he thought it a duty to say, neither more nor less. So Cæsar might have spoken. Bismarck, I observed, laid down his large pencil and listened intently to every word.

The most curious example of the eloquence of silence in Bismarck's case which I noted was when his strongest opponent, Windhorst, as the representative of the combination of Roman Catholics and others generally in opposition, but who,

at that particular time, seem to have made a sort of agreement to support some of Bismarck's measures, went to the tribune and began a long and very earnest speech. Windhorst was a man of diminutive stature, smaller even than Thiers,—almost a dwarf,—and his first words on this occasion had a comical effect. He said, in substance: "I am told that, if we enter into a combination with the Chancellor in this matter, we are sure to come out second-best." At this Bismarck raised his head, turned, and looked at the orator, the attention of the whole audience being fastened upon both. "But," continued Windhorst, "the Chancellor will have to get up very early to outwit us in this matter." There was a general outburst of laughter as the two leaders eyed each other. It reminded one of nothing so much as a sturdy mastiff contemplating a snappish terrier.

As to his relations with his family, which, to some little extent, I noticed when with them, nothing could be more hearty, simple, and kindly. He was beautifully

devoted to his wife, and evidently gloried in his two stalwart sons, Prince Herbert and "Count Bill," and in his daughter, Countess von Rantzau; and they in return showed a devotion to him not less touching. No matter how severe the conflicts which raged outside, within his family the stern Chancellor of "blood and iron" seemed to disappear, and in his place came the kindly, genial husband, father, and host.

The last time I ever saw him was at the Schönhausen station on his way to Bremen. He walked slowly from the train to his carriage, leaning heavily on his stick. He seemed not likely to live long; but Dr. Schweninger's treatment gave him a new lease of life, so that, on my return to Berlin eighteen years later, he was still living. In answer to a respectful message, he sent me a kindly greeting, and expressed the hope that he would before long be well enough to receive me; but he was even then sinking, and soon passed away. So was lost to human sight the greatest German since Luther.

(To be continued)



TWIN SOULS

BY ELSA BARKER

I AM thy fellow-spirit
Who journeyed at thy side
Before the Sphinx was builded,
Before Osiris died.

I am thy soul's companion
Who lost thee in the cloud
That rose when old Atlantis
Sank in her watery shroud.

One greater than great Isis
Joined with a rite sublime
Thy soul and mine together
In the far dawn of time.

When in the midnight stillness
Tears to thine eyelids start,
And vague but fervent longing
Gnaws at thy lonely heart,

Know that my soul is crying,
Calling and making moan
Unto the lords of being
To give it back its own.

When in the ghostly twilight
A shadow on the wall
Sets all thy nerves a-quake,
'T is I who mutely call;

And when the breeze of springtime
Blows softly from the south,
It wafts my longing spirit
To kiss thy waiting mouth.

THE SHADOW OF LOVE

BY GEORGE HIBBARD



FOR Mrs. Leamington to soar into the superlative was as easy and as natural as for the lark to rise to the empyrean. The positive she scorned; the comparative she used very much as a spring-board from which to mount to higher things. The superlative itself she must transcend, and she often struggled vainly to reach greater than the greatest, more than the most. That every goose should be swan for her was a necessity, and the lily was not the lily until, by her verbal painting, it had received further enhancement. In the excess of her nature she was as ready to dip her brush into the blackest dye as into the brightest pigment, to deepen the dark as to accent the highest "high light." Only what was known to another artistic age as "chiaroscuro" did she disregard. She preferred, however, to extol rather than to detract, and, on the whole, in her extremes leaned more to augmentation than to diminution, thus proving the amiability and charity for which all were not ready to give her credit.

On Valeria Pole had gathered the diffused rays of her impulsive benevolence. That they should be so concentrated was justified, or rather demanded, by the fact that Valeria was left so entirely in her care. And the girl, as her niece and nearest relative, had been warmed by them, and by their light led on her way.

"I found her absolutely destitute," Mrs. Leamington recounted to those—and they were many—possessing a degree of intimacy that made such confidence possible. "Her English father—Arthur Pole, a genius, a most brilliant genius, but without a vestige of common sense—went off to Mount Ararat or somewhere to join a religious brotherhood, and left my sister, a perfect beauty, without the very least provision. When she died, really in abject

poverty, I had to take the girl. She was entirely without food or clothing, and was suffering untold agonies from her supreme sensitiveness."

The disturbance made in Mrs. Leamington's life was not slight. She was obliged to suffer the disarrangement not only of her habits, but of her ideas. She had to meet the question not only of clothes, but of companions, for Valeria. She was obliged to study not only the modes, but the young men, of the day. That she had not failed as to the first she secretly believed was attested by the fact that she had made such a success with the last. She was aware that no débutante who entered a New York ball-room was made more attractive,—the girl's natural prettiness lending itself readily to the result,—and she concluded that Bayard Bronsdon was the logical consequence of such preparation.

"He is madly infatuated with you," she informed Valeria, in her sweeping manner. "And you, child—you know that you are desperately in love with him."

Valeria did not answer, but the swift downward glance would have proved to a more careful observer than the one looking at her that her state of mind was something such as described.

Mrs. Leamington's diplomacy, which was the one thing upon which she prided herself, the one plume that she considered most deservedly decorated her bonnet, was unceasing in its coercion. The gratification which she felt in the future which Bronsdon's preoccupation seemed to promise for Valeria was enhanced by a more selfish satisfaction. That others who had spread the net had given him up as hopeless made her victory the more marked. She was only an amateur, and to have surpassed the achievements of the most experienced fowlers was indeed a triumph.

"Why, aunty," Valeria asked one day, as they sat together, "have you taken away the photograph of that very pretty girl from the small drawing-room?"

Mrs. Leamington for a moment hesitated.

"That 's Emily Thorndyke's picture," she answered at length. "It would be most unpleasant for Bayard Bronsdon to see it—and now that he comes here so much. You know that they were engaged."

"No," said Valeria, looking up as she added quickly: "Do you suppose that he still thinks of her?"

"Emily broke the engagement three years ago," answered Mrs. Leamington, complacently. "That was before he had all his money—"

Valeria had stopped sewing, and sat with her hands idly in her lap.

"She broke it?" she repeated at length. "And you are sure that he does n't love her any more?"

"He hates her," announced Mrs. Leamington, with decision.

"Oh!" Valeria exclaimed in a frightened tone.

Mrs. Leamington laid down the embroidery upon which she was engaged, quite as if preparing to take up a heavier and more important piece of work.

"Of course he hates her," she declared. "She behaved very badly to him. He could n't bear to see her. That is the reason that I took the picture away."

Valeria sat looking with her large eyes straight at Mrs. Leamington, clearly, however, not seeing the very evident presence of that excellent lady.

"Now," said her aunt, briskly, "don't be so absurd as to go and be jealous of Emily. She treated him shamefully, and there 's no one he dislikes so much. He hates her with bitterest hatred now. So, you see—"

"Yes," in a low tone said the girl, who had not resumed her sewing; "but—"

Mrs. Leamington congratulated herself upon the readiness with which she had met the peril that she had instinctively felt. Her methods were always as prompt and direct as upon this occasion. To be sure, in a petty conflagration more is often injured by the vigorous efforts made to suppress it than by the fire itself. But clearly, to Mrs. Leamington's mind, such could not be the case in this instance. The one

thing to be done, she had determined, was to stamp out the possible spark of jealousy at once. This she had accomplished energetically. And having finished, she paused and gazed at Valeria, mentally a little out of breath.

Valeria did not reply. She was often silent. Indeed, once there had been a question as to whether such muteness did not imply a certain lack of cleverness; but old Horace Wigram's remark had at once settled that for all time. "Clever? Of course she is clever," he had said. "She always has a silence ready for everything."

If Mrs. Leamington had not believed that she had met the situation victoriously, she would have been very uncomfortable. As it was, she put on a contented spirit quite as she put on her diamonds for the dinner-party of the evening. Satisfaction rested as serenely upon her brow as her tiara rested upon her head. She and Valeria were going to a ball afterward. But she was confident that much would happen before Valeria left her own drawing-room that evening. If not in poetic vision, then with the unerring prescience of science, she foresaw what must take place. Bronsdon was coming. He would take Valeria "in." The semi-isolation of a large dinner, while it leads to confidence, by the conditions holds such in check; and this would make him impatient to say more. Afterward, in the drawing-room, the will-o'-the-wisp of opportunity would dance before him and elude him. But, with the margin of intimacy which had grown with the accumulation of the numerous small gains of every-day intercourse, he would remain after all the others had gone. Mrs. Leamington would find an excuse which should serve the purpose of satisfying herself, and he and Valeria would be left alone.

In truth, the events took place very much as Mrs. Leamington's trained judgment led her to expect. When she was seated with Valeria in the brougham, with the wheels rolling noiselessly over the asphalt, she waited patiently for the announcement that she was sure must come. Valeria's movements had a desperate and conscious haste, before they left the house, which betokened some excitement. Mrs. Leamington knew that girls were prone to indulge in a certain diffident furtiveness at such times, and she had thought it better to wait and be told than to ask any ques-

tions. But as cross-street after cross-street was passed on the way down Fifth Avenue, she became impatient.

"Valeria," she said severely, "silence is golden, but I overheard a man say at dinner to-night that there was a possibility of over-production of the precious metal."

The girl stirred uneasily.

"Valeria," her aunt continued, "you have something, I am sure, that you want to tell me, or at least there is something which you ought to tell me."

"Bayard Bronsdon," replied the girl, in a low tone, "asked me to-night to marry him."

Mrs. Leamington's generous bosom expanded with a sigh of content.

"I congratulate you, Valeria," she said joyfully. "Happiness such as yours does not come to every one."

She spoke as if Valeria were a child to whom she was giving a very large piece of cake indeed.

"But—but," Valeria stammered, "I have not said that I would do it."

"Not said that you would!" cried Mrs. Leamington, in a tone of treble thunder. "Valeria, you are mad!"

"I told him to wait."

Mrs. Leamington held up her hands in such sudden horror that her closely incased person creaked as if in dismay.

"Valeria," she said slowly, "you are the most ungrateful creature that ever lived. You know you like Bayard tremendously."

"I love him," Valeria answered decidedly.

"Then—" began her aunt, in the high tone of excited remonstrance.

"It's not of myself I want to be sure," Valeria exclaimed, "but of him. I love him too much now," said the girl, thrillingly. "I want to be certain that he loves me enough—that he has forgotten her completely."

"But he hates Emily," contended Mrs. Leamington, quickly.

"Oh, if I only knew! If I were only sure of that!" answered Valeria, in a tone which even her aunt noticed, and which puzzled that excellent lady exceedingly.

The footman was holding open the door.

That evening Mrs. Leamington sat stonily enthroned among her contemporaries. Her general cheerfulness had deserted her. Her smile, which had contributed much to the gaiety of many ball-

rooms, was eclipsed. The dark shadow of disappointment lay across the late glow of her delight. The obscurity was total, and though a faint corona of hope still played about the edge of the despair, it was only in flickering gleams.

She experienced the sense of injustice which must be felt when the finger of fate, having led the way to the pitfall in the path, seems to point in derision at the victim. Disappointment bit with acridity. To have had the hand almost on the bough with the golden apples, and then to have it snatched out of reach, was maddening. This was more distressing for the reason that the branch plucked would have been something that could have been waved in triumph, to glitter before envious eyes. Mrs. Leamington could not help reflecting that if all had gone as she wished, and had the right to expect, she might even at that moment have been shaking her prize in discreet whispers before her most intimate friends, and the knowledge did not add to her serenity.

That night she attempted to continue the conversation with Valeria, but the girl eluded her. She remained quietly enough with her aunt while she questioned her, but for all the purposes of satisfying response she might as well have been bodily absent.

"You would n't understand, aunty," she said at length; "you would only laugh at me."

"Shed tears for you," mourned Mrs. Leamington, dramatically.

"And I have n't said that I would n't," Valeria announced, as she rose at length. "I have only told him to wait."

Before she had known that there was an assured possibility for Valeria's settlement, Mrs. Leamington had been calm enough, trusting comfortably to the future. But to feel that with a word all might be well made her nervous. Why had the girl behaved as she had? She felt that in some way there was an unreasonable jealousy of the former engagement. Yet she had done all she could to set any fears at rest.

"It's all this most hypercritical, super-sensitive way of looking at life," Mrs. Leamington declared. "What can you expect when girls have read Marie Bashkirtseff instead of Mother Goose, and are taken to see Pinero instead of the pantomime?"

This statement she made one afternoon



Drawn by B. R. Campbell. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

VALERIA

to Horace Wigram, after she had assured herself as to the satisfactory condition of her investments, and had then, as she always did, taken up the case of her niece.

"She is certainly jealous of Emily, though I can't see why," she continued. "She was asking me to-day about it. I don't understand in the least."

"Very curious!" murmured Wigram, sympathetically.

"I have done everything I could to make Valeria see how he must detest and abhor Emily after the way she treated him. I tell her all the time how he must hate her; but though I know she believes, it does n't seem to make any impression on the child."

The position was very perturbing for Mrs. Leamington. The onward course of her hopes had received a sudden disconcerting jolt, and the evident inadequacy of the cause was only added reason for impatience. Moreover, she was possessed by a very natural curiosity to know what was the matter. She was aware that the girl was held by gossamer threads, but she realized at the same time that, as she appeared to be unable to free herself from them, to all intents and purposes they were as strong as ships' cables.

Mrs. Leamington having, as she believed, discovered the rift which rendered it impossible for her to obtain the harmony she desired, at once prepared to take measures to stop it up. Not being satisfied with the assurances which she had given Valeria as to the state of Bronsdon's heart and mind, she proceeded to enlarge upon the subject on every occasion. If, in her desire to bring complete conviction, she implied that she had a more intimate knowledge of the workings of his thoughts than the circumstances permitted, she was urged thereto solely by a sincere desire for her niece's welfare. She attacked Valeria with the light skirmishers of insinuation, and strove to complete her victory with the heavy artillery of assertion. She lost no opportunity of carrying on the campaign, and in the pursuit of it she was both swift and crushing. In the din and smoke of the conflict the girl appeared confused and stunned. That Bronsdon hated Miss Thorndyke she heard in the morning; that he had fled from Newport to avoid her she heard during the afternoon drive; and that he had refused to go to the Mediterranean in

the Charton Rogers yacht because she was to be of the party was dinned into her ears before she went to bed.

"So, you see, he must hate her," Mrs. Leamington always concluded triumphantly.

Valeria, for her part, did not attempt any denial of the contention of her aunt's major premise. She acquiesced readily enough in this; but the force of logic appeared to have no effect upon her. Her aunt might as well have sprayed her with rose-water as deluged her with arguments.

"I've done everything I could," she announced plaintively to Wigram, after a fresh realization of the difficulty of the attainment any longer of a safe six-per-cent. interest had given her a dark outlook upon the world.

"It's very singular," consoled the confidential adviser.

"If I could only make Valeria see," mused Mrs. Leamington—"if I could only make her see how he would run from the sight of her! Emily Thorndyke is just coming home. But she won't come here now. I can't do anything."

Mrs. Leamington was one of those who mount from the depths of despair to the dazzling pinnacles of hope, only to be dashed down again to the nethermost pit of despondency. She was continually rising and descending, as rapidly and upon almost as regular trips as an "express elevator." She would start upward as swiftly as she would sink downward, and the alternations were bewildering for those waiting to catch her changing moods.

The news of Miss Thorndyke's return had first cast her down. If Valeria were jealous with the other at a distance of thousands of miles, what would she be when she was in the same city? Mrs. Leamington concluded that something must be done. She felt that if Valeria could only be furnished with something tangible in the way of evidence, much might still be accomplished. Her spirits took a downward drop as she realized the difficulty of this. Suddenly, after her manner, came the rebound of hope. A thought struck her. She would not be defeated. Surely, with her diplomatic powers, with her well-known skill in management, she might yet arrange all.

She started up from the chair in which she sat. Her eyes seemed to catch light

as distant windows catch gleams from the rising sun. She looked more confident, and yet uncertain; and then from the very uncertainty appeared to gather animation, as often a great bravado of spirit comes from the prospect of a desperate venture.

"Valeria *shall* know," she said to herself. "She *shall* see."

Mrs. Leamington's preparations, though apparently simple, were conducted with all the mystery befitting deep conspiracy. These, for the most part, seemed to consist in a visit to the hall, where stood a large china bowl across which dragons sprawled in indolent complexity, and a brief conversation with Dent, the second man, who, although young in years, was possessed of the discretion and gravity of an old family retainer.

At five o'clock Valeria was in the habit of joining her aunt for tea in the picture-gallery, an apartment which, with cushions and divans, had been made a place of more informal reception. Thither, as was permitted by his closer relations, Bronsdon always came, and there Mrs. Leamington always left him alone with Valeria, hoping each day to have her niece come to her, after he had gone, with the news she so much desired to hear.

The evening fell early, and the room was dark as Mrs. Leamington entered it. The girl was already sitting before the low tea-table by the broad hearth, where the long logs flamed softly and cheerfully. Mrs. Leamington glanced at her with satisfaction, concluding that Bronsdon, who rose as she advanced, must also see how pretty she was.

"We made for you a cup of tea," Valeria announced; "but you were so long, it is cold. I'll make you another."

"There were people," sighed Mrs. Leamington. "I could n't get away. I am afraid that there will be some one else at any moment."

"Send them off," suggested Valeria.

"I can't," Mrs. Leamington replied resignedly, "with every one coming back to town and from Europe."

As she spoke, Dent advanced noiselessly across the polished floor.

"Who can it be?" said Mrs. Leamington, wearily, taking up a card. "Oh!" she exclaimed shortly, as she carelessly looked at it.

"Who is it?" Valeria demanded, curiously holding out her hand. Mrs. Leamington allowed the card to be taken from her grasp.

"Miss Thorndyke wished me to say, madam," announced Dent, distinctly, "that Miss Thorndyke knew that Mrs. Leamington was in the picture-gallery and would come directly up."

Valeria was gazing at the card with silent and fascinated interest.

"Oh," cried Mrs. Leamington, as she started up with mechanical impetuosity, darting a glance of unmistakable meaning at Bronsdon as she did so, "you won't want to meet her. She will not stay long. You can go and hide until she is gone."

"Miss Thorndyke?" Bronsdon exclaimed. "I did n't know that she was at home. Why must I go away? It's so long since I've seen her. I should really like to talk to her. Can't I go down and bring her up at once?"

Bronsdon sprang to his feet and stood pleasantly smiling before Mrs. Leamington's horrified eyes.

"I'll go," he said, as she did not reply.

Bereft of speech, Mrs. Leamington watched him make his way to the door and disappear. She gazed with a stony stare at the point from which he had passed from sight, her mouth open in primitive amazement.

"I thought, aunty," said Valeria, quietly, "that you said he disliked her, that he would do anything not to see her."

"I don't know; I don't understand," muttered Mrs. Leamington, helplessly. "It is incredible. And now," she wailed, "you will never believe that he hates her, and there will be an end of everything."

As she spoke, Bronsdon's returning steps could be heard. In a moment he was back again.

"Miss Thorndyke was n't there," he announced in amazement. "No one was there. I am sorry, for I should like to see her—have a word with her—after this long time."

"There must be some mistake," suggested Mrs. Leamington, hastily. "I will go myself."

With heavy step she dragged herself down the gallery. What had possessed Bronsdon to behave in such a wholly unexpected manner, upsetting all her plans? He had clearly shown that he had no ob-

jection at all to seeing Emily, to talking to her. What would not Valeria think now? All was over.

MRS. LEAMINGTON, in her perturbation, had lain down, and was just closing her eyes in a broken doze when she heard the door swiftly opened, and she knew that some one was coming toward her in the dark.

"Aunty!" cried Valeria.

"Yes," groaned Mrs. Leamington.

"Oh, aunty," exclaimed the girl, casting herself on her knees by the side of the couch and burying her head on her aunt's shoulder, "I am so happy!"

"What!" ejaculated Mrs. Leamington, sitting up with such suddenness that Valeria's head was swiftly thrown back.

"I've just told Bayard that I am going to marry him, and I have come to tell you at once."

"What!" gasped Mrs. Leamington.

"You are going to marry him—now!"

"Yes," answered Valeria, joyously.

"When you were n't before, when I assured you that he hated her?"

"But he does n't hate her any longer. I could know that from what he did."

"Was n't that what you wanted?" demanded her amazed aunt.

"No, of course not."

"Then I don't understand," said Mrs. Leamington, sinking back limply. "I simply don't understand at all."

"Don't you see that it is because he *does n't* hate her that I can be sure that it is all over—that he *does n't* think of her—that she is *nothing* to him any longer? When a man still hates a woman, he's the next thing to being in love with her. There is a feeling left that makes her a great deal to him, though in another way. There is still something there. It's only when he thinks of her indifferently, pleasantly even, that he has really got over all caring."

"It's such a shadow," remonstrated Mrs. Leamington, feebly but jubilantly.

"But it is the shadow of love," said Valeria, contentedly.



TO A CHILD

BY CHARLES BENTON CANNADAY

WHAT vision hangs within thy serious eyes,
Thought-shadowed in the pause of laugh and play?
Comes like a wanderer doubtful of his way
Some memory from a dateless paradise?
Or rather, is thy childhood prophet-wise
To catch the coming turmoil and the fray?
Knowest of tears, of want, of sins that slay,
Of bitterness least bitter when it dies?

God shield thee, lovely one, and yet, and yet,
I would not ask deliverer, but guide:
Cold are the eyes that tears have never wet,
Hollow the hearts by the world's fire untried.
Suffer, if heaven shall will, for this our life
Is richer for its struggle and its strife.



THE REGGIE LIVINGSTONES' COUNTRY LIFE

BY DAVID GRAY

Author of "Gallops"

WITH PICTURES BY URQUHART WILCOX

MRS. INNIS joined Mrs. Courtlandt Dashwood on the veranda of the club-house.

"I've just had a letter from dear Rosina," said Mrs. Innis. She had the letter in her hand, and began to take it out of the envelop.

"Who is 'dear Rosina'?" asked Mrs. Dashwood.

"Why, you remember Rosina Russell?" said Mrs. Innis, in a tone of mild reproof.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Dashwood; "she was that Boston girl who married Reggie Livingstone. What's the matter with her?"

"She will do so much for our life here," replied Mrs. Innis. "You know, my dear, we *do* get narrow and material, and, I am afraid, rather stably; and she has a beautiful mind, and fine sympathies for art and poetry. I stopped with them in Rome, and saw all the old things they had collected. She is very Preraphaelite."

"Well," said Mrs. Dashwood, "is she coming here?"

"That is just the thing she writes about," Mrs. Innis replied. She unfolded the letter and began to read:

"We are tired of wandering, even though our path has been through the treasure-houses of the past. I suspect that Reginald is anxious to see his friends again, and I cannot but believe that it is best at once to begin our life in America. I consider it very important that we should begin that life under conditions of calm and sweetness. Reginald, of course, has always lived in New York, but I cannot look forward to the unwholesome, feverish, yes, wicked life which goes on there. I know that it is best for us to find some peaceful spot in some beautiful country-side, with a few agreeable people near by, and there to build a house and settle down. I write to ask you about Oakdale, because, from what I know of it, the place seems suitable. Reginald is fond of out-of-door sports, and I truly love horses, though I do not know much about them."

Mrs. Innis paused because Mrs. Dashwood had rushed down upon the lawn. She noticed that Lobster, her white bull-terrier, was behind an ornamental shrub killing the club's Persian cat. She returned presently with Lobster on a leading-string, and Mrs. Innis continued:

"Moreover, there are several of Reginald's old friends living there, though perhaps it would be as well if we should lose sight of some of them."

"I suppose she means Courty," observed Mrs. Dashwood.

Mrs. Innis made no comment, but read on:

"And yet this is perhaps a selfish view to take of the matter. Reginald's influence would doubtless be felt, and his taste for the higher things would be communicated to the companions of his idle bachelor days—days which I know he deeply regrets."

"His nose is badly scratched," observed Mrs. Dashwood, who had been examining Lobster's wounds. "The nasty cat! I ought to take him home to put something on it."

"But don't you think they would be a great addition?" said Mrs. Innis.

"I dare say," said Mrs. Dashwood. "I wonder if Reggie is much changed? You poor dear!" she remarked to Lobster, "I wish I had let you finish it." She rose as she spoke, and ordered her horses.

Mrs. Innis went into the women's room and wrote twelve pages to Mrs. Reginald Livingstone in Florence.

THE following autumn, somewhat as a consequence of this correspondence, the Reggie Livingstones were installed in Mr. Carteret's house, one mile from the club. He was intending to hunt in England that season, and the Livingstones were glad to take his house because they were still warring with the architect about plans. In addition to a building-site near the club, they had purchased the small farm that lay behind. Mrs. Livingstone considered the tilling of the soil and the companionship, as she expressed it, of sweet-breathing Alderney cows to be a source of inspiration and beautiful thoughts. In fact, during the voyage across the Atlantic, when she was bored

with the sea, and while stopping at a New York hotel, when she was bored by the town bustle, country life had become a passion. She could hardly wait to enter upon it, and she passed much of her time drawing pencil sketches of walled gardens and hen-houses with Romanesque pilasters.

One evening, a fortnight after the Livingstones' installation in the country, and after the community had reassembled for the October hunting, Mrs. Livingstone was in her drawing-room, surrounded by the guests who were sitting through the after-dinner period of a woman's dinner-party. Livingstone's men friends were giving him a dinner of welcome at the club, and it had occurred to Mrs. Livingstone to ask their wives and a few others to dine with her.

"I 'm so glad you like us," Mrs. Innis was saying, "because, you know, in a certain sense I feel responsible for bringing you here."

"You are all delightful, dear!" replied Mrs. Livingstone, soulfully, "and the country is beautiful beyond words. I am also very much pleased with this little place of Mr. Carteret's. The dear flowers are simply charming." She turned to Mrs. Dashwood, who appeared either to be bored or very sleepy. "Don't you think so?"

"I think," said Mrs. Dashwood, "that a garden is a bore. When the sun or the frost is n't killing everything, the dogs are, or somebody's horses get into it. It is much better to get your flowers from town by express four times a week."

Mrs. Livingstone's countenance showed that she dissented from this view. However, she had a theory about mastering persons by discovering their nobler interests, so that she continued the discussion.

"If you don't care about watching the growth and development of flowers," she said, "perhaps you would be interested in vegetables. The vegetable-garden here is remarkable."

"It is the same with vegetables as with flowers," said Mrs. Dashwood. "They raise them better and cheaper in New Jersey."

"But," protested Mrs. Livingstone, "think of the sentiment and poetry which attach to the fruits of one's own garden. Was it not Horace who wrote an ode to the white turnips raised by Lucullus?"

"How delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Innis.

"I do not care for turnips," said Mrs. Dashwood. "I believe, however, that they are very wholesome for sheep."

Mrs. Livingstone turned from Mrs. Dashwood to Mrs. Innis. "You and I will garden together, dear."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Innis.

At this not only Mrs. Dashwood but others smiled. Mrs. Innis was remarkable for never doing any of those things, except in imagination.

There was a pause in the conversation.

"Well," observed Mrs. Dashwood, loudly, "are n't we going to play bridge?" She had been waiting half an hour for the tables to be brought in.

Mrs. Livingstone made no reply. She seemed not to have heard, though that was scarcely possible. She smiled faintly with what she considered her "sweet expression."

"Yes," she said dreamily to Mrs. Innis, "you and I will have a garden with jonquils and lilies and fritillaria and rosemary and all the delightful old flowers—"

"What is fritillaria?" Mrs. Varick inquired.

"Why, don't you know?" said Mrs. Livingstone. "It is that lovely—" she hesitated, as if seeking the descriptive words.

"Are n't we going to play bridge?" asked Mrs. Dashwood.

Mrs. Livingstone abandoned her search after the descriptive words.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Dashwood," she said coldly, "but I believe that there are no cards in the house. Neither Mr. Livingstone nor myself ever plays. We have ideals which forbid it. While not assuming to criticize others, I must say that I disapprove of playing any game for stakes, however small."

Mrs. Innis's skill at bridge was noteworthy, and her winnings were almost scandalous, but her sympathies were catholic and quick.

"I admire you very much for saying that," she said. "I am sure we play too much, and need just such an influence as yours."

"Of course," said Mrs. Dashwood, "I believe in people living up to their principles, if they have any."

Mrs. Livingstone did not exactly understand what Mrs. Dashwood meant. "I am

glad you agree with me," she said. She considered that a safe remark.

Mrs. Dashwood began to play with the fox-terrier, and made no reply.

"We were talking about gardening and country life," Mrs. Livingstone continued, addressing the company through Mrs. Innis. "Don't you think that a beautiful environment such as we have here must make our lives finer and more beautiful?"

"It must, of course," said Mrs. Innis. "And you remember you promised to have a class and to let us come and be taught about books and art."

Mrs. Livingstone looked down meekly.

"I should be a very poor teacher," she said, "I know so little; but we could study together."

"You know a great deal," said Mrs. Innis. "When shall we begin?"

Mrs. Livingstone thought for a moment. "Wednesdays at ten would suit me best, if it is agreeable to you."

There was no dissent.

"Wednesday suits every one," said Mrs. Innis. "We will begin day after to-morrow. As I've said before, it will make our life so much more profitable and amusing."

Mrs. Livingstone looked doubtful at the last word. She had something in mind to say, however, and she let Mrs. Innis's rather extraordinary point of view pass.

"There is just one thing regarding this place," she began, "about which I am in doubt; that is the hunting. It is certainly a question whether such strong excitement is a good thing, to say nothing of the risks which accompany it. Ought a married man to assume those risks merely in the course of his pleasure, and ought a wife—to be more explicit, ought I to allow Mr. Livingstone to take them?"

There was no answer to this question, which was addressed generally.

Mrs. Livingstone turned to Mrs. Innis.

"Would you let him hunt if he were yours?"

"That is a very hard question," replied Mrs. Innis. "In the first place, you see, I can't imagine him being mine." She blushed, and several of her friends smiled; but Mrs. Livingstone did not notice either the blush or the smiles. "In the second place," Mrs. Innis continued, "when poor dear Mr. Innis was alive, I tried never to allow myself a wish of my own." She



"THEY GALLOPED ON TO THE TENNIS LAWN."

WILCOX

sighed, and the friends who had smiled before smiled again.

"That was unselfish of you," said Mrs. Livingstone, "but quite wrong, I am sure, if your wishes were for his good."

She turned to Mrs. Dashwood.

"What would you do," she asked, "about Reggie's hunting?"

"I should n't do anything," replied Mrs. Dashwood, still playing with the terrier. "It would n't do any good. I've found out that when Courtlandt wishes to hunt or drink or gamble, he does it without consulting me."

"Mr. Livingstone," said his wife, coldly, "neither drinks nor gambles, so that it is unnecessary to consider those subjects. As to hunting, I believe that he would give it up if I asked it."

"He might," said Mrs. Dashwood, "if he was n't keen about it, or if you cut down his allowance."

"I think," replied Mrs. Livingstone, with reproof in her tone, "that you are seriously in error. A woman should, as they say, manage her husband only by appealing to his strength and manliness, by sharing and sympathizing with his interests."

"You are quite right, my dear," said Mrs. Innis. "Don't let her make you worldly or lose your faith in men. After all," she added, with a shrug of her shoulders, "there is no one else to marry us, is there?"

"I am sure that I am right," said Mrs. Livingstone. "Community of interest is what makes marriage happy. That is why we have come to the country. We both are wrapped up in country life. It is a very wholesome taste to have in common. Town life is full of temptations, but here in the country it is quite different."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dashwood, "different and worse."

"I am afraid, my dear Mrs. Dashwood," said Mrs. Livingstone, "that you are something of a pessimist."

"No," said Mrs. Dashwood; "only I've lived here ten years. But I would n't live anywhere else," she added. "I like to ride to hounds."

Mrs. Livingstone looked puzzled. She started to speak, but Mrs. Dashwood interrupted by asking if she might have her horses ordered.

"But you are not going alone?" she

said. "Is n't Mr. Dashwood coming for you?"

"I hope not," said Mrs. Dashwood; "not at this time of night."

Mrs. Livingstone recoiled in shocked amazement.

"You must n't pay any attention to Effie," said Mrs. Innis, soothingly. "It is her pose to be cynical. The real reason why she is going home without Mr. Dashwood is that she has me on her hands, and the brougham holds only two."

"But are you all going?" exclaimed Mrs. Livingstone, as her guests rose. "Are n't any of you going to wait till the dinner at the club is over?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Varick, "they won't be leaving the club for hours. It is much more sensible for us to go to bed than to sit up and wait. You had better do the same thing."

As the last of her guests drove away, Mrs. Livingstone slipped out and stood on the steps in the porte-cochère. The crunching of the wheels on the gravel ceased. She waited for a time, listening for an approaching vehicle, but none came. She was very tired, and presently she went in and went to bed. But she did not go to sleep for a long time. New and disturbing doubts worried her.

At eleven o'clock the next morning Mr. Livingstone had shown no signs of getting up. His door was locked, and when his man knocked at nine, the only response was a mumbled something which he did not understand, but interpreted as a request to be left undisturbed. Mrs. Livingstone was growing uneasy. Her husband always rose at nine, and not unnaturally she feared that he was ill. She was wondering whether she ought to send for the doctor, when the footman appeared and informed her that some one was at the door with a horse and wished to speak to Mr. Livingstone.

She went to the door, and found a groom in the porte-cochère with a horse.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"Please, madam," said the groom, "Mr. Galloway told me to deliver this horse to Mr. Livingstone and to give him this note."

"You may give me the note," she said, "and you had better take the horse to the stable."

She glanced at the handwriting, which

was unfamiliar, and went into the house and listened. There were no sounds of Mr. Livingstone's awakening.

"It may be something important," she said half aloud. "I suppose I *ought* to open it." She hesitated for a moment, then she tore open the envelop.

"DEAR REGGIE [she read]: Here is old Blue Chip, who stands you for one stack of the same, as per last evening's sale. I hope you feel better than I do.

"Galloway."

She looked perplexed. She began to read the note a second time, when she heard a bell ring and immediately afterward the sound of the unlocking of a door. It was a wooden house, and people moving and speaking in the upper story could be heard from below. Presently she heard a servant knock and her husband order a bottle of mineral water.

"Do you wish your breakfast in your room, sir?" asked the man.

"I don't wish any breakfast," replied Mr. Livingstone. "Is there any grape-fruit in the house?"

"I'll see, sir," said the man.

"If there is none," said Mr. Livingstone, "bring some lemons with the water, and bring a quart bottle."

Mrs. Livingstone listened with growing anxiety. Her husband rarely ate grape-fruit, and invariably did eat a hearty breakfast. Moreover, his voice was hoarse. "Reggie," she called up, "are you ill?"

"No," replied Mr. Livingstone.

"You are very hoarse," she commented. "You must have caught cold coming home."

"I did," said Mr. Livingstone.

"You know, I told you to take a muffler."

There was no answer.

"Don't you feel well?" she inquired.

"I feel like a little skylark," he replied hoarsely.

"I'm so glad," she said sympathetically. "Reggie," she continued, mounting the stairs, "a horse came for you a little while ago—and a note. You were asleep, and it looked like something important, so I opened it."

"A horse?" he said, with a note of surprise in his voice. "Let's see the note."

She handed him the envelop, and he took out the sheet of paper and read it.

"This is some idiot joke of Galloway's," he observed.

"What does he mean?" asked Mrs. Livingstone.

"Blue Chip is the name of a horse," he replied.

"And I suppose the 'one stack' refers to the haystack which it will eat up," she suggested.

"You are a wonderful woman!" replied Mr. Livingstone. He patted her shoulder. "Run away, and let me get my bath."

"But is this the horse you were going to get for me?" she asked.

"Of course," he answered, and disappeared into his bedroom.

Mrs. Livingstone went down-stairs with the intention of going to the stables to inspect her new horse. She put on a hat and stepped through the door, when she saw two men coming up the drive, one pulling and the other pushing what is known as a breaking-cart. She waited till they approached, for she noticed that one of the shafts was broken and that the brass dash-rail was bent out of shape. Moreover, several spokes were missing from one of the wheels.

"Has there been an accident?" she asked anxiously. She glanced fearfully out toward the road, expecting to see a motionless form borne in.

"No, ma'am," answered the man in the shafts; "that is, not recent." He took a note from his pocket. "This is for Mr. Livingstone," he said.

"You may give it to me," she replied. The man handed her the note, and she turned to enter the house.

"Shall we take it to the stable?" the man called after her.

"Take what to the stable?" she said, stopping.

"Why, the cart, ma'am," said the man.

"Is *that* cart for Mr. Livingstone?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the man.

"Very well," she said. "Take it to the stable."

She went in and mounted the stairs.

"Reginald," she called, "here is another note for you, and there is a broken cart outside that two men have just taken to the stable."

One half of Mr. Livingstone's face was still unshaven and lathered, but he came

to the door with an anxious look, and took the note.

"Good heavens, Rosina!" he exclaimed, "can't you keep these things till I get dressed? I have a headache, and very likely a temperature."

"You said you felt like a lark," observed Mrs. Livingstone.

"Well, don't argue about it," he replied. He tore open the envelop, and read the contents aloud. It said:

"Here is the breaking, or broken, cart that went for the odd reds. I forgot to send it over with Blue Chip. By the way, this is the best way to drive the old horse—about half an hour ahead of the trap. It saves repairs.

"Galloway."

"Is this another of Mr. Galloway's jokes?" asked Mrs. Livingstone.

"Hang Galloway!" said Mr. Livingstone. "He ought to be more considerate so early in the morning."

"Please don't swear," said Mrs. Livingstone. "It distresses me; and, besides, it is n't early in the morning."

"Angel," said Mr. Livingstone, desperately, "please let me shave." And he withdrew.

"But I don't understand about the 'odd reds,'" she called after him, "unless it means the odd spokes that were left in the wheels. They were red."

"That's it," he called back, and shut the door of his dressing-room.

Mrs. Livingstone was curious to inspect her new horse. Mr. Galloway's second note was not reassuring, and when she had said that she loved horses she meant safe, trustworthy horses with kind eyes and indolent temperaments. If it were safest to put Blue Chip half an hour ahead of the trap, she wished to make no experiments at closer range. She decided to consult Barnes, the coachman.

As she was leaving the house she chanced to look toward the gateway, and a spectacle met her eyes which put Blue Chip out of her mind. It was a procession coming up the driveway toward the front door. First there was a man driving a wheelless board platform, known in the country as a stone-boat. There was an old plow on the stone-boat; also a small black pig, which was tied to the plow. Next there was a stable-boy with a calf; after him a groom with a hugely fat piebald

pony. The groom also led a goat. Behind him came another groom riding a horse that limped in various legs. All four were bandaged, so that the exact nature of the infirmity was not obvious. Next came a farm-wagon loaded with what might be called an assorted cargo. Her eye caught two sheep, a harrow, a coop of chickens, and some distended grain-sacks.

As the head of the line approached, Mrs. Livingstone advanced to meet it. "What is all this?" she inquired of the farm-hand on the stone-boat.

"I was told to leave some things for Mr. Livingstone, ma'am," replied the man. "There's a plow, and a shote, and the stone-boat." He handed her a note.

"Well," she said, "and all the rest of you? What do you want?"

The old farmer on the seat of the box-wagon replied:

"I got a load of stuff from Mr. Colfax's place fer Mr. Livingstone, and I guess the rest of these fellers has stuff fer him, too. Besides them sheep and the harrer," he continued, casting his eye over the wagon, "I got a coop of games, a coyote pup, four beagle-dogs, one bag of clover-seed, two bushels of early rose seed-potatoes, and one bag of prepared trout food. It's all in this here inventory." He handed down a note to the groom on the lame horse, and he passed it along to the groom with the pony and the goat, and eventually it reached Mrs. Livingstone, together with other notes that came from the various other persons in the line.

"Where shall I leave your stuff, miss?" inquired the farmer.

Mrs. Livingstone looked up blankly from the collection of notes in her hand.

"Please wait," she said, "till I speak with Mr. Livingstone." She went indoors and up-stairs to her husband's room. There was no answer to her knock, and she went in. Then she heard a splashing in his bath-room. "Reginald!" she called.

The splashing ceased.

"Reginald!" she called again.

"I'm in the tub!" came the reply.

"But there is a procession waiting outside, and here are a lot more notes."

"A lot more what?" said the voice in the bath-room.

"Notes," she repeated. "Letters from people who have sent you things."

"Oh, bother!" said the voice. Presently

the door was unlocked and a wet arm extended.

"Give me the notes," said Mr. Livingstone. Then the door closed again. "I shall be down in a few minutes," he added. "Tell them to wait."

Mrs. Livingstone told the men to wait, and then she went into the library and sat down. She was troubled—she could not explain why. There was something irregular about the way the day had begun. She thought it best to calm her mind, and she took from the table a book of verses by a Bulgarian poetess and began to read. There was little which seemed to mean anything in the verses, but they sounded well, and she decided to read them to the class next day. They were much out of the common, and that is a great deal with poetry, even if it means nothing. She was reading in a low tone to herself:

"My heart, the fragrance of the rose,
The lark's song, and the passion of yesterday—"

"How beautiful!" she murmured, "how true!" She closed the book with her finger at the page, and gazed tenderly across at a Braun photograph on the opposite wall depicting a Botticelli young lady with a scrawny neck. As her eyes returned to the book, her range of vision embraced the bow-window which looked out upon the tennis lawn and the garden. She gave a little scream and clasped the book to her bosom. She saw two horses side by side in the air entering the garden over the wall and high box hedge and about to land on the violet-frames. The sound of breaking glass which instantly followed told her that they had landed. The riders, whom she recognized as Messrs. Dashwood and Colfax, immediately dismounted and began examining their horses' legs. The examination seemed satisfactory, for they presently remounted, without casting a glance at the frames. When they galloped on to the tennis lawn, Mrs. Livingstone threw the Bulgarian poetess on the table and dashed to the window. She could see the deep hoof-prints in the tender turf. The French windows were partly open, and she was about to request them to keep off the tennis lawn when she heard her husband calling from the window above.

"Hello, you chaps!" he shouted.

His hail was answered by Mr. Dashwood:

"What do you mean by putting glass on the landing side of a hedge?"

Mrs. Livingstone gasped.

"I did n't put it there," replied Mr. Livingstone, "but I wish I had. To-morrow I shall fix it up with barbed wire."

"You will be put out of the hunt if you do," said Mr. Dashwood.

"It was rather a good jump, don't you think?" observed Willie Colfax. "We got a tenner apiece out of Carty. He did n't think we'd have it."

"Where is Carty?" asked Mr. Livingstone.

"He's coming around by the gate," said Mr. Colfax. "He's on a horse that's just been taken up."

"He'll be annoyed about the way you've torn up the garden and the lawn."

"No, he won't," said Mr. Dashwood. "He said that you were a responsible tenant. He did n't care."

Mrs. Livingstone, listening in the library, dropped into a chair. It was difficult for her to believe her ears.

"How do you feel this morning?" inquired Mr. Colfax.

"Ripping," replied Mr. Livingstone.

Mr. Dashwood looked up and smiled incredulously. "You were nosing in rather big last night," he observed. "I felt anxious about you."

"That was awfully good of you," said Mr. Livingstone. "How are you to-day?"

Mr. Dashwood gazed across the landscape, and absently lifted his hat and bared his head to the breeze.

"Have our things come?" he asked after a pause.

"They are on the other side of the house," said Mr. Livingstone. "I think it was low of you to sell me all those things, and lower yet to deliver them."

"They were no good to us," said Mr. Colfax.

"Go around and send your horses to the stable," said Mr. Livingstone. "I'm coming down."

Mrs. Livingstone got up from her chair in the library and left the room. Feelings of surprise and indignation were mastering her.

As Mr. Livingstone came down-stairs, he met his wife in the hallway. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," she replied in a tone that meant quite the reverse.

"Are n't you going to look at our new possessions?" he suggested.

"I don't think I care for those men," said Mrs. Livingstone.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Livingstone, cheerfully. "What does it matter about a little broken glass?"

"It is n't the broken glass," said Mrs. Livingstone; "and please don't say 'Nonsense.' It distresses me."

"Come along!" said her husband, and he led the way out into the porte-cochère. As she appeared behind him, Mr. Dashwood and Mr. Colfax both bowed with much manner and said, "Good morning, Mrs. Livingstone."

Mr. Carteret, who rode up at that moment, also bowed and said, "Good morning."

Mrs. Livingstone returned their salutes with one dignified inclination of her head.

"It is a very lovely morning," continued Mr. Dashwood. "Beautiful color on the hills, and all that sort of thing."

"Yes," said Mrs. Livingstone; "it is almost a profanation to do anything on such a morning except to admire the view, is it not?"

"You are quite right," replied Mr. Dashwood. "Mrs. Dashwood enjoyed your party very much last evening."

"I am glad that Mrs. Dashwood enjoyed herself," said Mrs. Livingstone.

There was an uncomfortable pause, which was broken by Mr. Colfax. "There is Effie now, with Mrs. Innis," he said. He waved his hat, and Mrs. Dashwood, who was driving along the road in a cart, turned into the Livingstones' driveway. As she saw the array of things marshaled before the front door and the company assembled there, an uncharitable gleam lighted her very handsome eyes.

"Good morning," said Mrs. Dashwood as she drove up. There was a cordiality in her tone which jarred on Mrs. Livingstone's feminine intuitions.

"Good morning, dear," said Mrs. Innis. "We saw Willie wave to us, and we drove in to say what a good time we had last evening."

"Won't you send your cart to the stable?" said Mrs. Livingstone.

"Thank you, no; we can only stop a minute," said Mrs. Dashwood.

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Innis, "what does *all this* mean?" She motioned toward the procession, which she seemed to have just noticed. "Have you been to an auction?"

"I really don't know what it does mean," said Mrs. Livingstone, stiffly. "I was about to inquire."

Mr. Dashwood and Mr. Colfax grinned, and Mr. Livingstone looked dignified and uncomfortable. Mr. Carteret preserved his usual uninquisitive calm.

"What have *you* been doing?" said Mrs. Dashwood to her husband.

"Nothing," said Mr. Dashwood.

"We jumped the garden hedge," said Mr. Colfax. "It was rather profitable." He looked at Mr. Carteret.

"Yes," said Mr. Livingstone, "and landed in Mrs. Livingstone's violet-frames."

Mrs. Livingstone cast a side glance at Mrs. Dashwood and tried to stop her husband.

"It was of no consequence," she said.

"Courtlandt, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Mrs. Dashwood. "But I told you how it would be with a garden," she continued to Mrs. Livingstone. "It is much better to get your flowers from town."

Mrs. Livingstone made no reply.

"But I want to know about these things," said Mrs. Innis, who was studying the procession.

"These are some treasures which Reggie acquired last evening," replied Mr. Colfax. "You know, Reggie is going in for country life. Rather a fine lot, are n't they?"

"No," said Mrs. Innis; "it looks to me like trash."

"How can you say such things?" said Mr. Colfax. "Look at that horse!"

"He's lame in only two legs," observed Mr. Carteret.

"Well, that was Courty's horse," said Mr. Colfax.

"Was that pony yours?" asked Mrs. Innis.

"No," said Mr. Colfax; "that was Varick's. I must say, it was hardly right to unload that on Reggie. Besides having the heaves, it bites. It nearly took his four-year-old's hand off. It is n't a safe pony for children."

"So I suppose he thought Mr. Livingstone would enjoy riding him," said Mrs. Livingstone.

"There is also another way of looking at it," said Mr. Colfax, cheerfully. "When you go in for country life, you ought to take the bitter with the sweet. A bad pony about the place adds a spice to things."

"Really?" said Mrs. Livingstone. She was holding herself together with determination. The broken violet-frames, the ruined tennis lawn were easier to bear than Mrs. Dashwood.

"But which are your things?" Mrs. Innis asked of Mr. Colfax.

"Mine," he answered, "are that superior lot in the box-wagon."

She beckoned to Mr. Carteret.

"What is in the wagon?" she asked.

He moved his horse to the side of the wagon.

"There are two sheep," he began.

"They have the foot-rot," said Mrs. Dashwood.

"Would you expect me to draft the sound ones?" asked Mr. Colfax.

"A coop of game chickens," Mr. Carteret continued.

"They won't stand," said Mr. Dashwood.

"A broken harrow," Mr. Carteret went on, "the coyote that killed Mrs. Carstairs' peacocks, and two couples of beagles that are down on their feet. They also look as if they had mange."

"They have," said Mr. Colfax.

"What is in these sacks?" inquired Mr. Carteret.

"Clover-seed, potatoes, and trout food," replied Mr. Colfax.

"The trout food, I presume," said Mr. Carteret, "is three years old, dating from the time when you were going to stock your pond, but left the cans of young fish at the station."

"That is true," said Mr. Colfax.

"What is the matter with the clover-seed and potatoes?" Mr. Carteret looked up at the farmer on the box as he spoke.

The old man chuckled.

"It hain't my business to say, Mr. Carteret," he replied.

"This seems to be all, Mrs. Innis," said Mr. Carteret.

"Well," said Mrs. Innis, "if the other things are like these, you all ought to be ashamed of yourselves. The idea of giving a lot of rubbish to an old friend who has just come here to live!"

"Give!" exclaimed Mr. Colfax, indig-

nantly. "Who said anything about *giving* these things?"

"Do you mean to say you sold them?" said Mrs. Innis.

"Well, it's the same thing; Reggie won them from us at poker."

"At cards?" exclaimed Mrs. Livingstone.

She looked at her husband in horror.

"At cards?" repeated Mrs. Dashwood, with polite surprise in her tone. "I think we had better be going." She said this to Mrs. Innis, but Mrs. Livingstone heard.

At that moment the coyote, who had been innocently gnawing his rope, found himself unattached and charged the coop of game chickens. A wild clamor and cackling ensued. The farmer turned back into the wagon with his whip; the coyote jumped out and ran between the legs of the lame horse. As the horse winded the wolf, he gave a snort and dashed across the flower-beds, leaving the groom on his back in a bed of China asters.

The coyote hurried off on another line through the vegetable-garden, pursued by the beagles, which had also escaped and were yapping cheerily.

"Keep them off the flower-beds!" called Mrs. Livingstone.

"We'll have a run!" cried Mr. Colfax. "Tally-ho! Gone away!" he bawled and jumped on his horse.

Mr. Dashwood also mounted. "Forward on!" he yelled, and the two galloped after the beagles.

"They've gone through the vegetables!" cried Mrs. Livingstone.

"They will have a good gallop," said Mr. Carteret, wistfully. "I wish I was n't on a horse just off grass."

"But the flowers and the vegetables!" wailed Mrs. Livingstone.

"Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Dashwood; "you can get better ones by express from town. You know I told you how it would be. Good-by; we are going to follow on the road." She whipped up, and went down the drive at a gallop.

"Good-by, dear!" called back Mrs. Innis.

The piebald pony had become roused by the excitement and began bucking. He ended, however, by biting the stable-boy. The boy put his hand to his injured shoulder, and both pony and goat got away.

"Look! Look! The pony!" cried Mrs.

Livingstone. "Look! It's in the geraniums!"

"Hang the geraniums, and the pony too!" said Mr. Livingstone.

"Don't say that!" cried his wife. "It distresses me. Stop the pony!"

"I say," called Mr. Livingstone, "can't some of you catch that pony?"

The stable-boy started after it through the geraniums, and the pony fled to a more distant bed of asters.

Mrs. Livingstone stood white and rigid in the doorway, regarding these events. Suddenly she turned wildly upon Mr. Carteret.

"Take them all away! You must take them!" she commanded.

"Take what?" said Mr. Carteret, startled by her abruptness.

"All these things. They are the fruits of gambling, and they have ruined the lawn."

"But, my dear Mrs. Livingstone," Mr. Carteret began. Then he stopped. Hysterical women disturbed him, and even the remote possibility of possessing a horse like that which had broken loose made matters worse.

"You must take them!" she exclaimed. "They have ruined the garden; they have trampled on the flowers—"

"But the gardeners in a few days—" he interrupted.

"But *we* can't keep them!" she said excitedly. "Don't you see? You must take them. *We* have ideals."

"Oh," said Mr. Carteret, as if that explained matters; "but, don't you see, I can't take them: I'm sailing for England."

"My dear," said Mr. Livingstone to his wife, "you are excited."

She gave him a glance, and turned to Mr. Carteret.

"If you can't take them yourself, then you must tell us how to dispose of them; we are your tenants."

This was a new requirement in a landlord to Mr. Carteret, but he saw that it was useless to argue. An inspiration came to him. "There's the curate, you know, in the village. He's been used all his life to having things that other people don't want, and he's an awfully decent little chap." He started his horse down the driveway and lifted his cap. "Good morning," he called back. "I'm sorry I have to hurry off, but, you see, I'm sailing soon. The curate will be glad to have the calf," he added. He kicked his horse into a canter and fled.

"Take all these things to the curate," said Mrs. Livingstone to the men who remained in the line.

"But, Rosina," said Mr. Livingstone, "you can't send this stuff without some explanation."

"You may explain," said Mrs. Livingstone, and went into the house.

THAT afternoon the Livingstones' stablemen were busy delivering notes to the members of the class which announced that Mrs. Livingstone was indisposed and would be unable to have the class on Wednesday. The next afternoon she took the train for town with Mr. Livingstone, and it shortly became known that they had taken a house in Boston for the winter. The farm and the building-site were offered for sale, and, with Mr. Carteret's permission, his house was relet to some rich people from the West who were anxious to get into the hunting set.

"I was afraid they would n't like it," observed Mrs. Innis. They were talking the matter over at tea on the club veranda. "But it is experiments like this that keep life interesting, is n't it?" she added.

"I'm rather sorry for Reggie," said Mrs. Dashwood.





THE SUMMER OF ST. MARTIN

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "A Comedy of Conscience," etc.



It was near to twilight, the windless evening of one of those dreamy days of mid-November when nature, never at rest, seems to pause amid the hazy atmosphere of the Indian summer.

From a wood which crowned the hilltop the land fell away in gracious curves set with the yellowing sheaves of corn to distant meadows, beyond which a great river moved onward with no haste to the sea. A late autumn still left the forest as glorious as a storm-born sunset, with the red and gold of the sassafras, oak, and maple set against a background of the dark cones of spruce and pine.

On the edge of the wood a man whose years accorded with the autumnal season sat on a rustic bench and watched the smoke from his pipe rise in blue spirals through the motionless air, or now and then followed the sauntering movement of a leaf as, rocking to and fro, it descended in what seemed a leisurely way until it lay with its fellows on the all-reclaiming earth.

There was some note of expectation in the silence of the hour, a sense of restful reprieve in the warmth of the November day. The man who sat bareheaded was quite at one with the mood of the time and with the serenity of this pause in the decay of what the bounty of the summer had given.

He was quietly reflecting on what his life of dutiful service in war and peace had been to his country. He had the power—so often lost in age—of imaginative visual recall, and looking downward over the boulders on the upper slope, he saw for a moment the mad fury of the fight on Little Round Top and the anguish of the burning

woods in the Wilderness. As his after service in foreign courts passed through his mind, some remembered incident brought a smile to the sternness of a face ever ready with the signal of humorous appreciation. Then, as he struck his pipe on the bench to knock out the glowing ashes, he lived again in the distant year of sorrow which had left him with a certain courteous tenderness for women, young and old. It had seemed at times near enough to something yet more tender to excite hopes, which were but the shadows cast by his memories of the long-lost light of love.

Thus wandering in thought through the scenes of a life of adventure and historic interest, he stretched himself and then sat more erect, conscious of still feeling competence of mind and strength of body. He was, in fact, in one of those rare periods which come to an old age of vigor, when, during the slow failure of the body, there seems to be a return of youthful energy, and for a time the man feels himself to be once more in the genial summer of productive life.

He smiled as his fancy recognized in nature's pause a symbol of his sense of brief arrest in the inevitable coming of life's winter days.

He looked up and around him, taking note of how much was left of the splendor of autumnal color.

As he turned he saw near by a woman of some twenty years, leaning against an oak and steadily regarding him.

"Well," he said, "Helen, how long have you been playing the spy?"

"Oh, about ten minutes."

"And may I ask, my dear, the result of your observations?"

She laughed gaily, still keeping her place.

"With all my heart, but I shall make you blush."

"At my age! Seventy years loses one that art, if art it be. I am hardened—go on."

"I was thinking how handsome you are."

"Well, let that pass; what else?"

"And what a kind face you have and yet how stern."

"I remain undisturbed, and should, I presume, be flattered. What more?"

"You have that look which comes to men, to some men, who have often been in peril of sudden death. That is my father's wisdom; I borrowed it because to-day I see it. I like it, too."

"I think we may rest there, my child; come and sit by me. We have an hour before dinner."

As she sat down he said pleasantly:

"If you are through with me and my looks, it may now be my turn."

"Oh, but I was not quite through. I tried to imagine what you were thinking of."

"Now that is quite another matter. Still I am amiably disposed. There ought to be female confessors for my sex. I cannot conceive of myself as opening my heart to a man. But you may hear terrible things."

"I am not afraid. It is becoming very, very interesting. Do go on."

"I was thinking that I felt to-day as I did at thirty—as if time had mercifully dropped me for a season; after a while he will come back for me in a worse humor. There comes to us, to the old, now and then, this summer of St. Martin."

In a low, gentle voice, as if reflecting, she repeated what he had said:

"The 'summer of St. Martin.' I like that."

"I shall be for it the better company. It is my turn now. The soft whiteness of that gown is most becoming. As you stood, your hair—do you see the buckwheat stubble below us, red and gold? I did not have to go far for a comparison. When the leaves were drifting down around you, you seemed to me like the glad young spring in wide-eyed wonder at the failing year."

The girl stood up and curtsied. "When I am an old, old lady, and my hair is gray, I shall say to—to some one, 'When

I was young, General Westwood said—' and then they will say, 'What! the great soldier?'"

"Or more likely, my dear, 'Who the deuce was he?'"

"Oh, no, no; and I shall say, 'Yes; he was my father's friend, and he was the handsomest man of his time, and really there are no men like him nowadays.' It will be thenadays." And upon this she sat down, adding: "And really, if, sir, you had the honor to know General Westwood as I do, and could hear my father talk about him, you would wonder whether any of the young men I know will ever come to the stature of men like him."

"Upon my word," he said, laughing merrily, "you make me wish I too were young once more. But you might then have the same doubt you seem to have concerning all those youngsters I saw about you last night. Are there any of them who—?"

"No, not one."

"Well, you have been confessing me, and now it is my turn. You have had lovers, my lady?"

"I? Of course, yes, after a fashion. I have my own idea as to what a lover should be. He is still in fairy-land."

"Perhaps you will sketch for me that ideal gentleman. I promise the secrecy of the confessional."

"Then I answer: He is to be what you must have been at twenty-five."

"And how, my fair Helen, can you know what I was or how I might have made love?"

She evaded a too difficult question, saying: "I think you could do it yet. Tell me how a man like you at twenty-five went about trying to make a woman care for him."

"Does no experience as yet tell you?"

"No, or only how it should not be done."

"Ah, well, if I were twenty-five and you twenty I might instruct that sweet innocence in whose ignorant inexperience I only half believe."

"And what would you say—oh, really?"

He laughed as he answered her: "Can you imagine me at twenty-five and in love, let us say, with Miss Helen Walden?"

"Yes, easily. I am already interested. We met—where was it we met? But just now I must sit a little farther away." And laughing gaily, she moved to the far

end of the bench, adding, "There must have been a beginning."

Much delighted, the general replied: "We have no time to lose. Suppose we begin in the middle of it."

"Or near the end. We must talk in a background, a scene."

"Why not choose your place? Miss Walden, your lover waits."

"What a charming comedy! It must be on the porch at Cousin Harry's. There is a full moon on the water, and the time is June, at Newport. Oh, this is too delightful! We are there, walking up and down on the porch, and you are Captain Westwood, and you said to me—"

"No, I am saying; present tense, Miss Helen; we must lose our identity with the future."

She was quick to accept the challenge. "I will begin: 'Yes, Captain Westwood, I have known you long enough to say that, but more I cannot say.'"

"To say what?"

"Bless me, general! You are Captain Westwood, you must know."

"Pardon me. I forgot my part, and there is no prompter in a love-play. Now, as the captain, I say: 'You confess, Miss Walden, that you are enough interested to give me hope that before I return to the front I may carry away with me some assurance that at some time—'"

"No, I cannot say that. I said nothing like that. If ever I love a man I shall surprise him. I shall love as some people hate. I shall be very careful, because once netted I shall never get out. I shall want to be sure. I am far from that."

"Do not you think, Miss Helen, that with what you know of me you could trust me?"

"I cannot trust myself. I am afraid. If ever I were to care for you or for any man, and, far away in the years, he should prove to be other than my ideal, I—I—should—oh, I do not know what I should do."

"Do not you think that to possess your love would in itself insure that a man—oh, Miss Helen, to look forward to the sweet possession of your love, to move with you through life, might make an angel of a worse man than I. You have known me a month. Can you ever know me better? There is war and its chances. In a year I may return, or I never may return."

"I wish you would not say that kind of thing, Captain Westwood. It is—it is not fair. And I do not see why you should care for me."

"Because you are a beautiful woman, because the gold of your hair is as golden as the golden wheat, because you have violet eyes, because you are as good as you are beautiful, and true and noble in your aims and thoughts."

"I never heard such nonsense."

"Then no man with a heart and a head has ever loved you."

"You would be sorely disappointed."

"I dare a little to think, to believe, that you care for me more than seems to you possible."

"You are mistaken, and you have no right to any such belief merely because I have been so foolish as to say I liked you. I shall be more careful."

"Yes, I remember when you said it, and you gave me a wild-rose bud."

"Yes, and you wished it were a full-blown rose; I thought you very, very impertinent."

"But you knew what I meant, and ever since I have wanted that rose—the rose of your perfect love. It was only the sweet insolence of love and longing."

"Once for all, Captain Westwood, this must stop. Do men never take 'No' for a woman's answer? I should think your own self-respect would teach you that I have said enough."

"Pardon me. Men like me never feel that failure is possible. I love you the more because you are hard to win. Even a forlorn hope does still mean hope."

She laughed. "But is in the end apt to be forlorn."

"Nowadays, dear enemy, we call them storming parties."

"Oh, indeed!"

"I wish I could see your face. I should read my chances better. Are you pale, or red like yonder rosy pearl, the moon above the sea? What more can I say to you except again and again that I love you, and that to-morrow I go to Virginia? Have you no kinder word for me? Love has no argument save love—love—love."

Half self-recalled by the intensity with which the actor put his question, she turned in the dusking twilight and saw the strength of his profile and the long gray mustache. He, too, was still in the part; playing it

with a certain zest in its novelty, and accepting her silence as a clever contribution to their game.

"Am I to have no answer?"

"No, not now; perhaps—oh, I wish you would go. No other man has ever said such things to me. They are not true, they cannot be. I am like other girls: I am far, very far from perfect."

"Yes, I admit that you lack one thing yet—Helen Walden, you do not love me."

"No; that, at least, is true."

"But you will. You must."

"Mr. Westwood!"

"Yes, Helen—ah, the fatal name! After to-night I shall be away in perilous night rides, in battle where death is in the air, and, amid a host, lonely. You will think of me sometimes at this evening hour, and perhaps your own heart will be eloquent for me, and sometimes, when those accursed papers at morning give the long list of the dead and the maimed, you—"

He paused as the girl rose to her feet, admirably seizing the chance he gave. For a moment he was back again in the present, self-surprised at the stress and passion of what was half sad remembrance and half an almost too easy art.

"You are unkind and cruel. I have many friends in the army. You are only one."

"I am only one, but that one loves you."

Helen laughed. "Upon my word, general, you are admirable. But you have made it hard for that impossible he."

The general smiled as he said: "Act number one. Your mother calls. The curtain falls. You leave me. Shall we go on?"

"Oh, yes, yes. It is charmingly real."

"And may be made useful, my dear. Well, then, a year goes by, a year and more."

"And we meet here," she said, "just here at this very hour, only I am seated and you come through the wood. It is dusk, just as it is now."

The general rose as she sat down. He stood before her in the failing light, erect and tall. "I have been looking for you everywhere."

"Indeed? When did you come?"

"An hour ago. May I lie down on the grass? I am tired."

He threw his short blue horseman's cloak on the grass and dropped upon it at her feet.

"Stage direction, Helen."

"I understand," she said. "It is great fun. Do go on."

"No; it is your turn."

"You have been wounded and ill. I hope you are better."

"The wound was of no moment; a too intimate reb got in on my guard—a sabercut. For the rest, it was swamp fever. But I am not here to talk of myself. I go back to-morrow."

"Are you fit for service?"

"I hope to be; but, whether or not, I go back to-morrow."

"To-morrow! So soon!"

"Yes, I go back to-morrow."

"How the leaves are falling!"

"You never answered one of my letters, Miss Helen."

"No. Yes; I did twice."

"I never got them."

"No; I burned them."

"You were unkind."

"No; I was kind. I did not want to hurt you, and last year you had my answer."

"Answer! I had no answer. I am here again for another kind of answer. Has time still been unkind, Helen?"

Here he sat up, and resting an elbow on the bench, with his hand supporting his head, looked up at her, as she said: "Is n't it rather chilly, Captain Westwood? The dew is falling. Is it prudent? You have been ill."

"The good doctor Love will care for me. And ah, Helen, I have but one thing to say: I love you. Through life to death I shall love you. Wounds and sickness are little things. This is a sadder illness, to love and not be loved in turn."

"Oh, there are so many things. And I—"

"Yes, I know; I know you mean that you do not know me well, that you cannot trust your life to a man of whom you have seen so little. You are reasoning. I cannot blame you. But, Helen, I want you to feel, not to reason: that is the too wise foe of love."

"And have you no reason—I mean to—"

"To love you? Yes, a man's reason, a bird's reason; all love's folly and all love's wisdom are in the business. You say nothing. Is there no rose of love hidden in the darkness of your silence, no answering love-song, when I am like the poor

bird that has no song but that of love? I imagined, as I came through the wood and the twilight grew, flooding the ways at my feet with shadows, that I should all in a moment see the light of welcome on your face."

"Oh, but I *am* glad to see you."

"Be gladder still—no, I will have that hand. How soft it is, how tender!"

"I must go; it is late. I beg of you."

"No; it is a sweet prisoner. Ah, little rebel hand!"

"You are so strong—be merciful."

"I cannot. Why will you not—ah!"

He let her hand fall.

"Pardon me, Helen; I am faint. This has been too much for me. I have been foolish. I might have known." He slipped down on the grass at her feet. "I shall be all right in a moment."

She knelt beside him. "Are you ill? Oh, what shall I do?"

"There is one remedy—a little, little love, that is all. There—that is better."

He kissed her hand. "Oh, this is heaven. Then you do love me?"

"Yes, a little. Just one leaf of that rose."

"Of my saucy rose."

The general stood up, laughing. The girl laughed also, a strange laughter, incomplete, a little embarrassed.

"We did it well, general; I am spoiled for all other lovers. Was that the way you used to do it? The way you did it once—"

"Hush, my dear Helen. I was young again for an hour, and memory is having its revenge."

"I forgot," said the girl. "Forgive me. I have heard mother speak of it. It was thoughtless of me. You will forgive me, won't you?"

"Ah, dear child, my world which has been so kind to me was cruel once. I have not spoken of it—of her—for years. You cannot know what I lost. All true sorrow is lonely. May you never know that solitude."

"Oh, sir, will you let me say that what she, too, lost in death—oh, the life of a perfect love—how can any world we do not know make up for that?"

"Hush, my child," he said. "God knows why he gave and why he took. But, dear, I thank you."

She held the hand he offered, saying quietly:

"I would that I could do such things for you
As women gently use to those they love:
I would my longing spirit like a dew
Could fall upon you and all cares remove
And all life's faded flowers again renew."

You won't mind my saying it. It seems to say it all so much better than I could."

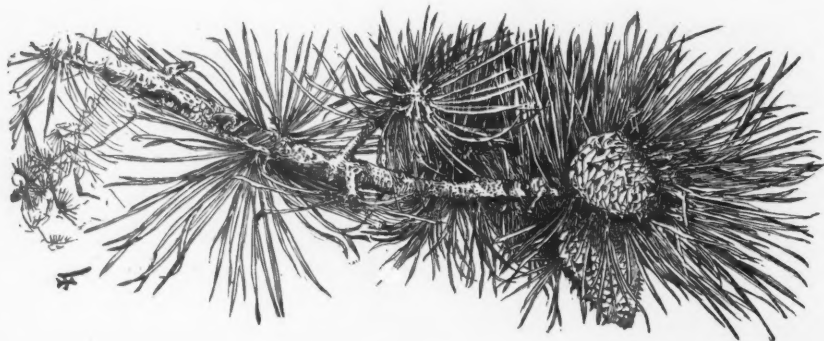
"Thank you, dear child of a dear friend; I understand."

He bent over, and, raising her hand, kissed it.

"The air is chilly. I am of a sudden reminded of my years. My summer of St. Martin is over. Let us go in and tell them how well we have amused ourselves. You are a clever little actress, Helen: Who shall relate our little comedy, you or I?"

"Neither," said the girl, and they walked on in silence, for he said only, "As you please, child."

A little air blew through the gloom of the darkened wood-ways, and the leaves fell about them, the red and the gold, in the failing light only gray bits of drifted shadows.



THE PRESENT EPIDEMIC OF CRIME

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AN appalling epidemic of crime exists in the United States. It is not a pleasant task to attempt to enlarge upon this proposition, but until it is realized, the plague will spread. As to portray the ravages and increase of disease does not imply that all are ill, so to affirm an epidemic of crime does not imply universal moral corruption or social chaos, or underestimate the good which exists.

STARTLING PHASES OF CRIME

AMONG the evidences of this epidemic is the recent rapid increase of juvenile and youthful crimes, and of crimes of premeditation and ingenuity committed by persons under or but little over what is called legal age. Moreover, these crimes among the young are by no means confined to the so-called lower classes. It occasions only momentary surprise to read that a scion of one of the best families is guilty of some heinous offense against law and morals. Indeed, the number of crimes committed by the highly educated is an alarming feature of the situation. The list of defaulting bookkeepers, bank-tellers, clerks, and college graduates constantly lengthens, reflecting a lurid light upon the theories of those who attempt to account for the origin of all sin, vice, and crime by ignorance. Those who attribute all crime to intemperance are also silenced, since many prevalent crimes are incompatible with that vice, for they require the keenest intellects, the most concentrated attention. It is noteworthy, also, that representatives of the clerical, the legal, and the medical professions are furnishing an increasing number of crimes of dishonesty, violence, and pollution of domestic life.

Making due allowance for the number who, in the hope of pardon, attempt to ingratiate themselves by representing that they have belonged to various Christian denominations and have been taught in Sunday-schools, the fact remains that a majority of the inmates of reformatories and prisons have been connected with different churches, either through their families or actually as communicants. Whoever studies criminals can but note that whereas the traditional type seemed to give a plausible argument to the theorists who imagine that they can infallibly ascertain character by an examination of the exterior of the skull and the physiognomy, there may easily be selected from a thousand prisoners one hundred who, properly clad, could pass for the judge, jury, lawyers, court officers, and principals in an important civil suit.

About three years ago I delivered an address to the prisoners in the penal institution at Sing Sing. In the audience of 800 were 2 bankers, 30 bookkeepers, 47 clerks, 4 physicians, 5 lawyers, 1 United States consul, and 21 salesmen. Besides, there were policemen, chemists, dentists, 9 merchants, 2 journalists, an architect, and 2 clergymen. The balance of the 1250 in the prison, 450 of whom were in attendance at the Catholic chapel, included all trades and occupations. Prominent representatives of almost every denomination were there, and several members of families of high ancestral distinction in the country. In addition to these were many skilled workmen. After a similar address in the Tombs Prison in New York, I visited the prisoners from cell to cell. Among them were 14 charged with murder. Of these 10 would compare favorably in appearance

and manner with the male attendants at any religious service. It is not so surprising that more than a third of the inmates of the Elmira Reformatory are well educated, and many of them refined and ingratiating in conversation and deportment. The alarming fact is that a large proportion of these are among the most incorrigible.

Another peculiarity of the time is that it is common to read the statement that the accused, when brought before the court, "seemed the most unconcerned person in the room." As a rule, nothing can account for such effrontery except familiarity with thoughts of crime and calculations on the possibility of detection. Again, the most outrageous acts are perpetrated with no very powerful ascertainable motive for their commission. The brutality, also, which marks many recent criminal acts has never been exceeded. Outrages upon children and upon the aged of both sexes, and the assassination of benefactors, are every-day occurrences. A single morning paper will recount scores of such ghastly facts. I recently counted fifty-two in a single number of a daily paper.

Many avoid what the law clearly pronounces a crime, but care little whether a profitable transaction be equitable, provided it be legal. The next stage in the direction of crime is carefully to consider how far one can go and escape the meshes of the law. The next is the taking of great risks of failure, which, leading to inextricable embarrassment, often ends in crime.

In any community an average amount of crime, ascertained by comparisons covering several years, would hardly be considered an epidemic. But when crime spreads rapidly and extends to regions comparatively free from it before, and where it has been common, takes on new and startling forms, it is obvious that both usual and unusual influences must be at work. Such has been the recent course of things in the United States. Individual crimes have increased in number and malignity. In addition to this, under extraordinary influences a wave of general criminality has spread over the whole nation. Meanwhile in certain regions there is an outbreak of a particular class of crimes.

The operation of extraordinary influences is often illustrated on a large scale by what is known as "hard times." The gen-

eral irritability of a population out of work, suffering for the necessities of life, and encumbered by debt, is attended by a marked increase of crime. Necessity presses men of feeble force to acts of theft, and desperate men to violent deeds.

But no such explanation can be given of the present situation. The times are far from hard, and prosperity for several years has been wide-spread among all classes. Large sums are in unaccustomed hands, bar-rooms are swarming, pool-rooms, policy-shops, and gambling-houses are full, the races are played, licentiousness increases, the classes who "roll in wealth" set intoxicating examples of luxury and recklessness, and crime has become rampant.

CONTRIBUTORY CAUSES: WAR, INTEMPERANCE, CITY LIFE

AMONG the influences which have powerfully affected the primary causes of crime and are sources of this present epidemic is the effect of the Civil War. Though the reabsorption into the body politic of so many discharged soldiers without a great and sudden change in the morale of the people was most remarkable, and creditable alike to the institutions and spirit of the country and to a large majority of the soldiers, it is still true that the evil done by that war to public and private morality was almost irremediable. Its effects were seen upon Congress, upon politics, upon reconstruction, upon business, upon society, and upon the habits of the people. The abolition of slavery, the establishment of the solidarity of the Union as against possible dissolution by State action, and the convincing of the world of the strength of the latent forces of the republic, were of inestimable value; but blood and treasure were only a part of the price paid. The Spanish War, though it involved a much smaller outlay and number of soldiers, has exerted a disproportionately powerful influence in the same direction.

The influence of intemperance in relation to crime is much debated, but all must agree that an intoxicated person has, for the time, impaired judgment, weakened self-control, and increased irritability. Men frequently intoxicated have, even when sober, far less self-control than those not in the habit of drinking to excess, for they are nerveless, depressed, sensitive, and

irascible. The majority of criminals are young: boys and young men have naturally less poise than adults, and intemperance in them leads to other vices which often give rise to feuds which may culminate in murder. Intemperance begets extravagance; this causes the loss of situations, and paves the way for crime.

The modern crowding of the population into cities is a factor of the first importance. Enthusiasts extravagantly praise the virtues of country populations, and as extravagantly disparage the moral condition of cities. This excites contradiction, and in the controversy the fact is overlooked that profound changes, some beneficial and others pernicious, have been and are being silently wrought by the aggregation into cities of so large a part of the population. We are entering upon the third generation of hotbed city life. The offspring of those whose occupations are sedentary, who use stimulants, lead irregular and excited lives, must, with few exceptions, suffer from inherited irritability of the nervous system. An abnormal strength and eccentricity of impulse must be the result, and this is fostered by city life.

A lamentable change has passed over the country with regard to the learning of trades. Most temperaments require manual labor in the earlier years of active life, and much exercise at all periods. Labor unions determine the number of apprentices which may be taken, and this number is so small that it is impossible for the large majority of growing boys to secure either the knowledge of trades or the physical and mental benefits of steady employment. Counting-rooms and shops are crowded with applicants for every vacant place, while thousands are left to roam the streets, having neither trade, profession, nor knowledge of business.

The struggle for success in society, finance, politics, literature, applied science, and art grows more fierce as the cities grow larger: the prosperous have often "paid too dear for the whistle"; those who fail are, according to temperament, despondent or desperate, and the consequence is a steady procession to the sanatorium or the prison. And the number of neurotic, romantic, pampered youth of both sexes is incomputable. If the country often understimulates, the city oftener overstimulates; and the prematurely blasé youth is in an abnormal

condition which feeds upon itself. Under such circumstances the very qualities which made a good man may make his son a curse to the community.

DIMINISHED REVERENCE FOR LAW

THE irregularity and uncertainty of the administration of justice has diminished reverence for law. Justice still holds the scales, but when the sons of the poor or unknown steal or create a disturbance, the case is usually promptly brought to trial. When the culprit is well connected or has friends who have political or pecuniary influence, the situation is often different. The jury acquits or disagrees, or, if it convicts, frequently recommends to mercy; eloquent counsel carry the case from court to court, and the impression that the administration of the law is capricious deepens with every year. I am aware that in theory all men are equal before the law; that a friendless and penniless man often has counsel appointed and paid by the State, and that frequently large sums of money are spent in his interest in the procuring of witnesses to facts or expert testimony. But a marked difference is often seen, and one such case obscures the recollection of those in which no distinction is made. In other instances, when the defendant is not a pauper but has limited means, the difference is often more accentuated than when the State bears the whole burden of expense.

More hurtful even than this is the theatrical conduct of criminal courts. City magistrates often act and speak in such a manner as to produce the effect of a farce. Members of the bar are allowed to wrangle, browbeat the judge, and terrify the witnesses. These scenes are reported in the press. Frequently proceedings not amenable to serious criticism are caricatured, but as frequently no reference is made to proceedings which deserve universal condemnation. When criminals are convicted, no one can foresee when the last appeal will be decided, and years generally elapse, though the case be plain. After the final decisions are made, justice encounters almost an epidemic of commuting and pardoning. Again, prison reform has become a fad, and, except where universal hatred of a prisoner exists, it is not irrational for his friends to expect to see him restored to liberty in a few years or months. Par-

dons are occasionally granted on the merits of the case, but the personal equation is complex: the petitioners include the counsel, the friends, their political acquaintances, their priest or minister, the State representative and senator of the district, and, in Washington, such federal representatives and senators as can be persuaded to take an interest, besides countless weakly good-natured persons who never heard of the crime or the criminal until asked for their signatures.

LABOR DISPUTES

LABOR disputes have wrought incalculable evil to the moral sense of participants and spectators, accompanied as they often are by destruction of property, assaults upon substituting non-union men and their families, the stoning of street-cars, the firing upon them regardless of the danger to passengers, and the ill-treatment of militia by strikers and their sympathizers. The harm is all the greater because members of labor unions are seldom, if ever, disciplined for such deeds, and their leaders, who display great mastery of vigorous English in denouncing non-union men and their employers, if they mention such conduct at all, refer to it so mildly as to make the condemnation wholly ineffective. These things strengthen law-breaking tendencies and scatter far and wide the germs of future outbreaks.

The recent anthracite-coal strike provoked a situation which still further weakened respect for order and law. While rioting continued, the authorities of Pennsylvania hesitated, and one of the great political parties in the State of New York in its platform called upon the President to seize the coal-fields and operate them for the public good. Elections were pending, and conferences of party leaders were held. The President of the United States was led to bring his personal and official influence to bear, and moral pressure was exerted. Medallions were struck of President Roosevelt and Mr. Mitchell, with the inscription, "Our Presidents." Had there been no rioting or destruction of property, and had there been an appeal to the President by both parties, the case might have been different; but even then the complication of the President with the settlement of an issue which, if peacefully conducted, was under the jurisdiction of

owners and employees, and, if otherwise, of the State of Pennsylvania, might have been a dangerous precedent, and an encouragement to exorbitant demands on the one side and unjust exactions on the other, with the expectation that the settlement would be dignified by the intervention of the President of the United States. One of Washington's fundamental maxims was, "Influence is not government."

THE INFLUENCE OF IMMIGRATION

THE problem of social order is further complicated by the tremendous increase of immigration. The population of this country consists broadly of native and foreign whites, Indians, Japanese, Chinese, and negroes. The Indians are outside the current of the present epidemic; the Chinese in America keep closely to themselves, and, with few exceptions, are related to the prevalent crime spirit only as occasional victims of those whom it possesses; while the Japanese are worthy to be classed with the most orderly of the population. The number of foreign whites is greater relatively to the whole population than it has been for many years, as is also the number of natives of foreign parentage. At one period it was customary to attribute the larger number of crimes to immigrants. Gradually such estimates became less plausible. But within twenty-five years immigration from England, Scotland, Wales, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Germany, and Ireland has diminished, and vast numbers of Italians, Hungarians, Bohemians, Poles, and Russians have poured into the country. Most of these speak only their own language, are ignorant of American institutions, are naturally clanish, and bring with them ancient prejudices and often hereditary feuds. Many work under contracts made by their representatives, and, being very excitable, increase the turbulent spirit of the times, the more so since many are socialists of an extreme type, and others are anarchists.

THE TROUBLESOME RACE QUESTION

THE Afro-American population has doubled since the Civil War. Before emancipation the majority were slaves living on land owned by their masters, who maintained order. The prosperity of

free negroes in the South depended upon their disposition, deportment, and usefulness. The "good negro," slave or free, made friends, the "bad negro" foes. Slavery admitted of much cruelty and more caprice, but it was to the interest of owners to preserve the health and working capacity of slaves. Emancipation placed upon the negro race the tasks of self-support, self-reliance, and self-restraint. One of the burdens of freedom is that each man must find his own work and maintain his own home. Illness and old age now disqualify the negro no less than the white, and entail the loss of place and pay. Hence negroes have all the vicissitudes of whites. Thousands of them travel from place to place seeking work, or, in the absence of it, live as they can. Lacking in self-control, without work or unwilling to work, many will steal. With strong passions, they wander aimlessly about the country, and in all such circumstances are more helpless and untrustworthy than average white people would be. Insanity and consumption, previously almost unknown, are prevalent; and crimes, especially of lust, are rife among them.

Race antagonism has been engendered among Southern whites by the great change wrought by emancipation in the negro's relation to them, and this often encounters a similar feeling among the negroes, which is born of their realization of the incongruity between what the letter of the constitutional amendments guarantees them and what they experience. Thus, while the negro in America is doing excellently in view of his history, the circumstances, and the short time since he was thrown on his own resources, many thousands who are all that citizens might be expected to be are obliged to bear a certain obloquy because of the crimes and repulsiveness of the lowest of their race. The unnamable crime which a small number have committed has justly excited an extreme of rage and abhorrence. Legal proceedings are denounced as tardy and uncertain, and lynching is the result. There is a morbid fascination in an extempore movement which is at once court, jury, and executioner, without the painstaking processes devised to give the accused a fair trial. Passion, with its consuming heat and blinding light, has no patience with them. The lynchers are for the moment, like the guilty wretch whom

they destroy, slaves of passion. At Kishinef there might have been a conflict between rich and poor, Cossacks and Russians, had no Jew been there; but the late dreadful massacre was possible only because of the combined race and religious prejudice against the Jew. White men have been lynched for the monstrous crime to which reference is made, and mobs have done dastardly deeds upon their countrymen; but the brutality of many recent American lynchings results from the general and particular causes herein described, combined with the fascination of the deed itself. Incipient pyromania exists in human nature. It has broken out in all ages. No religion has been exempt from it, and burning has been the method alike of punishing enemies and taking the lives of heretics. The thousands of white men who have burned sometimes those who deserved to die at the hand of the law, and at other times innocent persons, and have borne away souvenirs of the deed, were for the time simply savages. When men have made up their minds to hang or shoot, and some one calls out, "Burn him!"—with the thoughtlessness of sheep, but with the ferocity of wolves, the crowd follow him, and the deed is done.

COÖPERATION AGAINST CRIME NEEDED

AN epidemic of crime such as the present cannot be checked by any patent nostrum. Its causes must be removed or counterworked. The influences which tend to make successive generations law-abiding, stable, yet genuinely progressive, are law—reverence for law and the enforcement of law; self-interest, which, as soon as memory and reflection are matured, teaches the majority that obedience to law is "the best policy"; regular employment, rational education, and the institutions of religion. Between these and the influences which promote crime there is ceaseless war, the state rising in the scale of civilization as crime diminishes, and falling when it increases. Law must be rigorously enforced. The executive officer who takes upon himself to decide which of the statutes he will enforce is no friend to reverence for law. He who enforces every one he finds upon the statute-book places the responsibility upon the lawmakers. Lynching must be stigmatized as murder, and pun-

ished as such. Spectators who do not protest against the lynching should be treated as accessories. Courts must maintain the supremacy and majesty of the law. Jurors must be made to feel their responsibility.

In exercising the pardoning power presidents and governors must not undo the work of honest juries and conscientious judges, except for reasons which will justify the act to the unsophisticated moral sense of law-reverencing citizens. When property is being destroyed, assaults

made, and murder threatened, and the militia is called out, the people should be ordered to disperse, and if they will not do so, they should be fired upon. Public sentiment should be unified against crime. In the effort to do this, all in authority and all patriotic citizens should coöperate.

To realize our danger and our deficiencies, to realize that "the rule of a republic is a rule of law and order," has, in itself, the potency of a remedy.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

ALL EYES ON NEW YORK!

THE importance of the impending mayoralty election in New York is reflected in the breathless interest with which the result is being awaited throughout the country, not only by the good citizen but by the "boodler" and the "heeler." Its importance lies in the extraordinary gravity of the issue. Two years ago the question was whether the city could rid itself of corrupt officials, and to do this the public was willing to trust the promises of honest and capable men. To-day the question is whether, now that promises have become performance, the people of New York are willing to relinquish all that has been gained for them and go back to the old wallow of greed and graft and corruption. If, in the face of the extraordinary, the record-making reforms which Mr. Low and his chosen associates have accomplished in every department, the hands of the clock of progress can still go backward, then is the plight of municipal government in America a hundredfold worse than has been suspected. Let us see what has been gained for good government.

The course pursued by the reform administration has been exactly such as would be taken by a body of experienced business men who have come into charge of a valuable property which has deteriorated under the neglect, mismanagement, and malversation of incompetent and rascally predecessors. Difficult as the work has been, it has been very simple: to discover what is wrong and to set it right on lines

of the most enlightened policy. That this has been done at comparatively little excess of expenditure and with vastly more satisfactory results shows how much leakage and stealing must have gone on under Tammany rule. Every department of the city government presents a record to be proud of. After much experiment, the problem of the police has been boldly and successfully grappled with in a military spirit; the conspiracy of power and vice against the public interest has been broken up, and the morale and personnel of the force have been distinctly raised. The finances of the city have been placed on the high plane of successful banking. Property assessments on the basis of real values have resulted in an equitable tax system administered without favoritism, and the tax-rate has been reduced not only apparently but actually. Parks have been opened or improved, bridges and tunnels and ferries provided for, and new franchises made to yield increased revenue to the city. The Health Department, with an advisory board of eminent physicians, has suppressed smallpox, decreased the ravages of consumption, improved the health of school children, provided for enlightened care of contagious diseases, protected the milk-supply, and in general greatly reduced the death-rate. The Department of Charities has reformed many outrageous abuses of the defenseless poor. The Street Cleaning Department has conserved the health and cleanliness of the city, and has made important advance toward the solution of the problem of refuse-disposal. Many

miles of asphalt have been laid at a cost much under Tammany prices, and the streets have been marked by handsome signs. Public baths on a large scale and other public conveniences are being constructed. Prostitution in the tenements and the cheat of "policy" have been suppressed. Nearly \$15,000,000 has been spent on much-needed new school-houses and facilities. The efficiency of the Fire Department has been noticeably increased. In the Law Department alone nearly \$500,000 has been saved by the orderly conduct of business and by the firm insistence upon the rights of the city. The system of payment for appointments and promotion has been entirely abolished and merit and character have been substituted for favoritism. The Department of Bridges, in its plans for new construction, has consulted beauty as well as strength and convenience. Many other conspicuous beneficial results have been accomplished. To summarize, Mayor Low has done the whole country a great service by showing that it is practicable and economical to govern a great city on business principles. The record of his administration is a veritable Grammar of Constructive Reform.

In the face of all these facts—elaborately and convincingly set forth in the Campaign Book of the Citizens' Union—it is difficult to understand how intelligent men can commit the folly of withdrawing their support from a reform movement which means so much not only for New York, but as a model for municipal improvement, and the full effect of which is dependent upon the continuity of its existence.

One danger alone confronts the city—the recrudescence of the old peril that has always brought us humiliation—namely, the insane devotion of well-intentioned voters to party names. The sin that doth so easily beset Americans is certainly the sin of partizanship. In the eyes of thousands party fealty takes on the guise of a virtue; but, however valuable it may be in its place, it must bear the largest part of the responsibility for the corruption that stalks at noonday in all our cities. The pride of party, like other pride, conspires

"to blind

Man's erring judgment and misguide the mind."

The fact that two sorts of partizans stand ready to be played off one against the other is the chief source of the strength of the municipal corruptionist, who laughs in his sleeve at the solemn appeals to party regularity made by his deluded victims. It would be ridiculously childish, were it not so tragic, to see the way the so-called "respectable citizen" allows himself to be used to his own hurt by the clever political knave. Alas! this is no time for the indulgence of a lesser sentiment than patriotism and humanity. The cry of the poor comes up to Murray Hill from the tenements praying for continued rescue from the body of municipal death. Not merely the material welfare and good name of New York, not merely the hope of decent city government everywhere, but the very souls of tens of thousands hang in the balance of the coming struggle.

SOME EFFECTS OF MODERN PUBLICITY

THE fierce light that was supposed to beat exclusively upon a throne has come, in our modern conditions, to beat with almost equal fierceness upon a kitchen. The doings, sayings, and portraits of the cooks of the truly rich are nowadays matters for public record. Meantime our American court calendar includes not only the daily doings of the Presidential family but also of the families of those of our millionaires who are in, and are by some supposed exclusively to constitute, "society." Not only this, but there is a system, especially in what would be called in England the provincial press, of recording the doings, movements, and visitations of pretty much everybody in pretty much every community in the country. This sort of news is the staple commodity of some of the large Western journals, which, under separate headings, "cover" enormous districts and innumerable towns and villages, giving the so-called "local news" in the utmost detail. If Miss Jane Carriway of Plimpton has had a pleasant visit with relatives in Jerusalem Center, in the next county, it is matter of conscientious record not merely in the village paper, but in the crowded columns of the "great daily" of the nearest city; and the same as to a barn-raising or a prize pumpkin.

Modern publicity is, indeed, playing so

large a part in the psychology of our day that its effects are believed by thoughtful minds to be deep and pervasive. The "fierce light" which has always had to do with thrones has greatly increased during the last generation. The doings of kings and courts were always subjects of more or less minute and more or less accurate gossip. But of late royalty has, so to speak, itself assisted to turn on the light. Queen Victoria had all the personal dignity that one could desire in a queen, and yet during her life she invited acquaintance with "behind the scenes" by the publication of her own journals, which, if not at all indiscreet in the direction of political revelations, certainly brought the throne nearer to the eye and understanding of her subjects and the world at large. Immediately upon his death she assisted in the preparation of a life of her very able consort, Prince Albert, which was a further and more intimate revelation of the life of royalty. Again, upon her own demise a life of the Queen was permitted which, in the hands of a literary man and critic like Mr. Sidney Lee, was as far as possible from being a colorless record of perfunctory adulation.

It is evidently the pleasure and the political intention of the brilliant German Emperor not only to live, so to speak, in the constant presence of his people, but he wishes them to be informed, at first hand and continuously, of the workings of his mind on every subject of importance that occupies the public thought. In a way, he takes his people and the whole world into the interesting circle of his intimacy.

A few years ago the late Pope Leo graciously permitted, for the first time, photographs to be taken of the more private chambers of the Vatican, to accompany a paper on the Vatican by Mr. Marion Crawford for *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*. The good and great old man good-naturedly moved from one apartment to the other, to leave the photographer free to do his work. But, after this, the Pope allowed photographs and even cinematographs to be taken of his person in repose and in motion, and graphophone records to be made

of his benediction. His own fatal illness was a remarkable instance of modern publicity. Apparently frank and accurate reports were daily sent out to the ends of the earth, giving not only the progress and variations of his disease, but also his moods and sayings.

Again, when the new Pope was elected there came a shower of characteristic and sententious phrases, many of them undoubtedly authentic, and all of them "well found" if not strictly accurate. Never was anything more picturesque, human, and imaginatively seizing than the story, as told from day to day, of the good Patriarch of Venice, with a "return ticket" to the beautiful City of the Sea in his pocket, compelled to forgo his expected journey home and to become a "prisoner for life" in the Vatican, with all the heavy cares of the papacy thrust suddenly upon his shoulders. One saying of his we can vouch for as accurately quoted. "My jailers," he said, referring to the cardinals who elected him, "have confined me here and run away."

What effect is all this publicity to have upon the average man, woman, and girl? But, particularly, what effect is all this familiarity to have upon the world's sentiment with regard to royalty and high ecclesiastical authority? As to these latter matters, surely there will be palpable effects. Can the sense of awe continue as great when there is so little left of the unknown? One thing is sure: the sentiment toward kings and courts and Vaticans can never remain the same in these new and remarkable conditions. The relation between the former and their subjects and followers may be none the less affectionate, even reverent; it may become more human, more close. But the mystery having departed, there can hardly be the old stress. When the mind is no longer awed and clouded by the dim and the unknown the appeal to reason must be reinforced. So far as publicity has to do with authority, secular or sacred, we believe the change effected is very great and likely to increase; and we believe that this change is, on the whole, better for humanity.



OPEN LETTERS

Sunsets in Tropical Seas

SUNSETS in the tropics, as I have witnessed them, although full of rich colorings, cannot vie with the color harmonies of the poles. Even the nights of the tropics, full as they are of beauty and richness of color, are not comparable with those of the arctic night, when the moon is of a brilliance inconceivable to Southern eyes, and the sun, although hidden during the long night, makes its presence felt by an orange radiance at the southern horizon at noon; and on starlit nights the snow-crystals give out a shimmering glow. The tropical blue sea has a charm which the green of the South Atlantic lacks entirely.

On the evening of May 14, 1902 (see the color picture opposite page 62), I painted the western sky. A threatening mass of cumulus cloud, in grayish purple, covered the whole upper portion of the sky, while we sailed calmly over wonderfully clear depths of turquoise blue. The sun disappeared behind a long stretch of cumulo-stratus, suffusing it purple with a shimmer of gray-gold and glistening golden edges, and dyeing a portion with deep gold madder. A faint, rich glow of the same color lay upon one rounded mass, while the ocean was a dark, deep, rich purple, over which ran an indefinite pathway of golden madder glintings.

What cloud-massings of cumulus, stratus, nimbus, and cirrus—with cumulus prevailing—marshal their silent hosts day after day, night after night, in the tropics! Nowhere else can such cloud-displays be seen. Black as blackest night are its storm scenes—black as its storms are violent. It is full night at 7 P.M., and the evenings are consequently long.

At sunset on May 15, 1902 (see the second color picture opposite page 62), a huge mass of majestic cirrus ranged itself in lace-like spirals of delicate rose madders across the clear turquoise blue of the heavens. Just above the horizon a weird, stately procession of deep gray-gold purple cumulo-stratus moved slowly, bathed in the golden mist of the sun, which still shot up its radiance from the deep-grayish, purplish madder of its ocean-bed.

Frank Wilbert Stokes.

Cole's Old Spanish Masters

POPE INNOCENT X, BY VELASQUEZ

ON quitting Madrid for Rome to engrave the famous portrait of Innocent X, I was warned

by Señor Beruete, a profound and noted student in all things pertaining to Velasquez, that I should be disappointed in the head. I hardly expected, however, on confronting the picture in the Doria gallery, to experience, as I did, so palpable a confirmation of the truth of his conviction. The canvas was not painted from life, but after the studies from life that the artist made of his illustrious model—studies which exist, one in the Hermitage of St. Petersburg and the other in the Duke of Wellington's collection in London. These studies are far finer as portraits, being broader and softer in treatment, and replete with those evasive, unconscious, and spontaneous touches which the presence of nature inspires in the artist working directly. It is these subtle, living qualities, these impalpable essences, that one feels are missing from this head of the Doria palace.

The chief merit of the work rests in its composition and its splendid coloring. Velasquez at that time (1648) was imbued with the Venetian coloring, and had but lately arrived from Venice, where, as well as at other towns in Italy, he had been occupied in buying pictures for Philip IV. The portrait of the Pope that he painted at that time is quite Venetian in its richness. The splendid golden-brown background curtain seems flushed with the rich, soft tones of the red dress, the skullcap, and the red leather of the back of the chair. It is all in a fine, rich, mellow tone of red, and the white vestment and sleeves, though very low and warm in tone, tell as a glowing value. Yet the eye is not held by it, but goes at once to the head for the reason that the gilded decoration of the chair-back, coming in close proximity to the head, serves to direct the attention to the face. It is very surprising, one may think, that, with so much detail,—everything worked up uncompromisingly to the force and brilliancy of nature,—the eye goes naturally to the head and is held there. But it is this gilded square of the chair-back that is the secret of it, for remove this, and it will be felt immediately how important a factor it is in the composition, not only for its color but for its sharp angles, which offset the many flowing lines of the other parts.

But Velasquez was indebted to El Greco, his predecessor, for this arrangement; for there exists in a private collection in Madrid a life-size portrait of a monk seated in a square-backed chair, the whole conception of which is exactly similar. He holds a book, instead

of a paper, in his hand. Again, at an exhibition of El Greco's works given last year at Madrid, there was shown a life-size portrait, full-length, of a seated cardinal in red and white, which for pose and coloring recalled strongly this of Pope Innocent X. This is another

evidence of the esteem in which Velasquez held the genius of El Greco.

In this portrait of Innocent X, the brief in the left hand carries the inscription: "Innocenzo X," and the signature of the painter, "Diego de Silva Velasquez."

T. Cole.



A FAMILY SECRET

DRAWN BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE



"Yes, Jack, by and by I'm going to be your new mama; but remember it's a secret, and you must n't tell it to a single, single soul."

"Not even to daddy?"

Relieving Real Estate

REAL ESTATE was an Ass bowed down between two burdens — taxes laid on by the community, and interest; he had to carry his own besides, so that Real Estate was dull. The Ass Owner, seeing that the taxes were heavy, took a part of them off and transferred them to the Ass's hind legs; then he called them "business taxes," because the legs were the business end of the Ass.

The Ass Owner got some of the taxes hung around the Ass's neck also, for a personal ornament; these he called "personal taxes." The Ass kicked, but showed no other activity.

So the Ass Owner, observing that the Ass's tail moved freely, added one half of one per cent. to his tail every time he moved it. The Ass Owner said the tail was an encumbrance.

Real Estate became unaccountably dead.

Bolton Hall.

Turkish Proverbs

HE who would steal a minaret must first prepare a hiding-place for it.

WITH patience sour grapes become sweet and the mulberry-leaf satin.

MAN'S flesh is not eaten, his skin is not put on: what can he be without a pleasant tongue?

HAD it been with the beard that wisdom dwelt, men would have taken counsel with the goat.

BY the time the wise man gets married the fool has grown-up children.

GIVE a swift horse to him who tells the truth, so that as soon as he has told it he may ride and escape.

HE who is skilful in art does not continue in slipper-making.

THE master of the house is the servant of his guest.

IF the dog's prayer were heard, there would be a shower of bones from heaven.

BE not so severe that you are blamed for it, nor so gentle that you are trampled upon for it.

IF you have to gather thorns, do it by the stranger's hand.

Mary A. Mason.

Nursery Tea

WE cannot have at nursery tea
The pretty things so rich and sweet
That mother gives her guests to eat
When they drop in at five or four
And we peek through the school-room door.
'Cause mother says they won't agree
With boys like us. How can she tell
What things will make us sick or well?
And yet somehow she always does,
Although I 'm sure she never was
A little boy like Jack or me.

Betty Sage.

An Unpleasant Thought

I CANNOT bear to think upon
The fact that winter 's coming on.
I love to coast and hitch and slide,
But there are other things beside:
The dentist, dancing-school, and sums
Begin when chilly weather comes.
And worse than all, I cannot bear
To put on winter underwear.
I love the cold, I love the snow,
But woolen things do itch me so!

Betty Sage.

Nurse's Afternoon Out

TUESDAY is the nicest day
That I know.
Joe and I think it is—
Don't we, Joe?
At two nurse kisses us good-by.
We jump and shout.
It 's mother's afternoon at home,
And nurse's out.

If you could see our mother play
On the floor,
You 'd never think she was as old
As twenty-four.
On Sunday when she goes to church
It might be,
But Tuesdays she is just the age
Of Joe and me.

At supper-time we always have
A kind of treat—
Cracker animals, and bread
And jam to eat.
Of all nice times the nicest is,
Without a doubt,
Mother's afternoon at home
And nurse's out.

Betty Sage.

The Lost Maiden

'NEATH the tread of her foot
 No grass would bend over;
 Wind in her hair 's like the touch of a
 lover,
 And 't is she has the voice of a bird.

Whin she 'd sing to a brook,
 Sure 't would have to stop flowing,
 The leaves howld their breath, and the
 flowers stop growing;
 For the like of her song is not heard:
 "Wanting you,
 What will I do?"
 'T is you wid the eyes of the blue."

The glens and the hills
 They 're all bare and dreary,
 The cushadoo 's numb, and the thrush
 sings "awearry"
 For her that is gone from us all.

The young ones they cry,
 An' they wantin' to play wid her,
 Their bonny playmate, and the light
 laughing way wid her.
 The cattle all low, waiting her call:
 "Wanting you,
 What will I do?"
 'T is you had the eyes of the blue."

*Langdon Warner.***The Silver Lining to the Stepmother Cloud**

INTO a slow South Florida train the other evening there entered two native girls whom custom calls "Crackers."

They evidently were bosom friends, for in a few moments all the family skeletons on both sides were paraded to public view.

At the end of an hour of this happy interchange of confidences one of the jaundice-faced girls drawled out, "What 's yore name?"

The other replied: "Sallie Jones. What 's yourn?"

Sallie continued in a "long sweetening," drawn-out tone: "I 've got the best paw! He 's thet good to all uv us chilluns."

"How many head hez you got?" queried her interested listener.

"Why, thar 's two sets uv us. My maw she died and left eight head, and paw he married ag'in and we got two more. And I jes loves them two new chillun like they wuz leetle animils."

"Aw," said the other, sympathetically, "then you 've got a stepmaw! Thet 's too bad, hain't hit?"

Sallie was not to be thus pitied, and replied in a triumphant tone which would have done credit to Mrs. Wiggs herself: "Yas, thet 's a plumb fact, but it 's so nice to think we both got the same paw!"

Jeannette Robinson Murphy.**HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER**

MISS BOODLE: Let's buy one of those light-blue pictures, pa. I heard those artists say the values were all right.

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